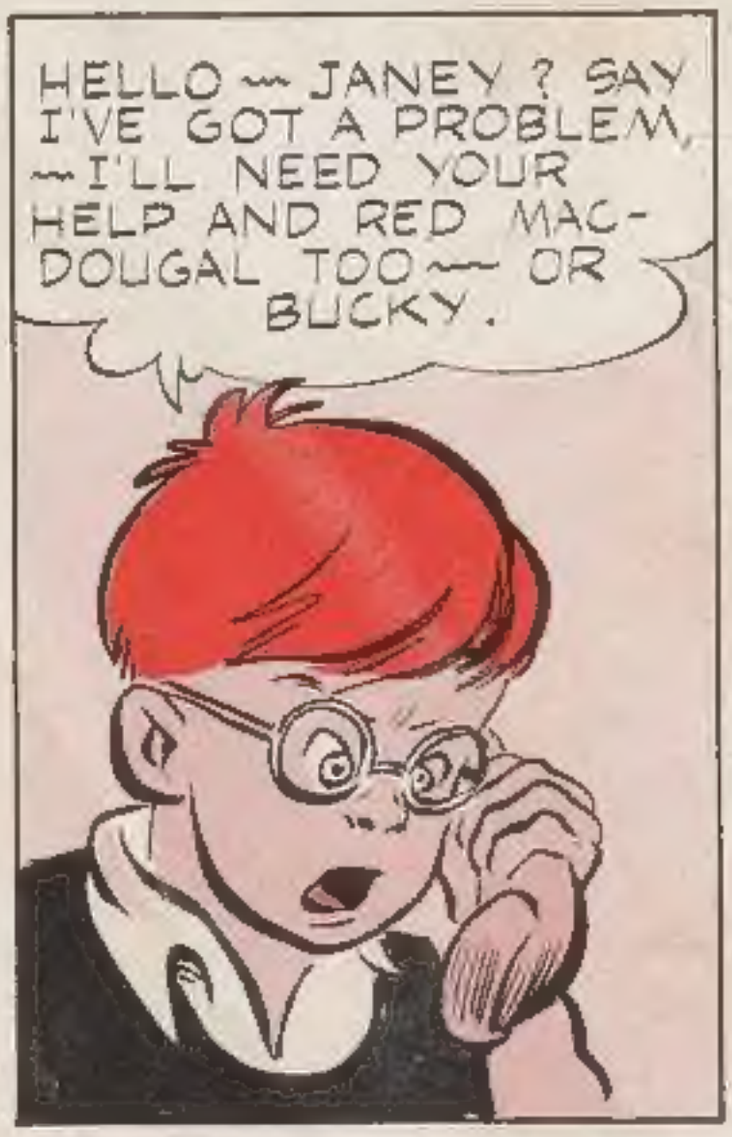
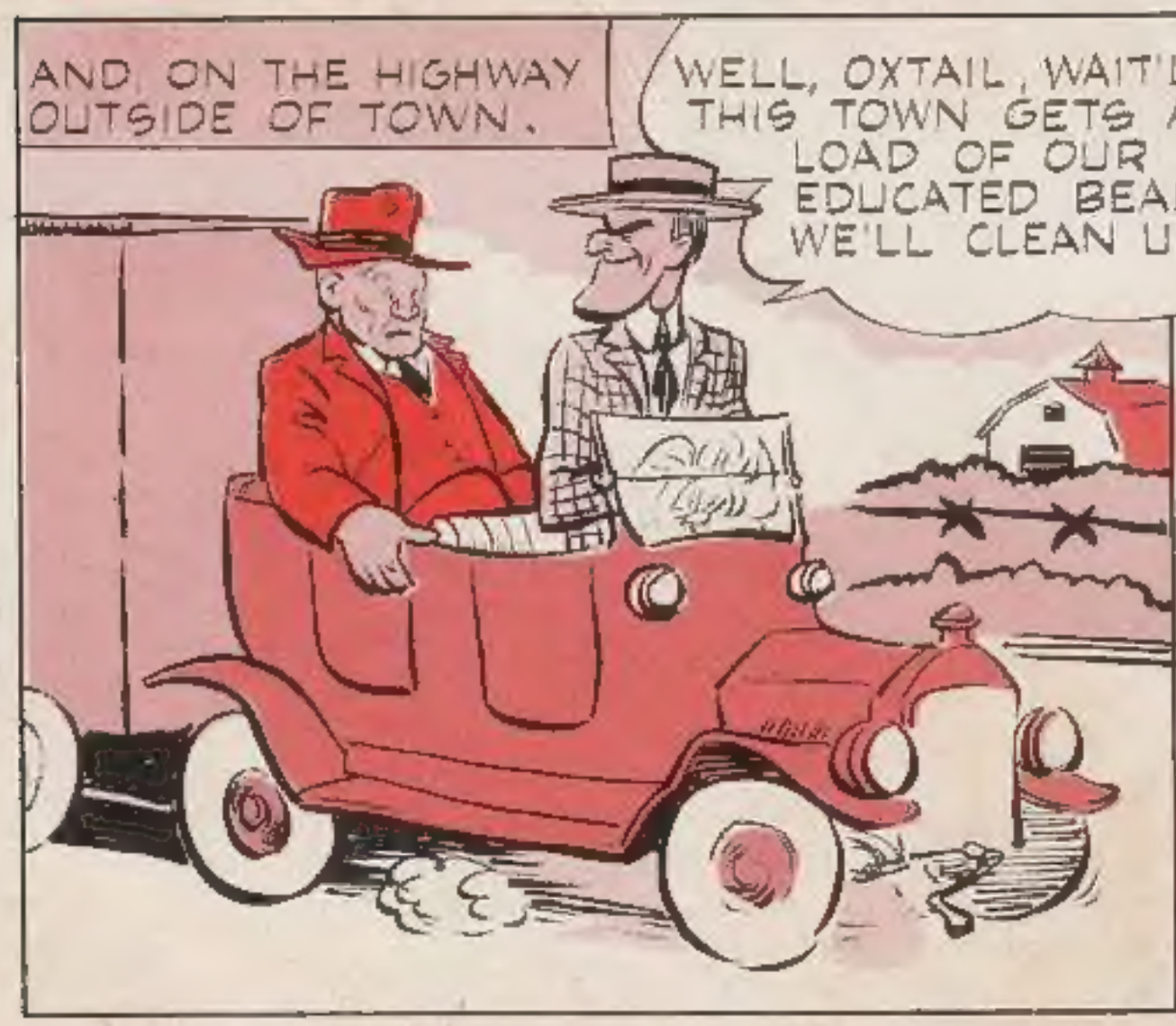
A DELL MAGAZINE 10¢ MAY-JUNE

Our Gang COMICS

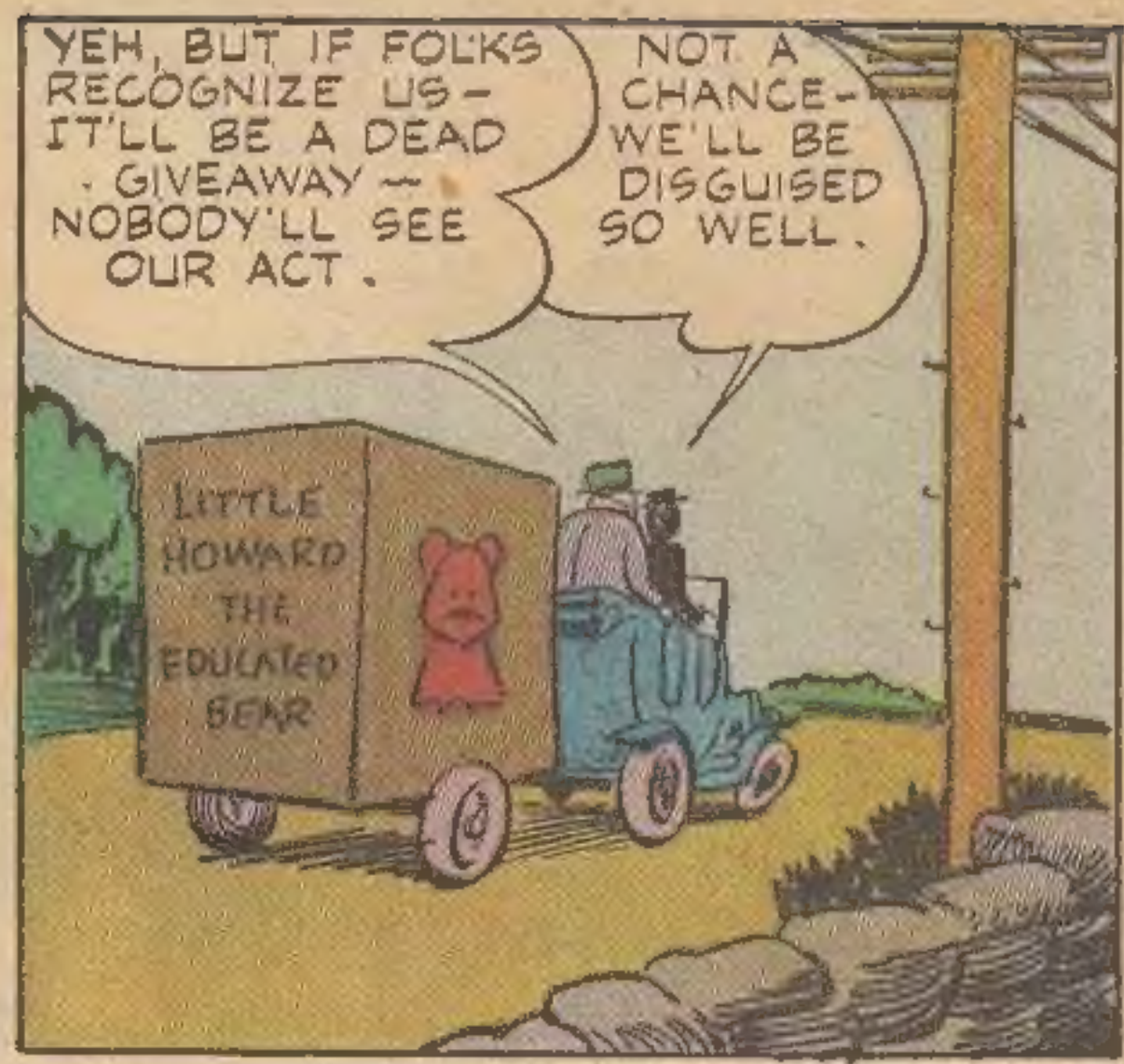
Our Gang

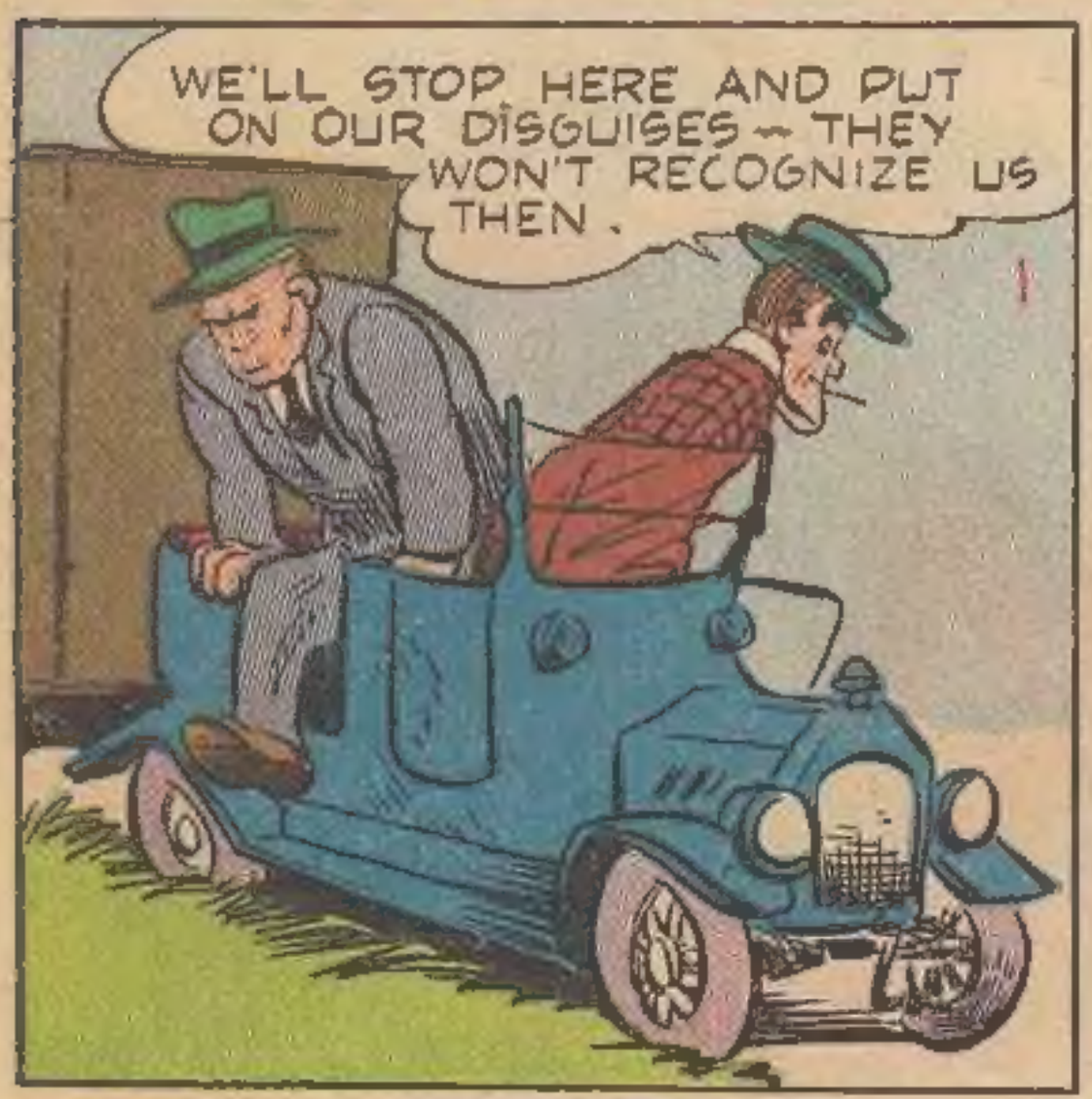




OUR GANG COMICS, Vol. 1, No 23, May-June, 1946. Published bi-monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 149 Madison Ave., New York, 16, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter September 17, 1942 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Subscriptions in U.S.A., 50 cents per year, single copies, 10 cents; in Canada, $.60 per year; Elsewhere, $1.10 per year. Copyright, 1946 by Loew's Incorporated. Printed in U. S. A.

THAT'S WHY I WANT TO TRY OUR EDUCATED BEAR ACT HERE -- THIS TOWN OWES US A LITTLE MAZUMA AFTER THOSE SIX MONTHS IN THE ICEBOX.


YEH, BUT IF FOLKS RECOGNIZE US - IT'LL BE A DEAD GIVEAWAY ~ NOBODY'LL SEE OUR ACT.
NOT A CHANCE - WE'LL BE DISGUISED SO WELL.
LITTLE HOWARD THE EDUCATED BEAR


WE'LL STOP HERE AND PUT ON OUR DISGUISES ~ THEY WON'T RECOGNIZE US THEN.

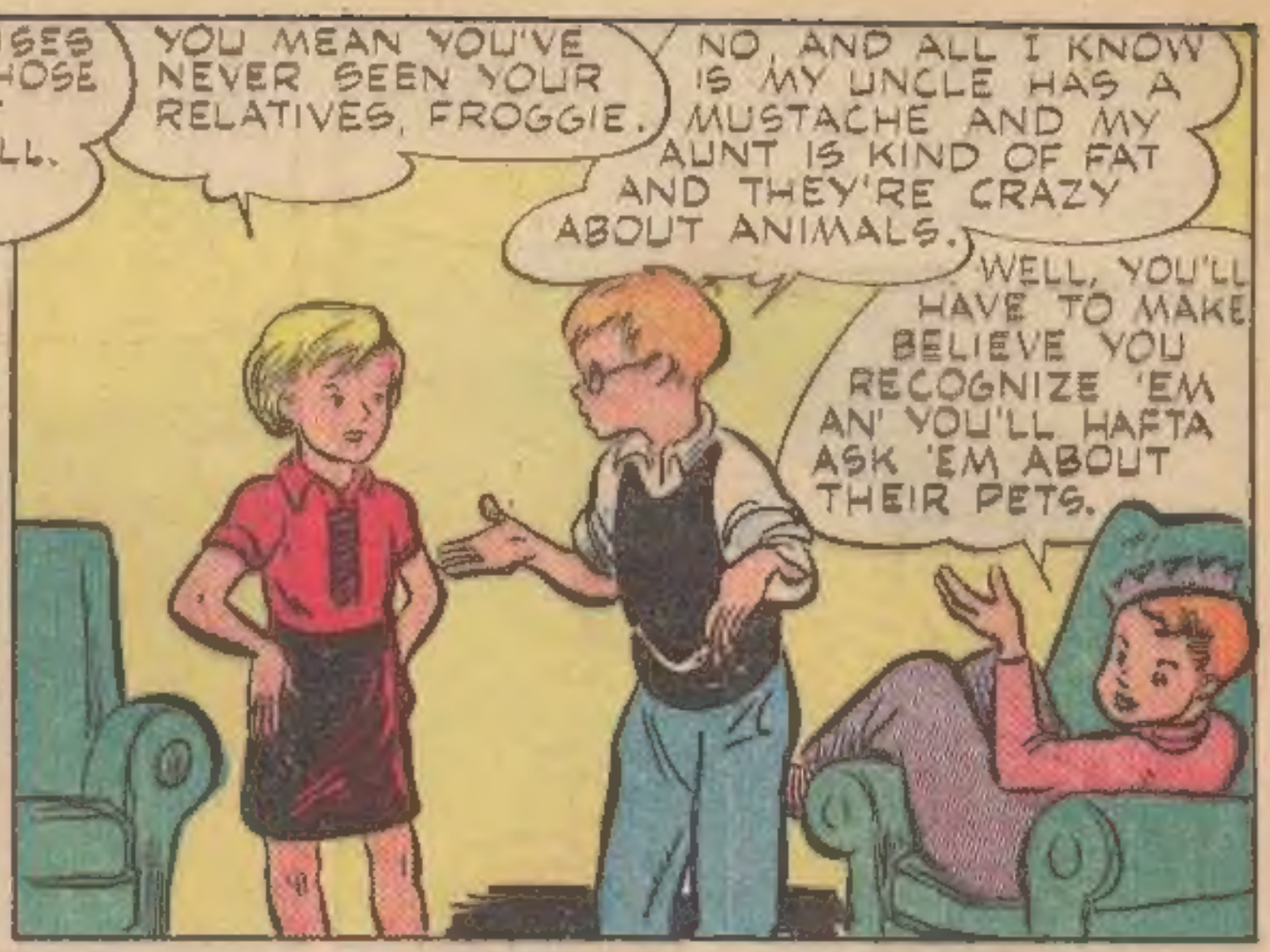
I DON'T T'INK I MAKES A VERY GOOD LOOKIN' DAME.
Y'AIN'T SUPPOSED TO BE MISSUS AMERICA ~ YOU'RE JUST SUPPOSED TO BE ONE OF THE AUDIENCE.

I KINDA LIKE DIS WIG ~ ME OL MUDDER USETA HAVE HAIR LIKE DIS ~

NOW REMEMBER, YOU APPEAR IN TH' AUDIENCE, AN' WHEN I ASK FER A VOLUNTEER YOU' STEP UP.

DEN DE BEAR DOES DE MATHEMATICAL TRICKS AN' I SWEAR IT'S ALL TRUE.

JES' TO TEST THESE DISGUISES WE'LL STOP AN' LOOK UP THOSE GANG KIDS - IF THEY DON'T RECOGNIZE US, NOBODY WILL.

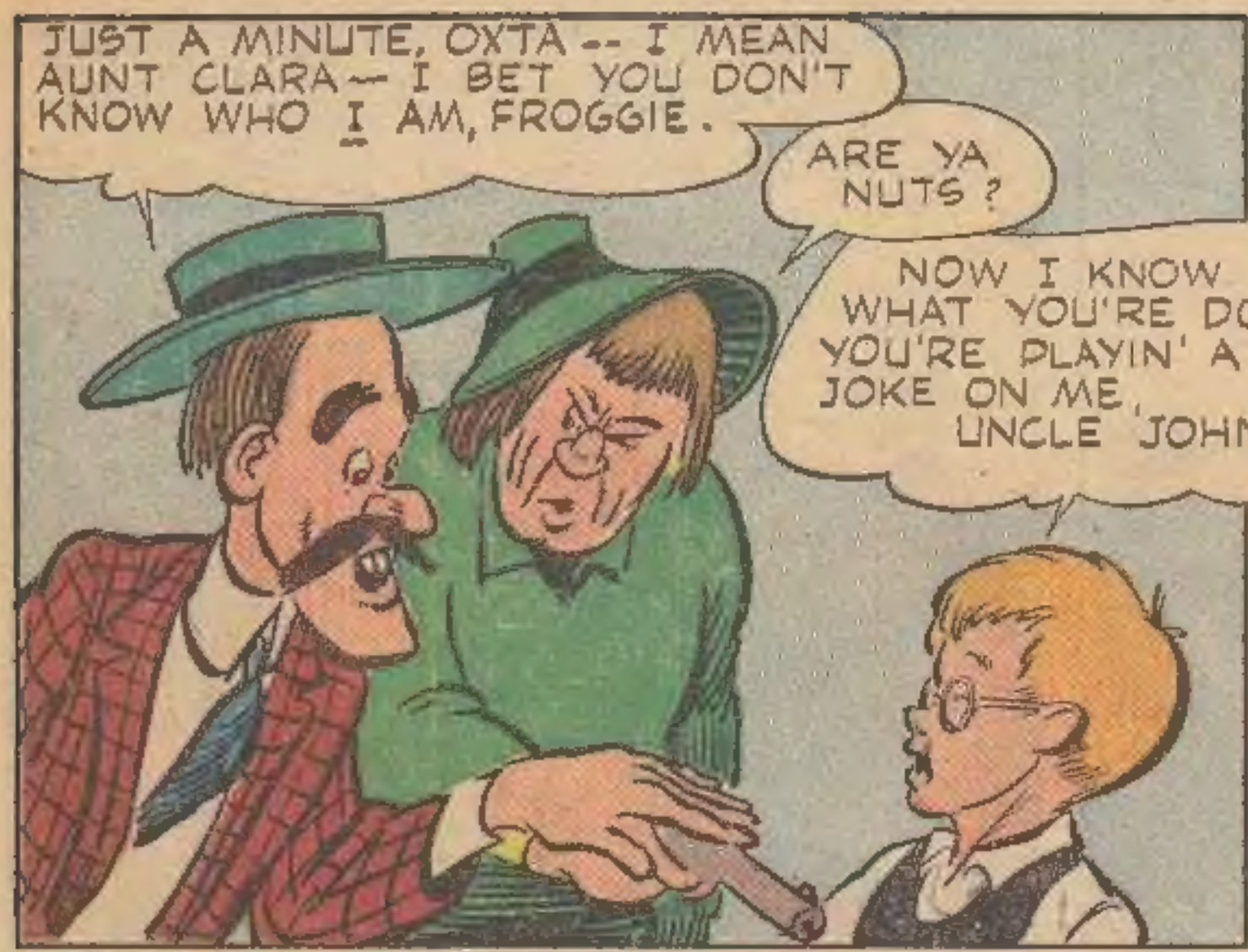

YOU MEAN YOU'VE NEVER SEEN YOUR RELATIVES, FROGGIE.
NO, AND ALL I KNOW IS MY UNCLE HAS A MUSTACHE AND MY AUNT IS KIND OF FAT AND THEY'RE CRAZY ABOUT ANIMALS.
WELL, YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE BELIEVE YOU RECOGNIZE 'EM AN' YOU'LL HAFTA ASK 'EM ABOUT THEIR PETS.

DING-DONG-DING
GEE, THERE'S THE BELL-IT MUST BE THEM.

WHAT'LL WE DO IF DIS FROGGIE KID KNOWS US ?
DON'T WORRY, HE WON'T.

WELL! HELLO THERE, I BET YOU THOUGHT I WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU, DIDN'T YOU!

WHY YOU LITTLE BUM, IF YOU LETS A PEEP OUTA YER YAP I'LL DRILL YA!
WHY, AUNT CLARA!


JUST A MINUTE, OXTA -- I MEAN AUNT CLARA -- I BET YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I AM, FROGGIE.
ARE YA NUTS?
NOW I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOIN', YOU'RE PLAYIN' A JOKE ON ME, UNCLE JOHN.

HA HA HA! YES, YER UNCLE JOHN AN' YER AUNT CLARA WERE TRYING TO FOOL YOU! WEREN'T WE, CLARA?
YOU TOOKEN LEAF OF YER CENSUS?

COME ON IN, FOLKS -- MOM AND POP ARE GONE UNTIL TOMORROW, BUT JANEY, ONE OF OUR FRIENDS, IS MAKIN' YOU A CUP OF TEA.

WHAT'S DE PLAY, DEACON? -- YA GOT ME CONFUSED.
TAKE IT EASY -- IT'S A NATURAL -- HE THINKS WE'RE HIS KIN FOLKS -- WE MIGHT MAKE PLENTY OUT O' THIS.

IT'S THEM, JANEY -- WHAT'LL I DO TO ENTERTAIN 'EM?
RED WENT FOR SOME ICE CREAM -- -- TALK TO 'EM UNTIL HE GETS BACK. -- ASK 'EM ABOUT THEIR ANIMALS.

WELL, FOLKS, DID YOU BRING ANY ANIMALS WITH YOU?

WHY, YEH, TOADIE -- I MEAN FROGGIE ~ WE BRUNG ONE OF OUR PETS WIT' US ~ IT'S OUT IN TH' TRAILER.
SHHH!

GEE, JANEY, AUNT CLARA SAYS ONE OF THEIR PETS IS OUT IN TH' TRAILER.
HOW NICE ~ ~ WHY DON'T YOU BRING IT IN THE HOUSE, AUNT CLARA?
OOP!

CHEE, YOUNG LADY, I DIN'T KNOW YOUSE WA'S PRESENT ~ YOU KIN HAVE ME SEAT.
MY SAKES, AUNT CLARA; YOU DON'T HAVE TO GET UP FOR ME.

AAAH, YOU KNOW ME, ALWAYS TH' GENNLEMUN ~ SIT DOWN, YOUNG LADY, WHILE I GITS IN OUR PET.
HA HA! AUNT CLARA'S A CARD.

TOADIE, MY BOY ~ YOUR FATHER WANTED ME TO DISPOSE OF SOME SECURITIES FOR HIM ~ I'M SURPRISED HE ISN'T HERE ~ I UNDERSTAND HE WAS IN A HURRY.

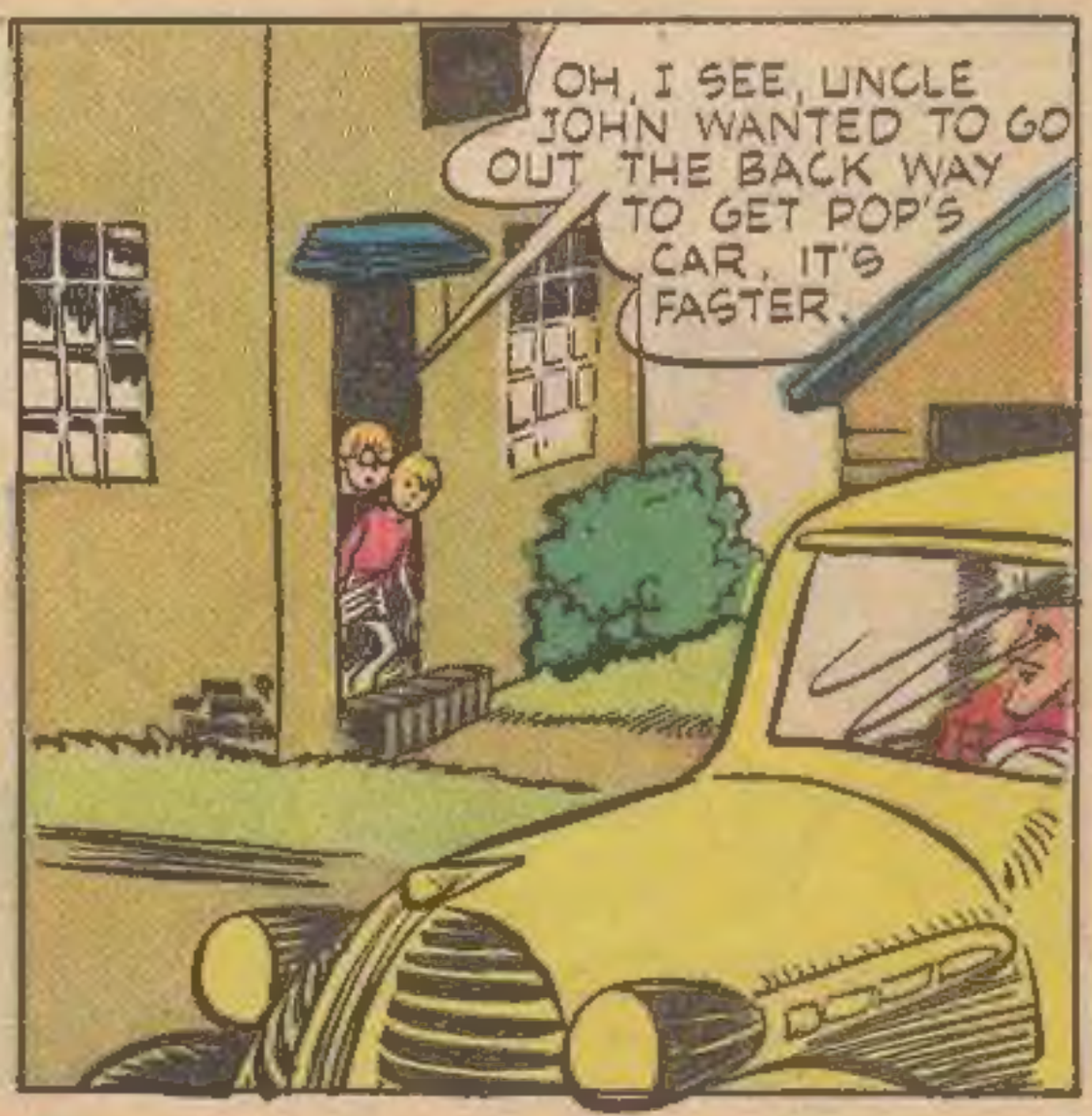
GEE WHIZ, UNCLE JOHN, I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT 'EM ~ YOU WANT TO LOOK THROUGH HIS PAPERS?

WHY, YES, I THINK THAT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA.
WELL, HERE'S HIS STRONG-BOX.

GREAT SCOTT, TOADIE! THIS IS SERIOUS! THESE BONDS AND SECURITIES MUST BE REFINANCED BY RECIPROCITY OR WILL BE FORFEIT UNDER PARI-MUTUAL REIMBURSEMENT BY MIDNIGHT!
IS THAT BAD?

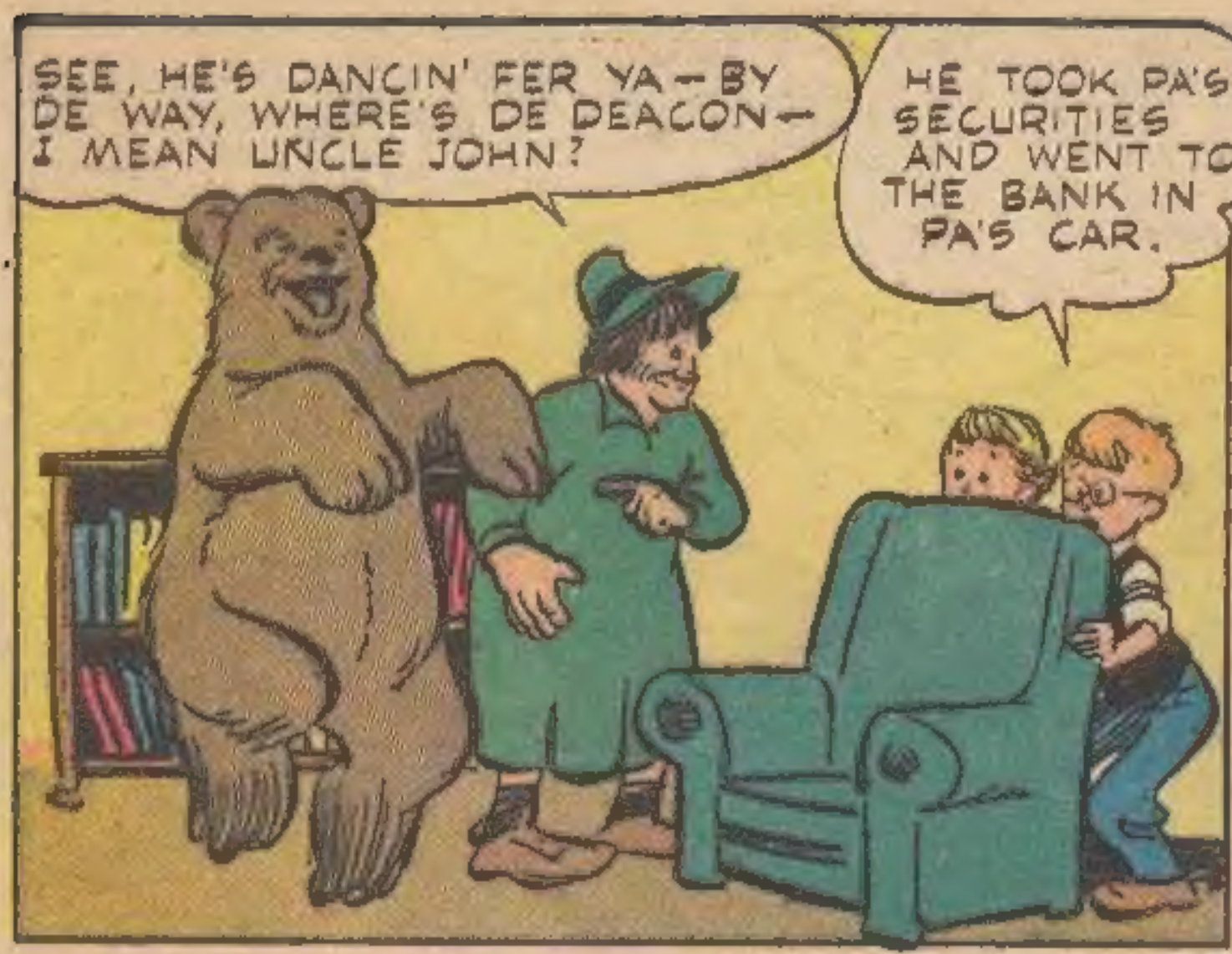
BAD! GOOD SUFFERING PICKEREL, MAN, YOUR FATHER WILL BE WIPED OUT IF I DON'T GET TO THE EXCHANGE WITH THESE AT ONCE!
GEE, WHIZ, UNCLE JOHN, MAYBE YOU'D BETTER GO DOWN THERE!

I'LL DO IT, TOADIE — TELL AUNT CLARA THAT I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
HEY, THE FRONT DOOR'S OVER HERE — THAT'S THE WAY TO THE BACK DOOR.

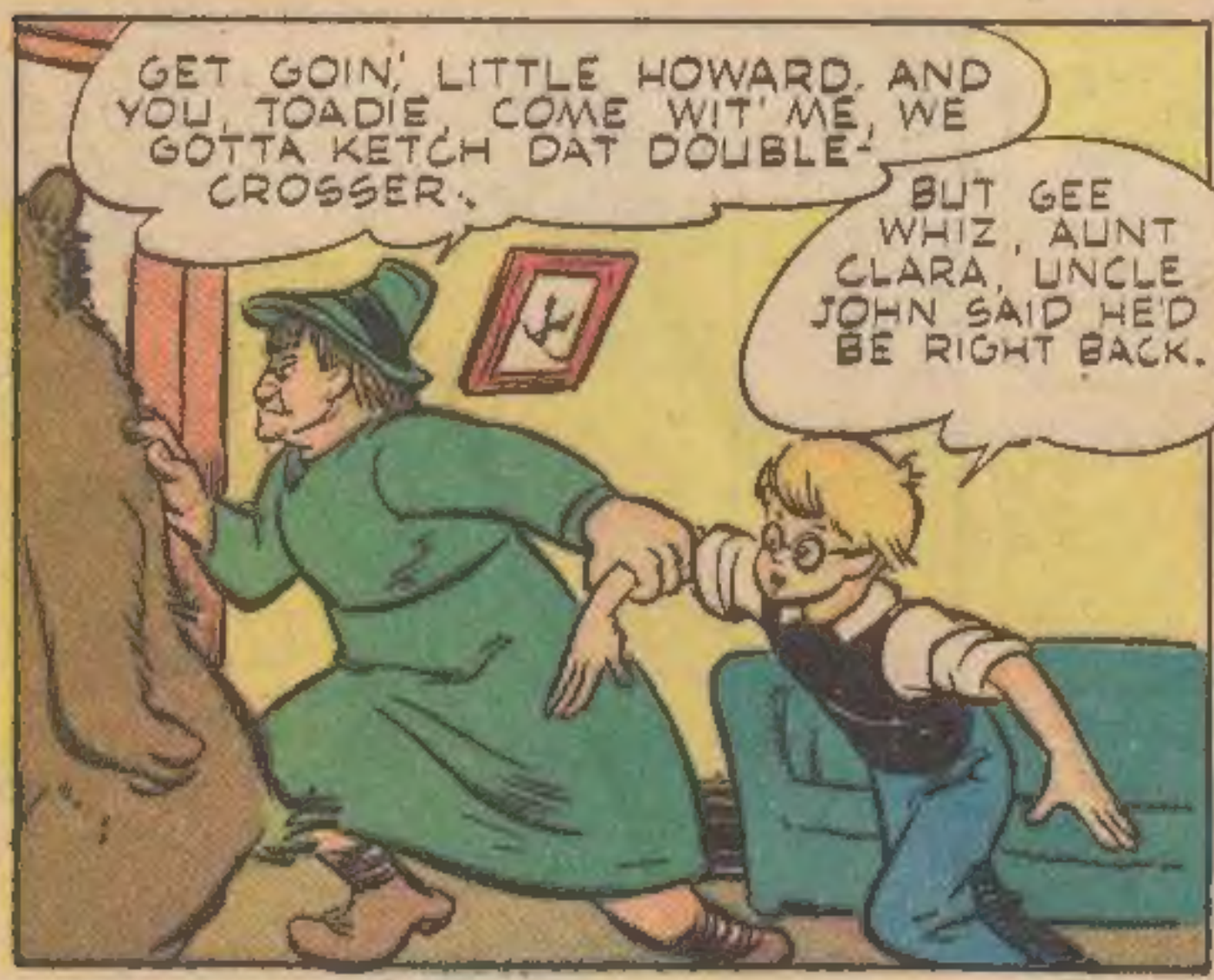

OH, I SEE, UNCLE JOHN WANTED TO GO OUT THE BACK WAY TO GET POP'S CAR, IT'S FASTER.

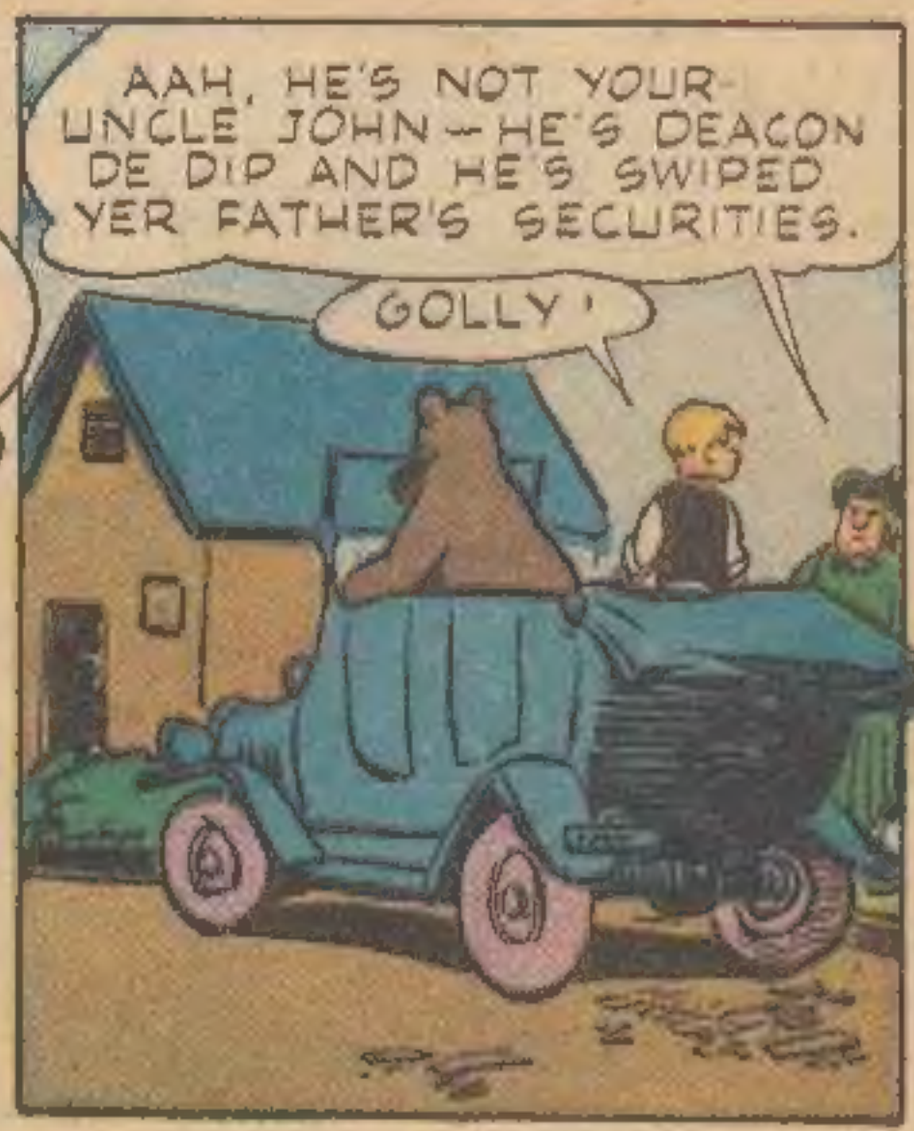
THERE'S AUNT CLARA AT THE FRONT DOOR.

HERE HE IS — LITTLE HOWARD, OUR EDUCATED BEAR!
GOOD GOLLY!


SEE, HE'S DANCIN' FER YA — BY DE WAY, WHERE'S DE DEACON — I MEAN UNCLE JOHN?
HE TOOK PA'S SECURITIES AND WENT TO THE BANK IN PA'S CAR.

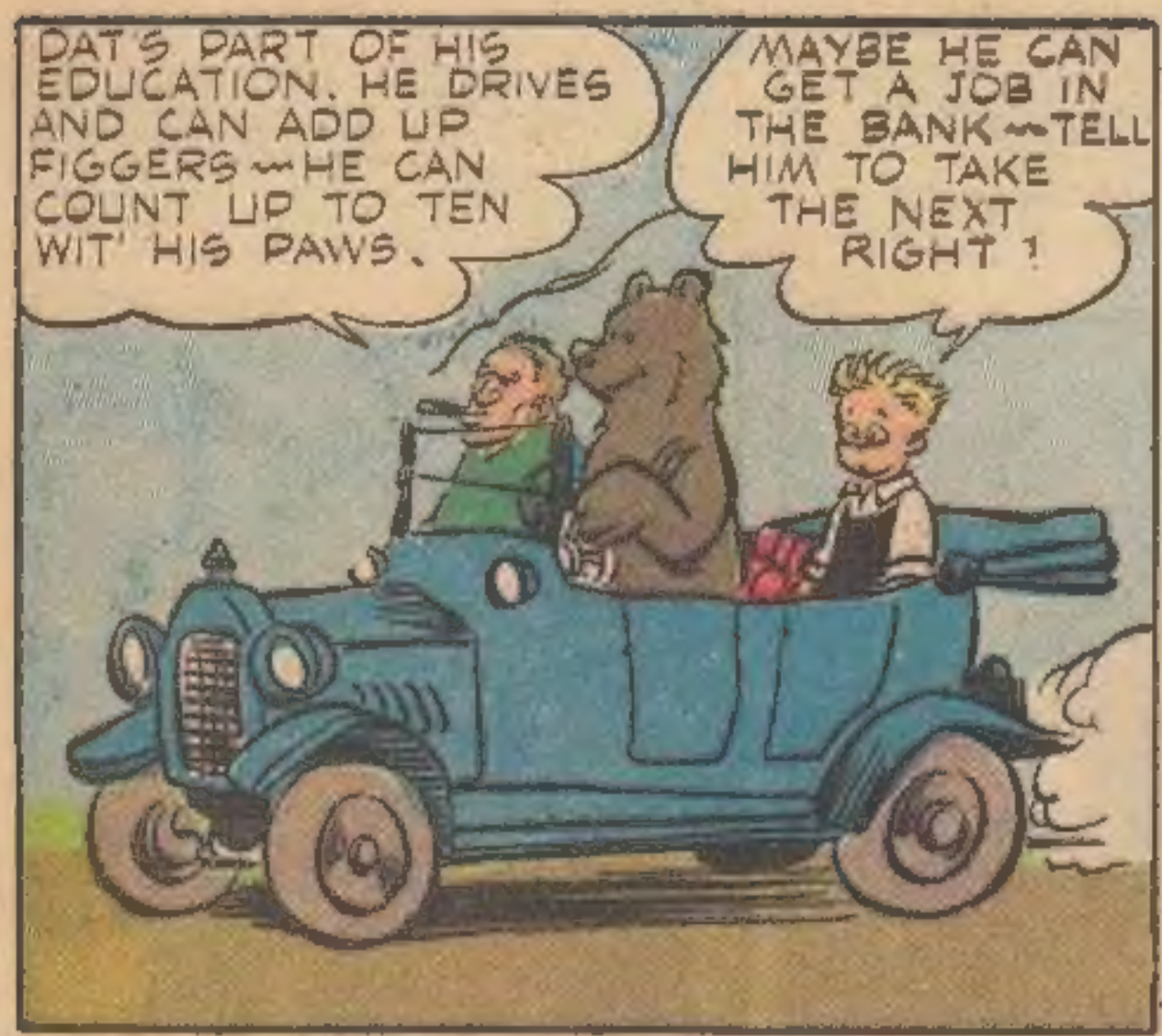
HE WHAT ?! WHY DAT MEANS DE BUM RUN OUT ON ME — WHICH WAY IS DE BANK ?


GET GOIN', LITTLE HOWARD, AND YOU, TOADIE, COME WIT' ME, WE GOTTA KETCH DAT DOUBLE-CROSSER.
BUT GEE WHIZ, AUNT CLARA, UNCLE JOHN SAID HE'D BE RIGHT BACK.


AAH, HE'S NOT YOUR UNCLE JOHN — HE'S DEACON DE DIP AND HE'S SWIPED YER FATHER'S SECURITIES.
GOLLY!

NOW I REMEMBER — THE DEACON IS THAT CROOK WHO I HELPED ARREST, AND HE WAS WITH DOCTOR OXTAIL! I BET YOU'RE NOT AUNT CLARA! YOU MUST BE --
SURE, TOADIE, I'M OXTAIL — NOW WHICH WAY IS DE BANK — IF YA WANT THEM SECURITIES BACK.

IT'S RIGHT STRAIGHT AHEAD — BUT, HEY, THE BEAR IS AT THE STEERIN' WHEEL!
RELAX — HE KNOWS HOW TO DRIVE, AN' I DON'T!


DAT'S PART OF HIS EDUCATION. HE DRIVES AND CAN ADD UP FIGGERS ~ HE CAN COUNT UP TO TEN WIT' HIS PAWS.
MAYBE HE CAN GET A JOB IN THE BANK ~ TELL HIM TO TAKE THE NEXT RIGHT !

WHOLLY SMOKES ~ HE ALMOST TOOK THE CORNER TOO.
SHORT CUT.

STEP ON IT, HOWARD ~ DAT'S DE DEACON COMIN' OUT OF DE BANK ~ HE'S HEADIN' FER YER PA'S CAR, TOADIE !

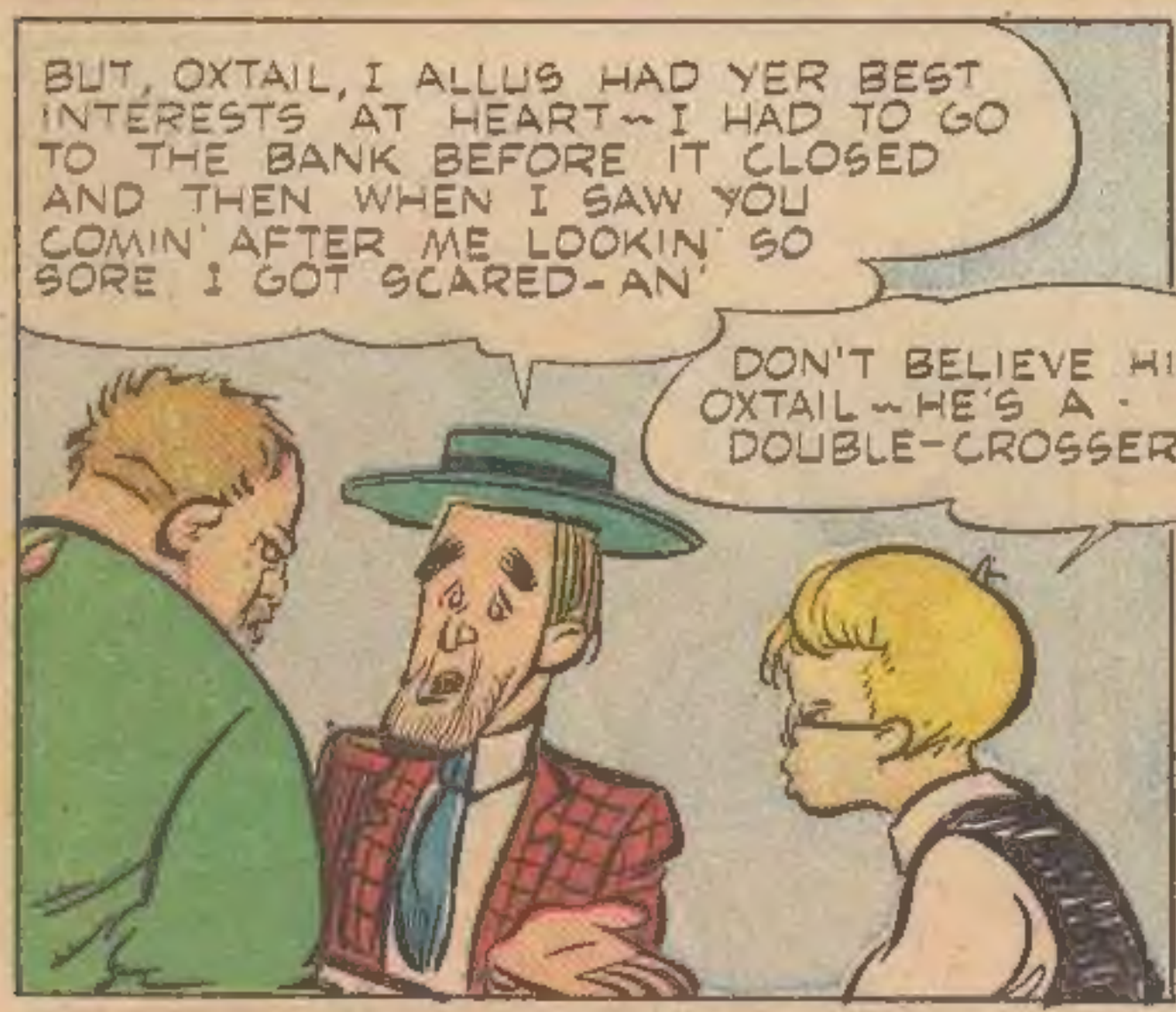
DOGGONE ! THEY WOULDN'T CASH THE THINGS ~ AN' HERE COMES OXTAIL ~ I BETTER SCRAM, I THINK TH' BANK WILL PUT THE BULLS ON MY TAIL.

STOP DEACON OR I'LL PLUG YA !

GEE WHIZ ! DOCTOR OXTAIL, DON'T PUT HOLES IN MY FATHER'S CAR !
AAH ~ I'M JUS' FIRIN' AT DE TIRES.
BAM

OKAY, OXTAIL, YA GOT ME. I CAN'T DRIVE ON FLAT TIRES!
YER A DIRTY DOG, DEACON.

OXTAIL, WE'LL SPLIT THE TAKE~LET'S BE FRIENDS!
I DON'T TRUST YA, DEACON.


BUT, OXTAIL, I ALLUS HAD YER BEST INTERESTS AT HEART~I HAD TO GO TO THE BANK BEFORE IT CLOSED AND THEN WHEN I SAW YOU COMIN' AFTER ME LOOKIN' SO SORE I GOT SCARED-AN'
DON'T BELIEVE HIM, OXTAIL~HE'S A DOUBLE-CROSSER.

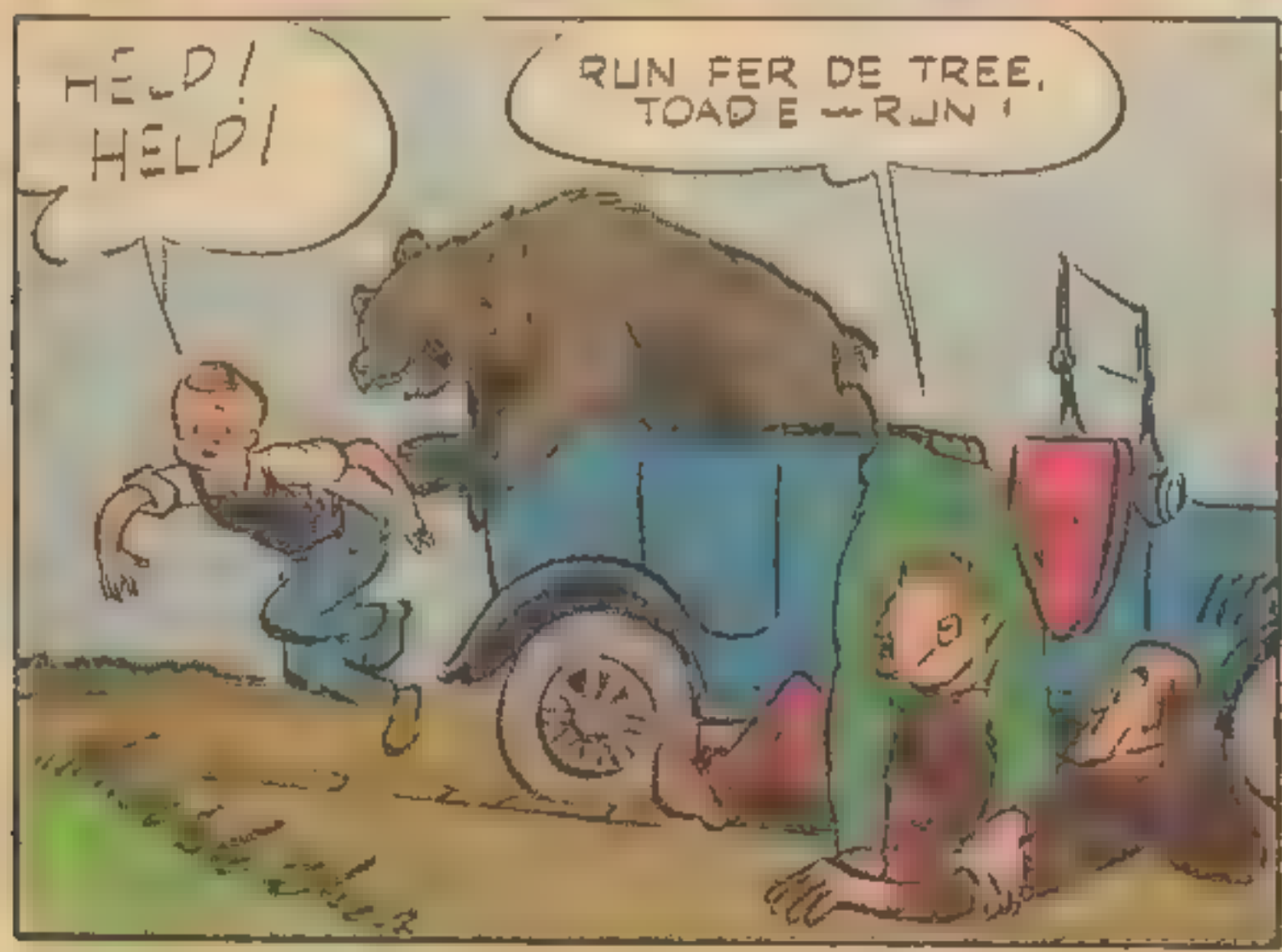
I TINKS DAT TOADIE IS RIGHT~HEY~UH~
AW GIMME THAT GUN, YOU LUNK HEAD.

YA SHOULDN'T OUGHTA DO DAT, DEACON.

YOU DOPES, YOU'VE HIT THE BEAR!
BAM!

HE'S MAD — YOU PINKED HIM ON THE RIGHT PAW !

HEY ! I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING — YEOWCH — HE'S AFTER ME !


HELP! HELP!
RUN FER DE TREE, TOAD E — RUN !

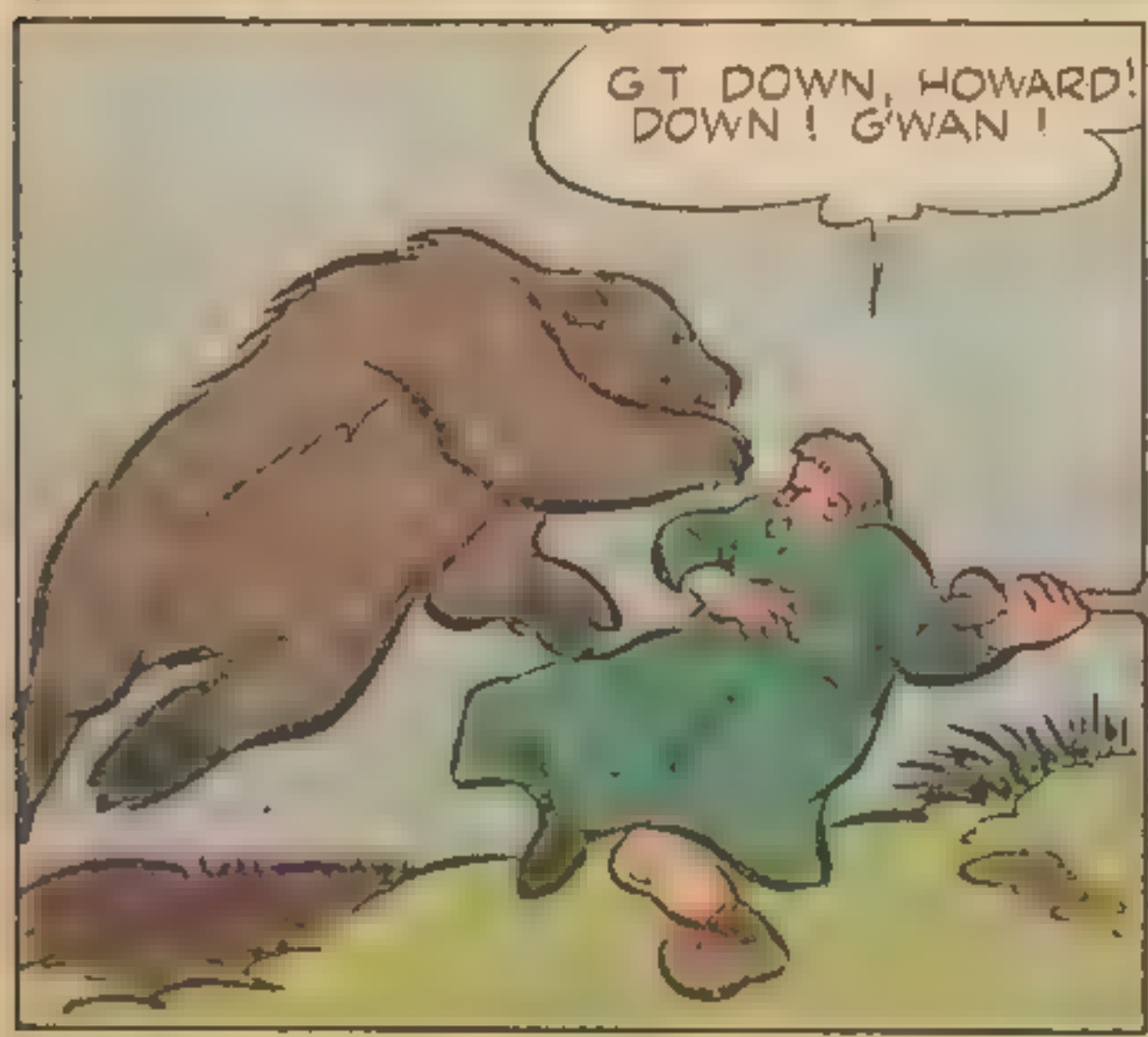
THE TREE 'S TOO STRAIGHT, DO SOMETHIN' !
THE DANG GUNS JAMMED !

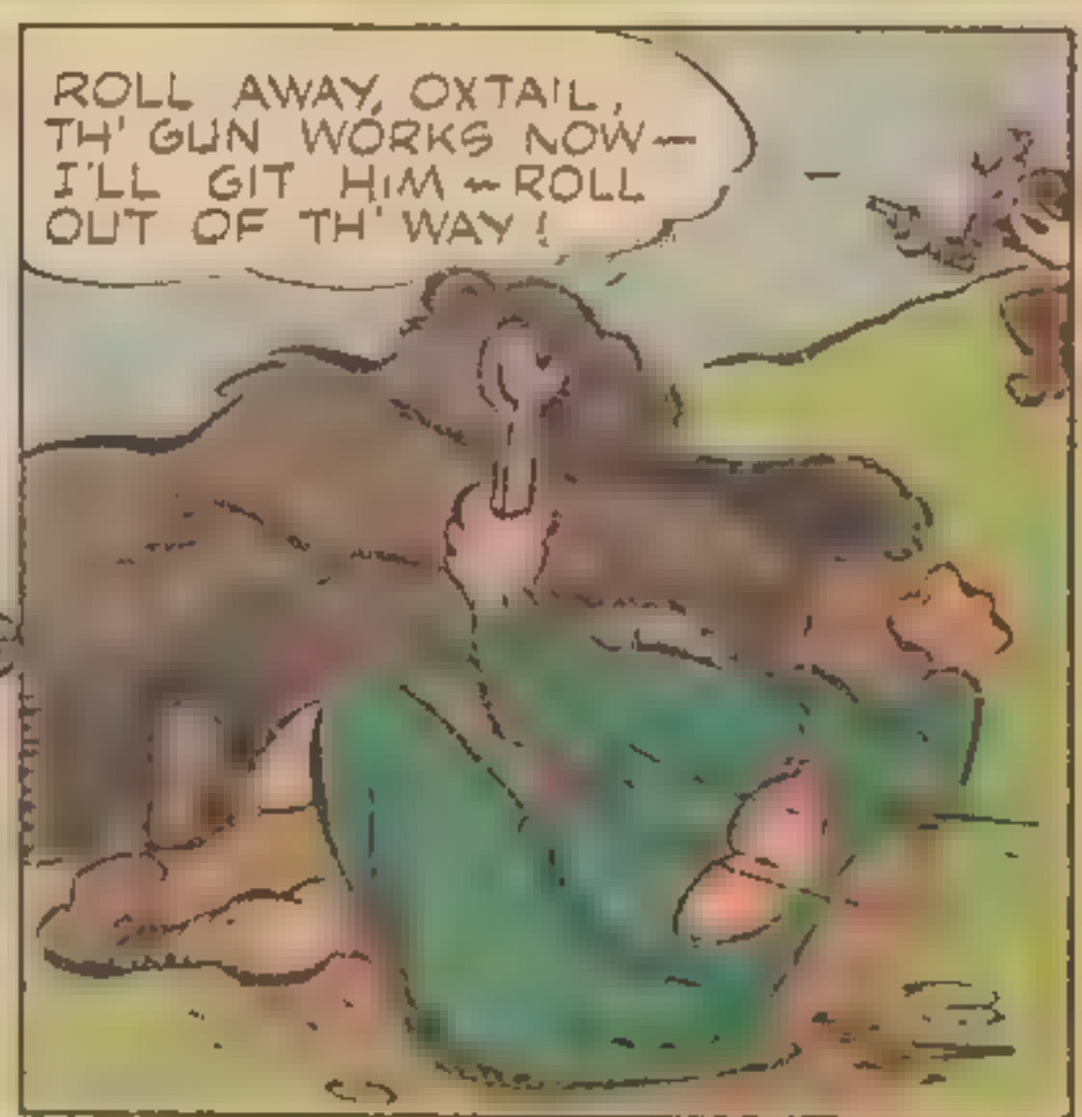
STOP, HOWARD - HEY, LITTLE HOWARD, STOP ! RUN FER DE RIVER, TOAD.E — I LL G.T H M !

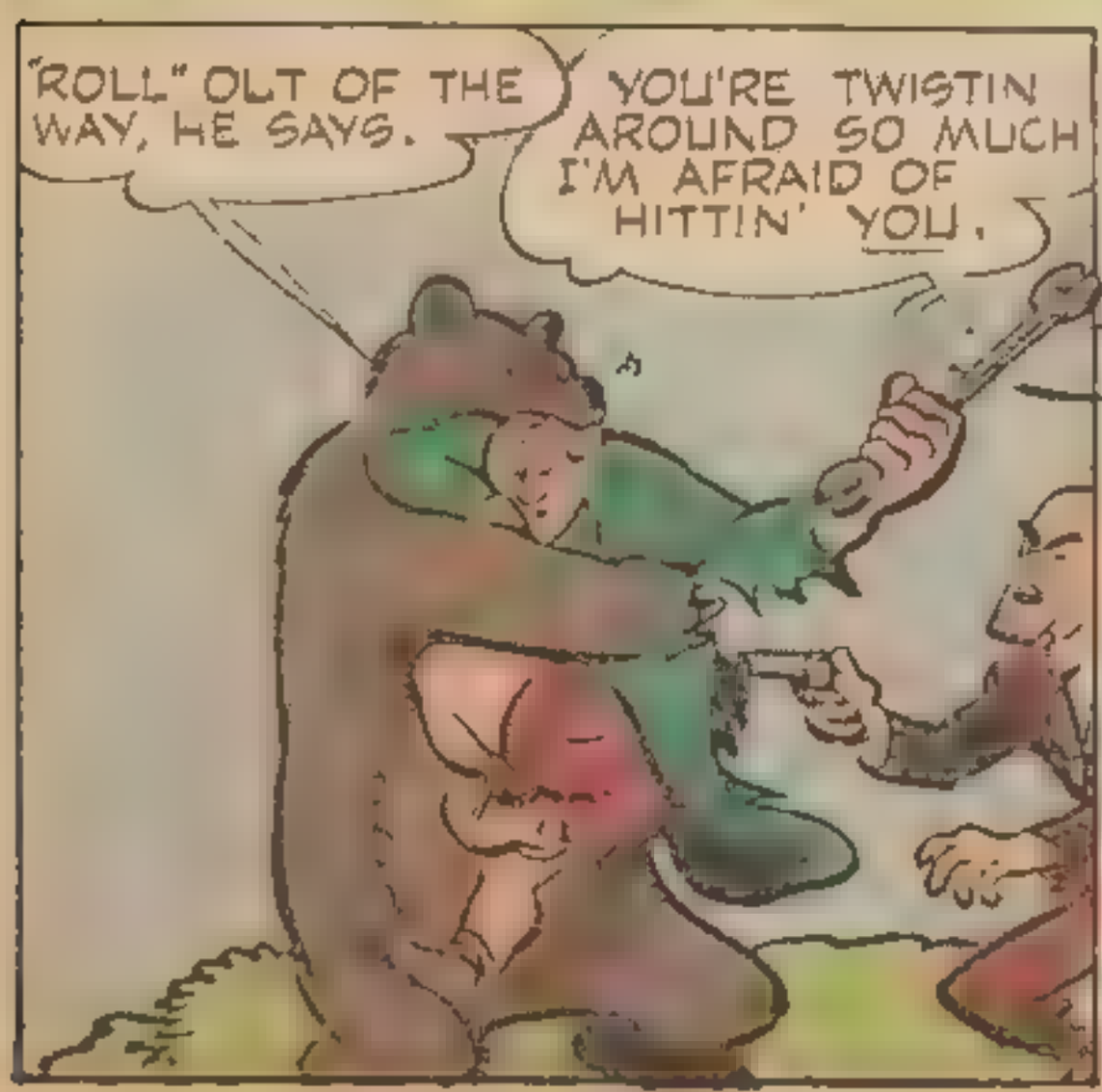
GOLLY I LL KILL MYSELF GETTIN DOWN THAT BANK.

WOW! MY FOOTS CAUGHT IN A CREVICE.

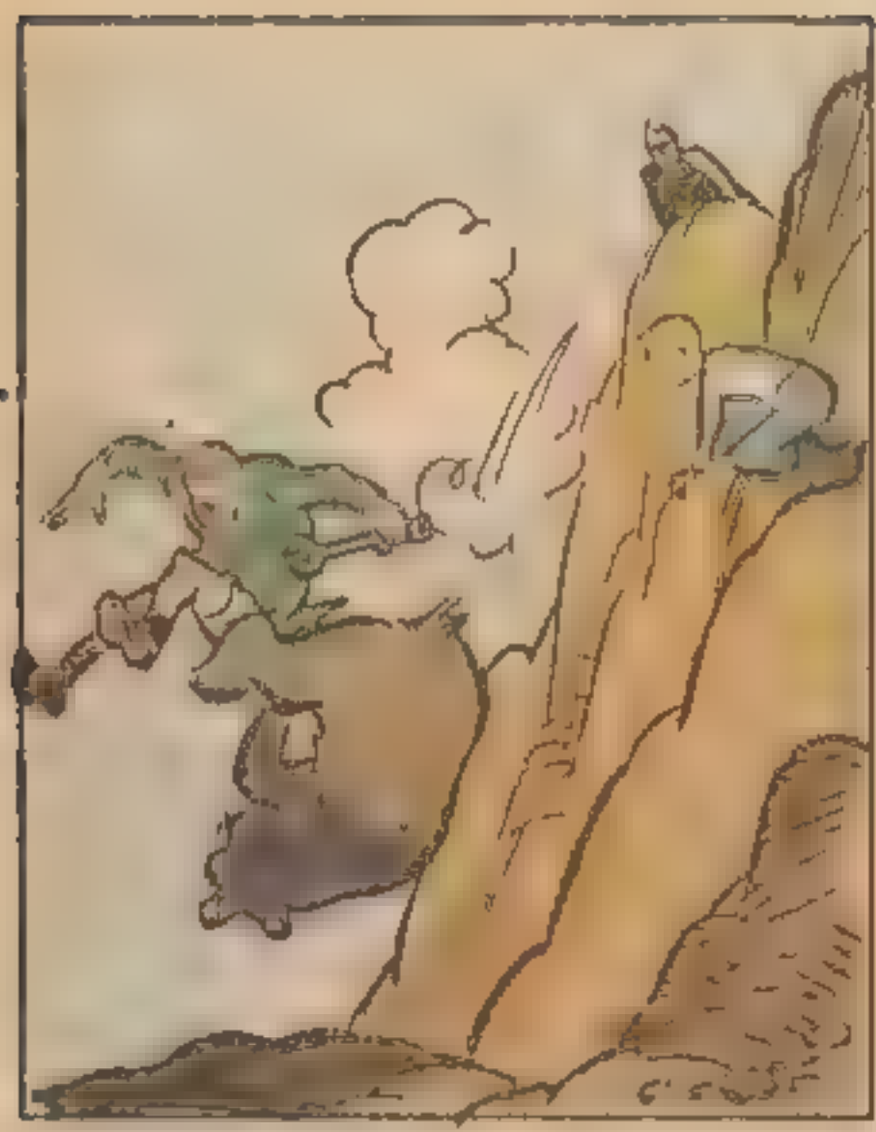
HOWARD, YOU GIT BACK!

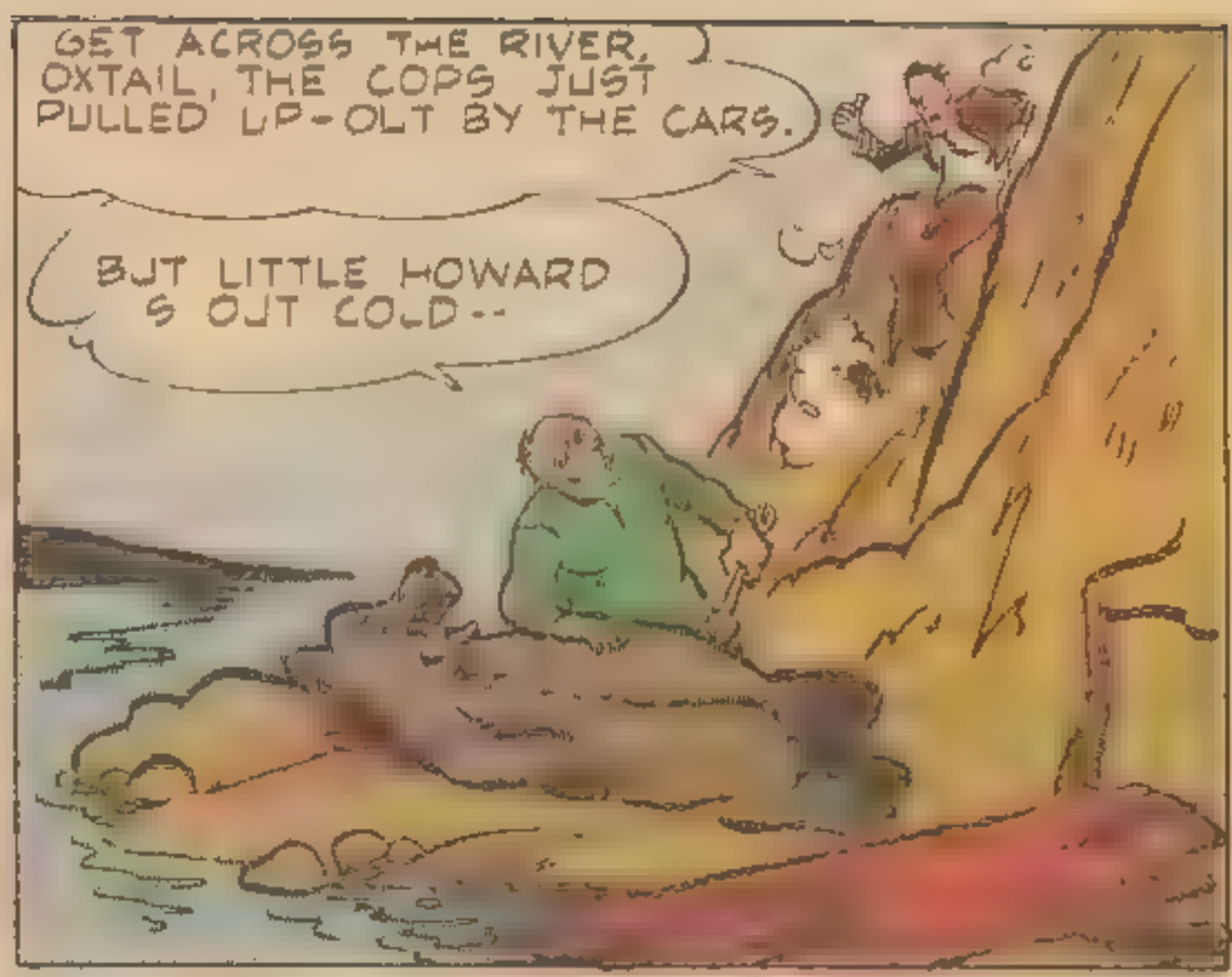

GT DOWN, HOWARD! DOWN! G'WAN!

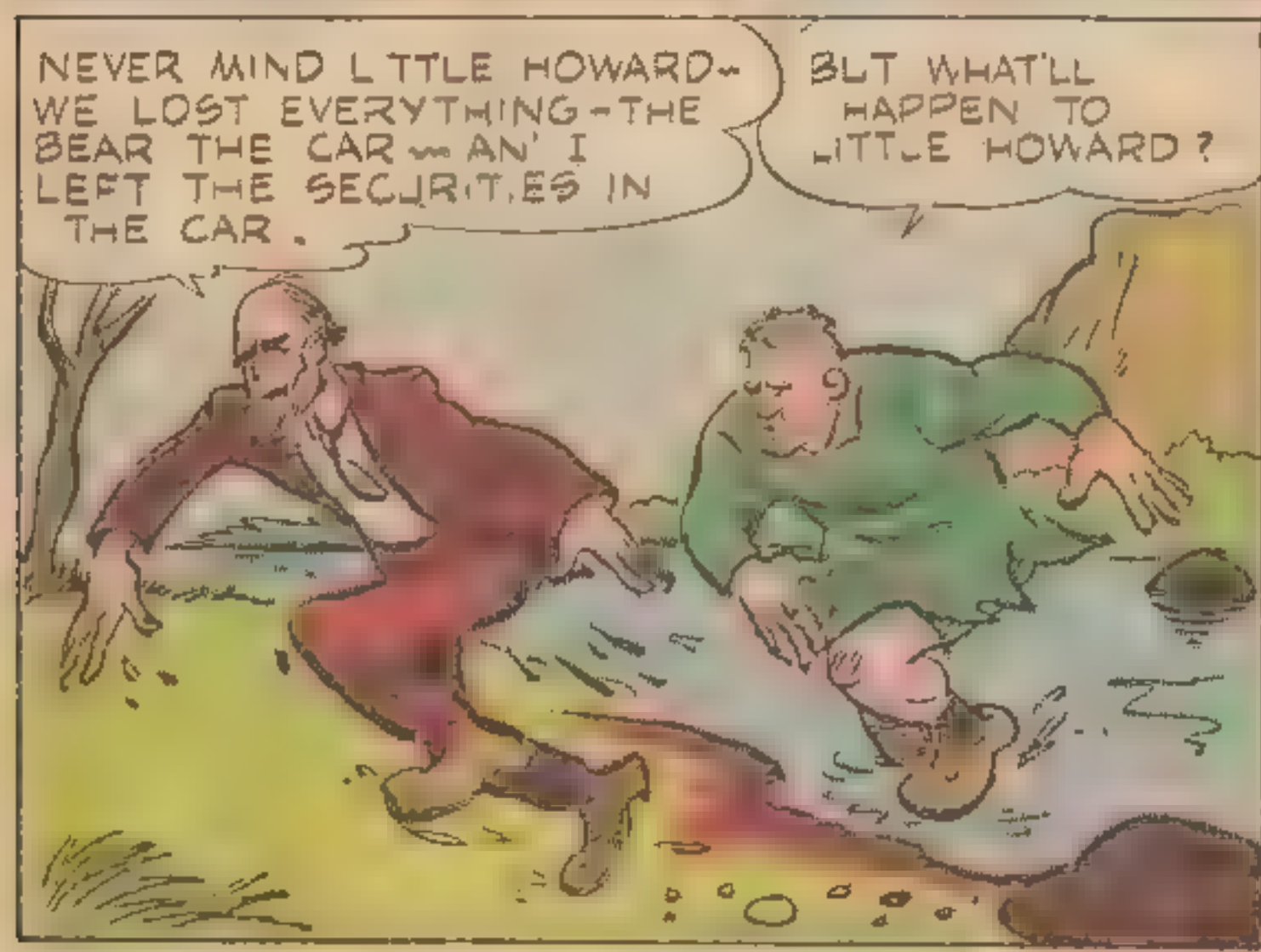

ROLL AWAY, OXTAIL, TH' GUN WORKS NOW— I'LL GIT HIM—ROLL OUT OF TH' WAY!

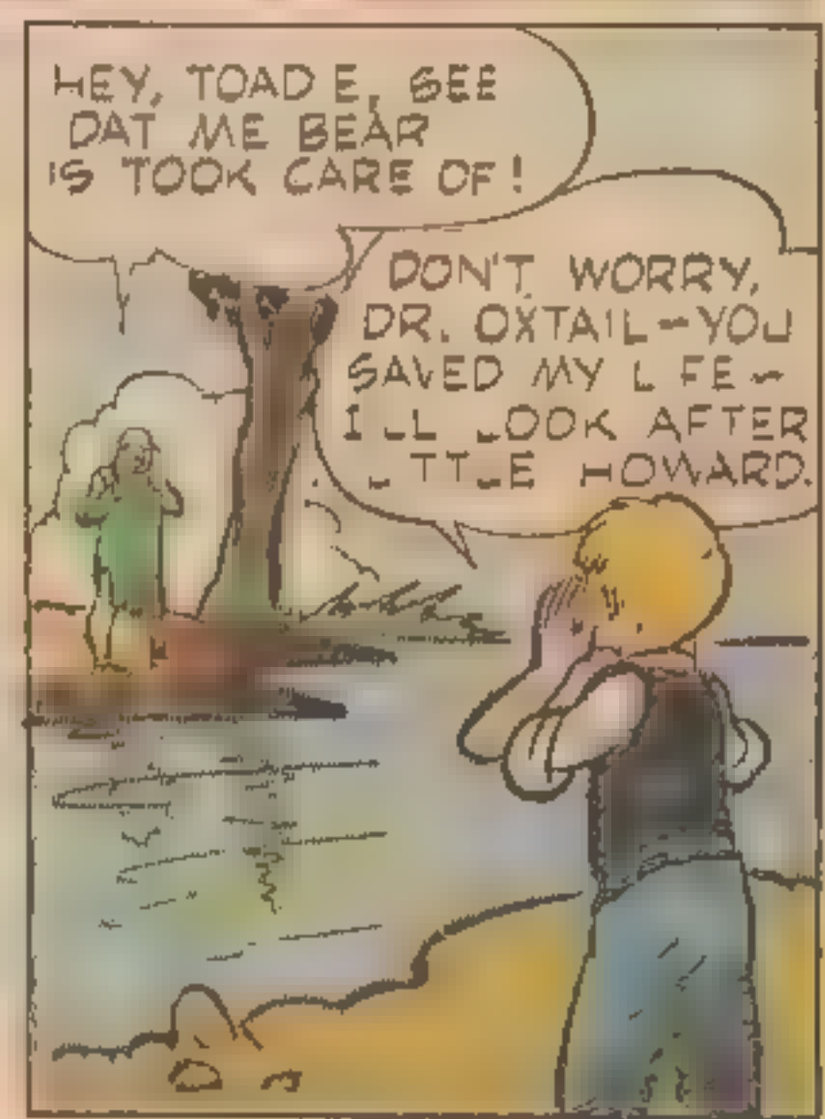

"ROLL" OUT OF THE WAY, HE SAYS.
YOU'RE TWISTIN AROUND SO MUCH I'M AFRAID OF HITTIN' YOU.

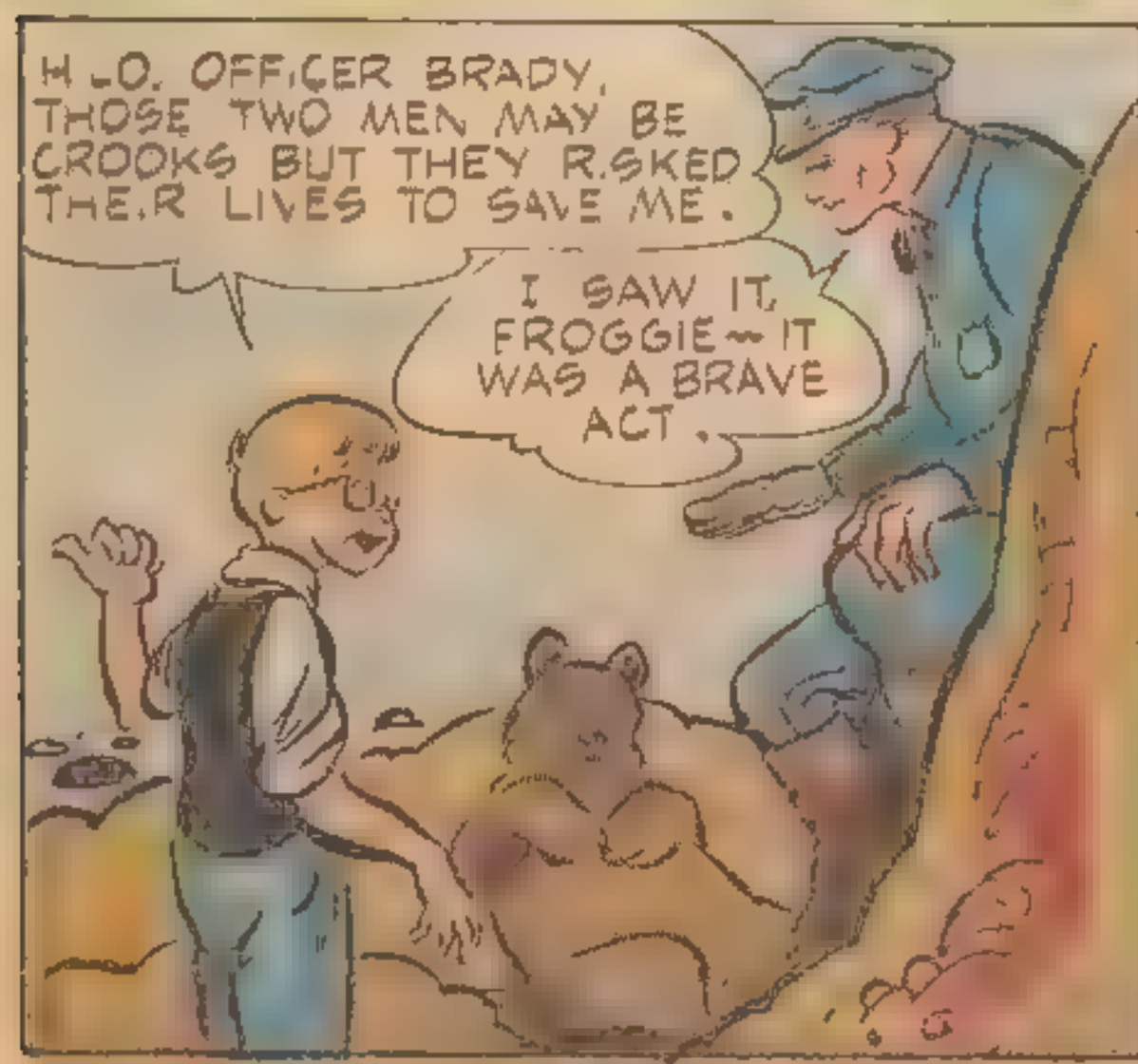
GOT—!!!
YER GONNA FALL DOWN TH' BANK.



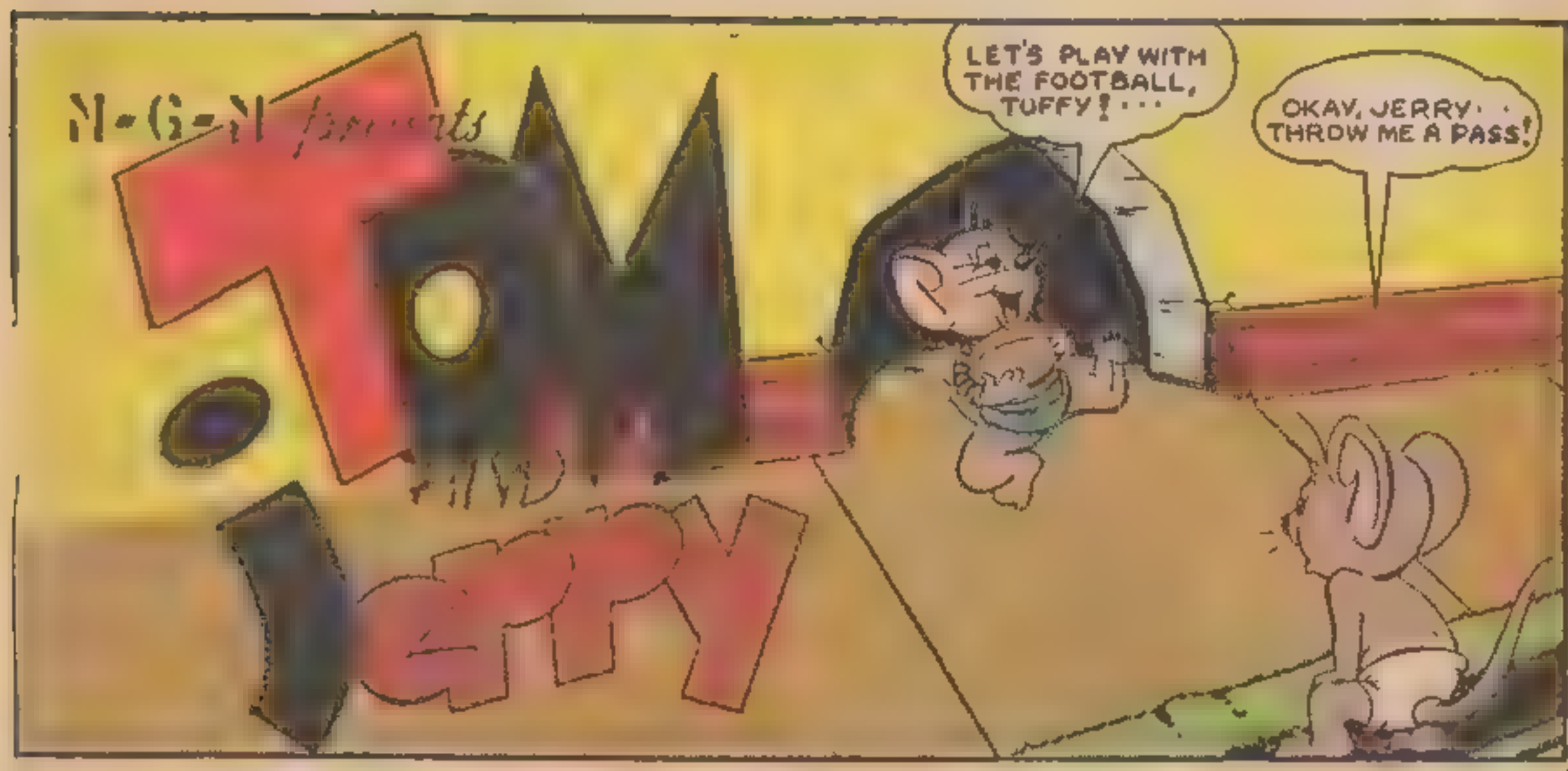


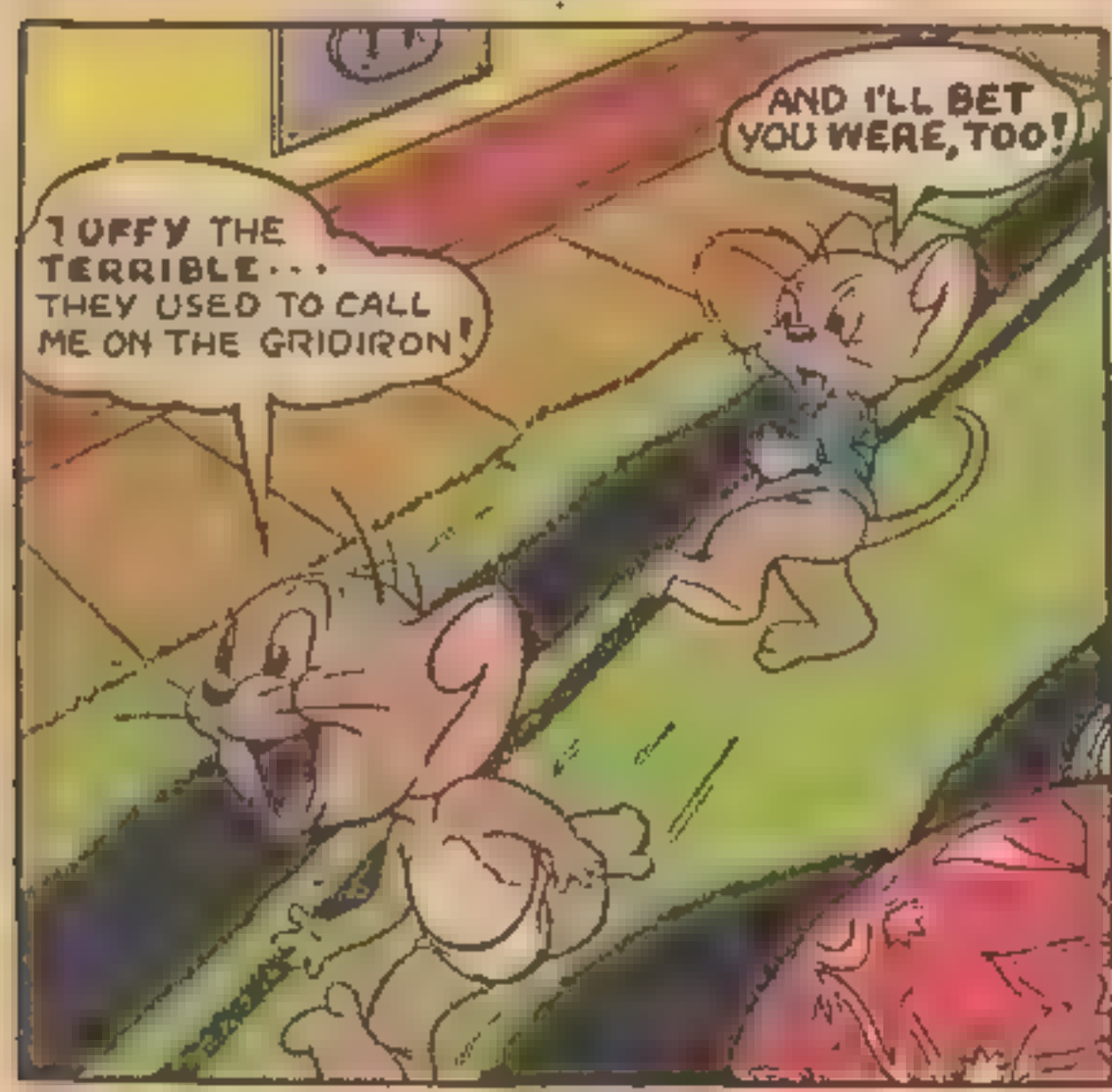


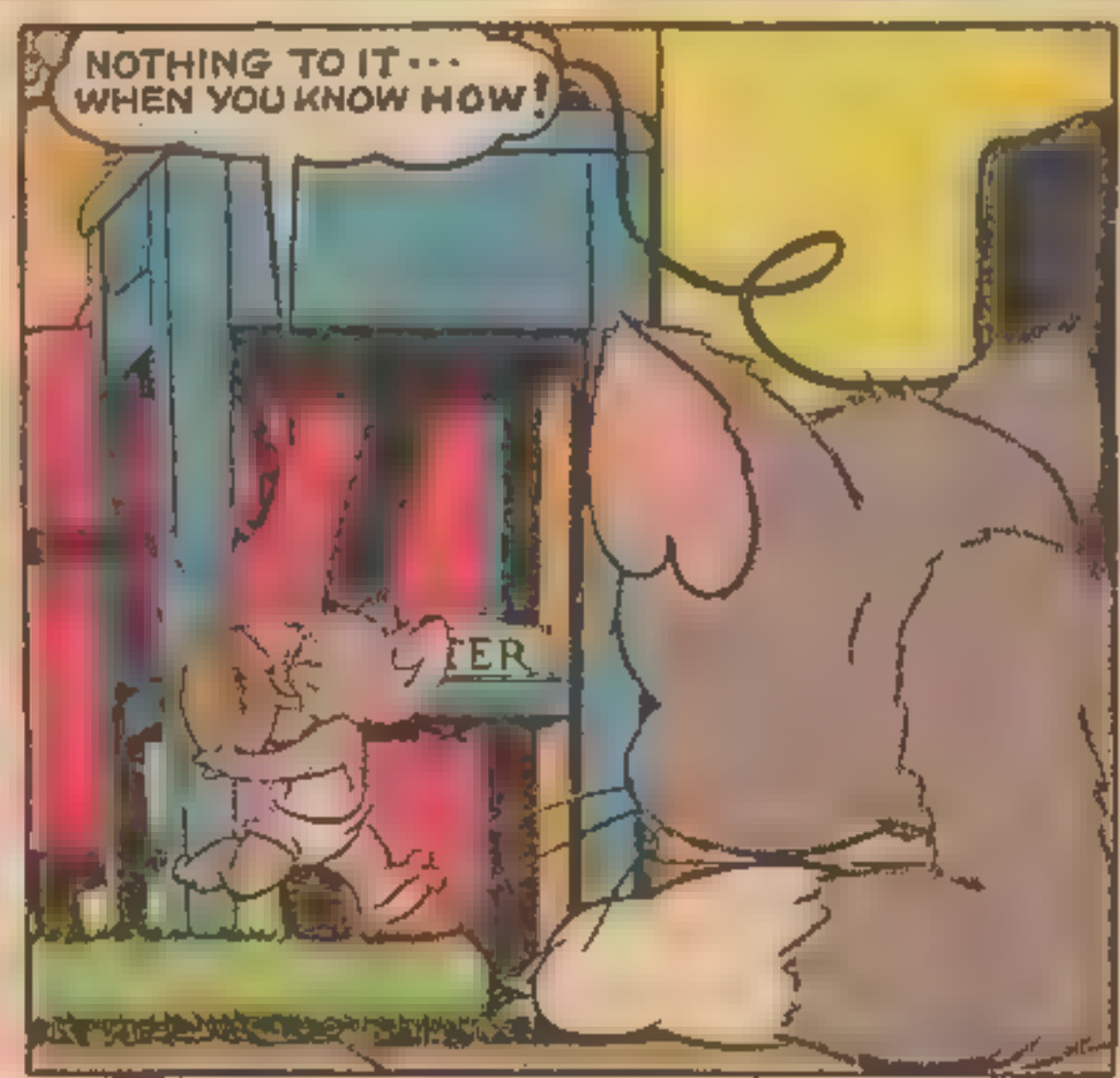


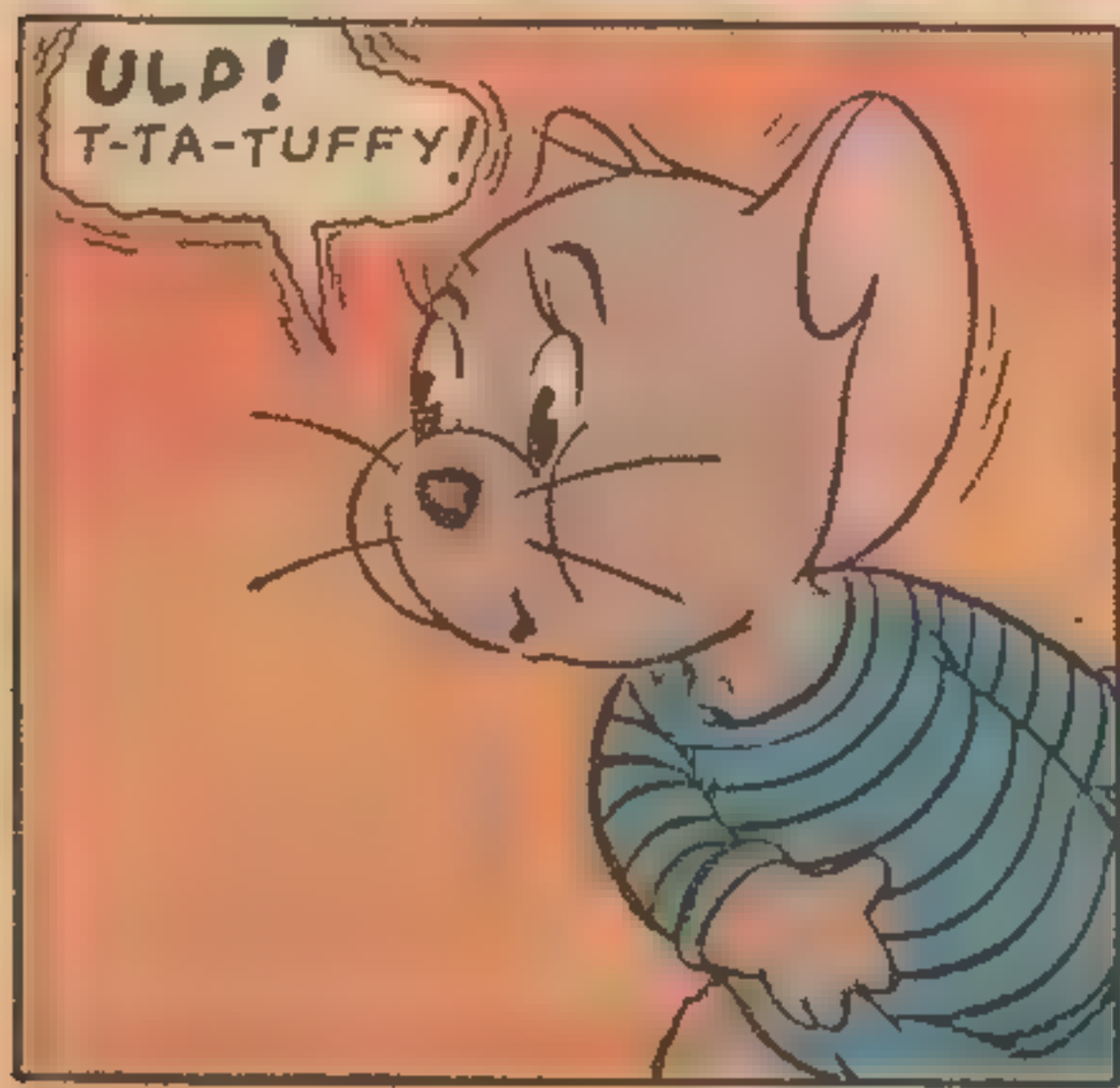


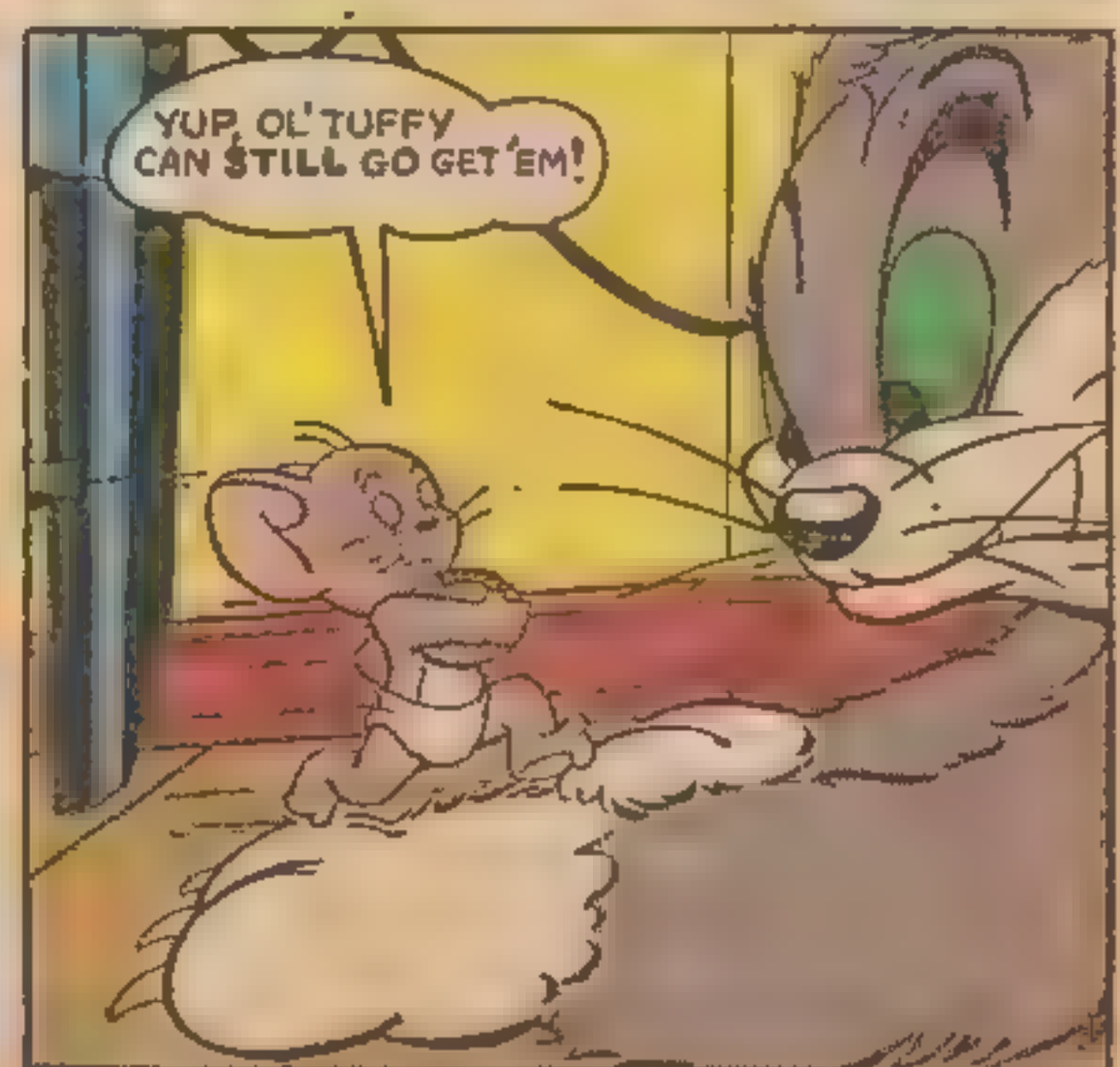
OUR GANG appearing in M-G-M pictures

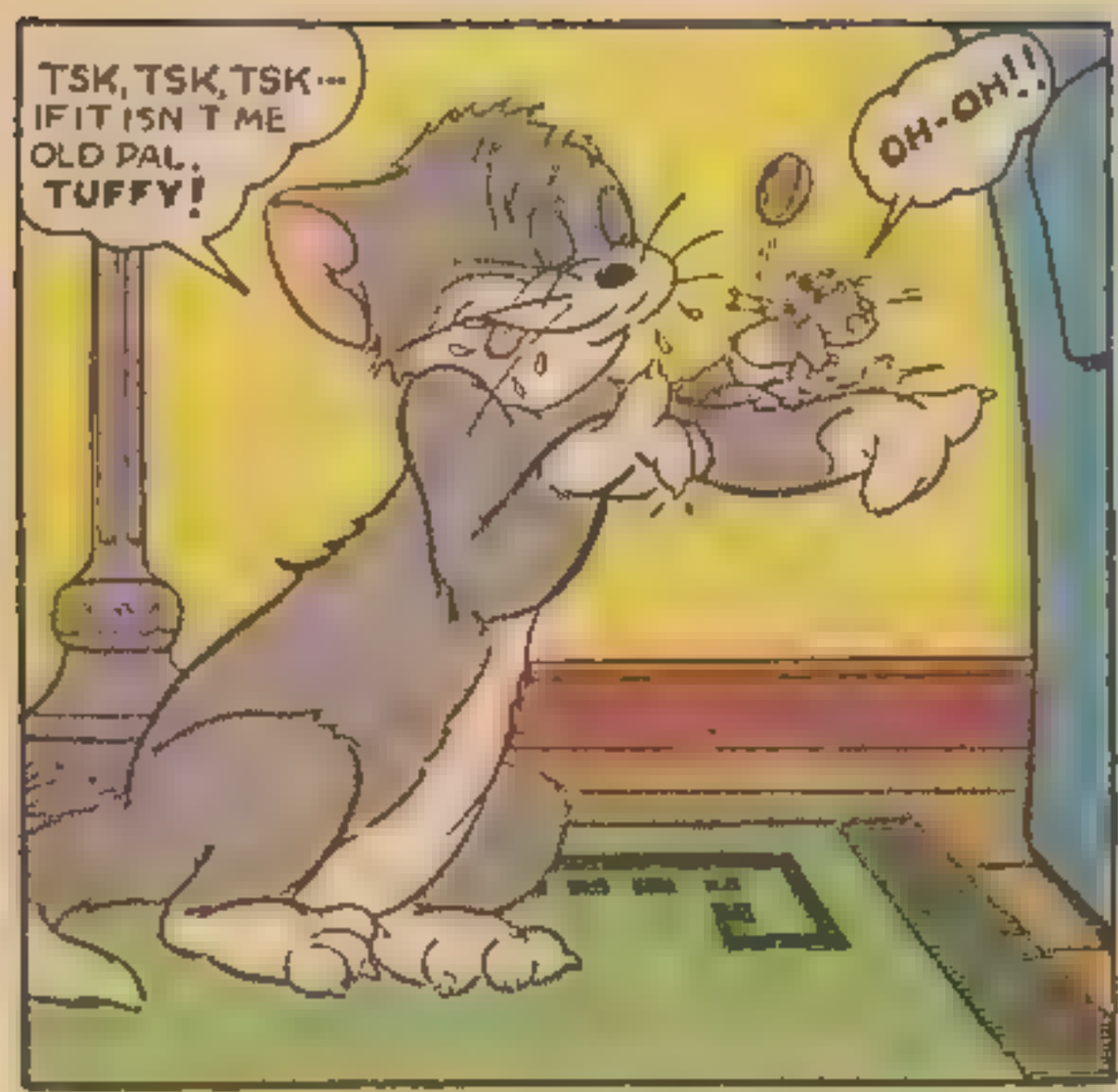

M-G-M presents
TOM AND JERRY
LET'S PLAY WITH THE FOOTBALL, TUFFY!...
OKAY, JERRY... THROW ME A PASS!

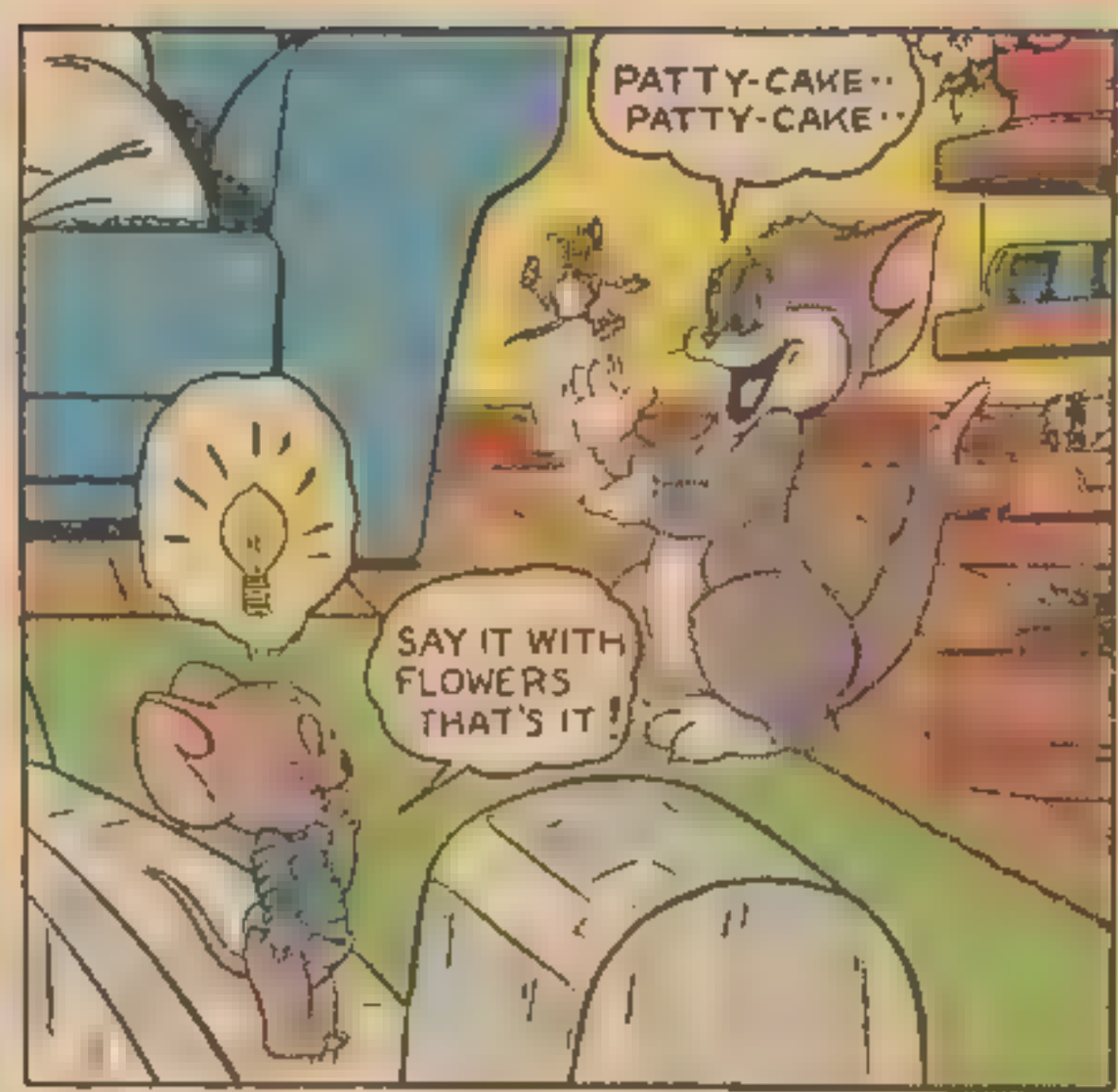

TUFFY THE TERRIBLE... THEY USED TO CALL ME ON THE GRIDIRON!
AND I'LL BET YOU WERE, TOO!

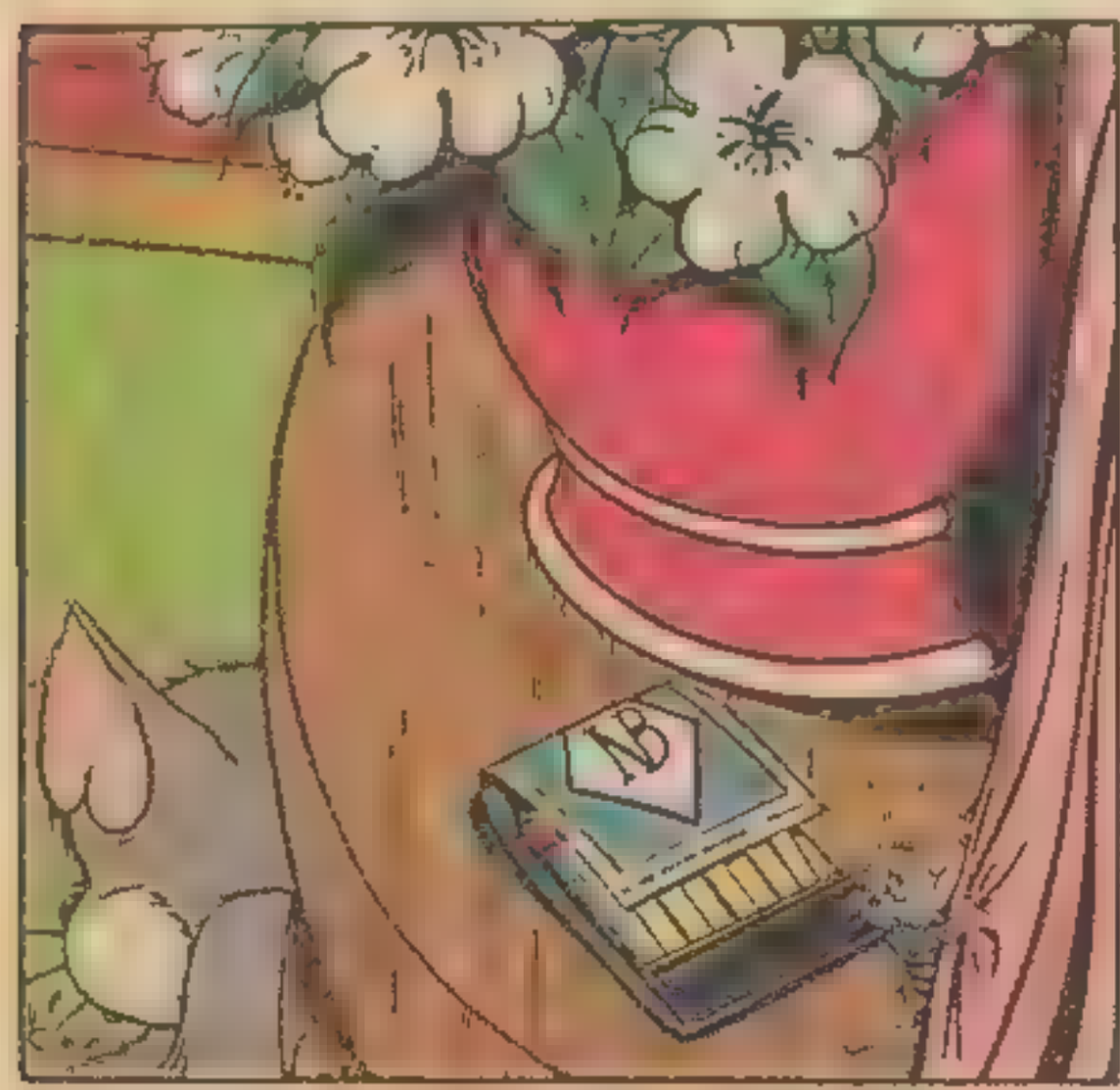

NOTHING TO IT... WHEN YOU KNOW HOW!

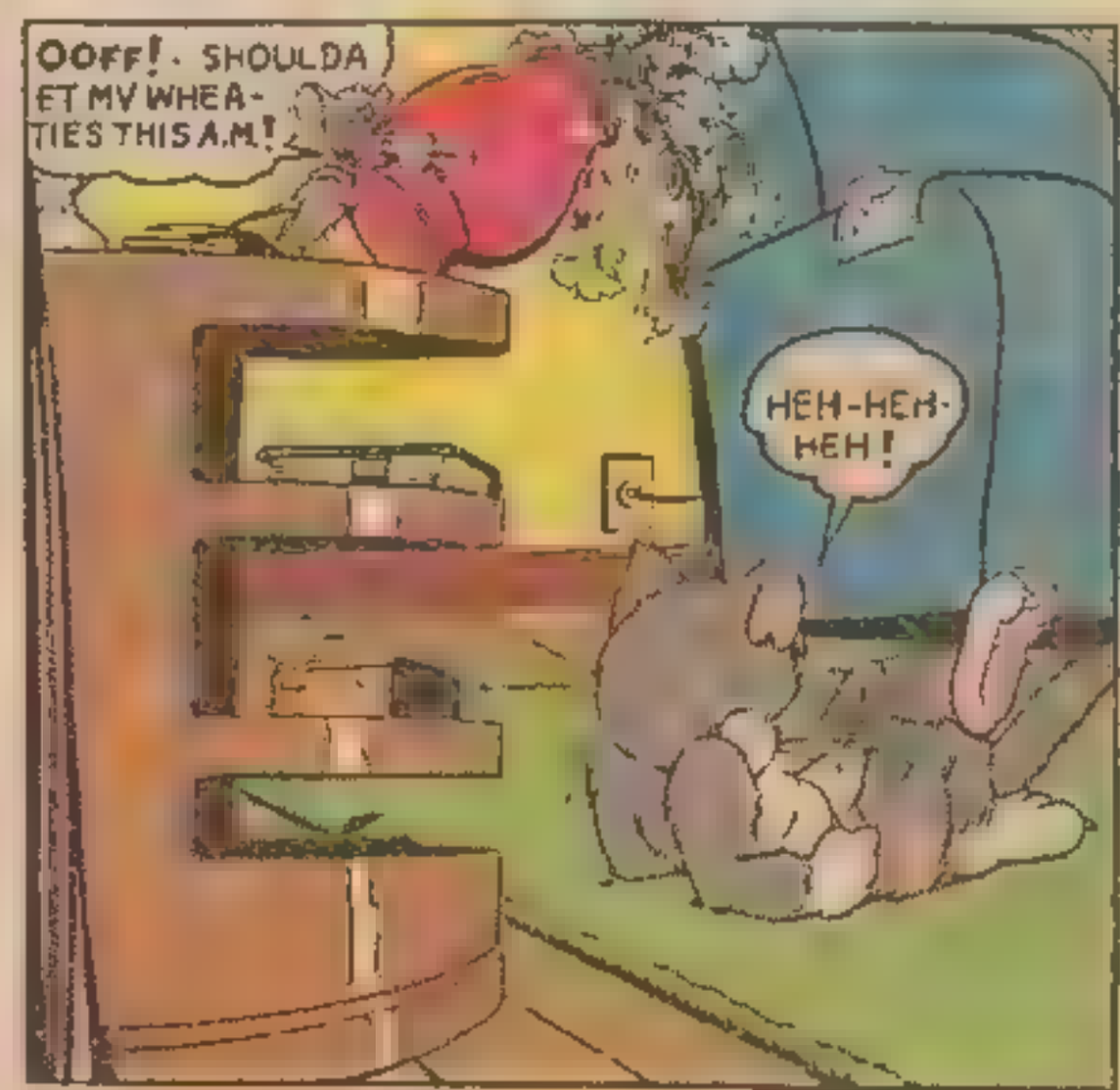

ULD! T-TA-TUFFY!

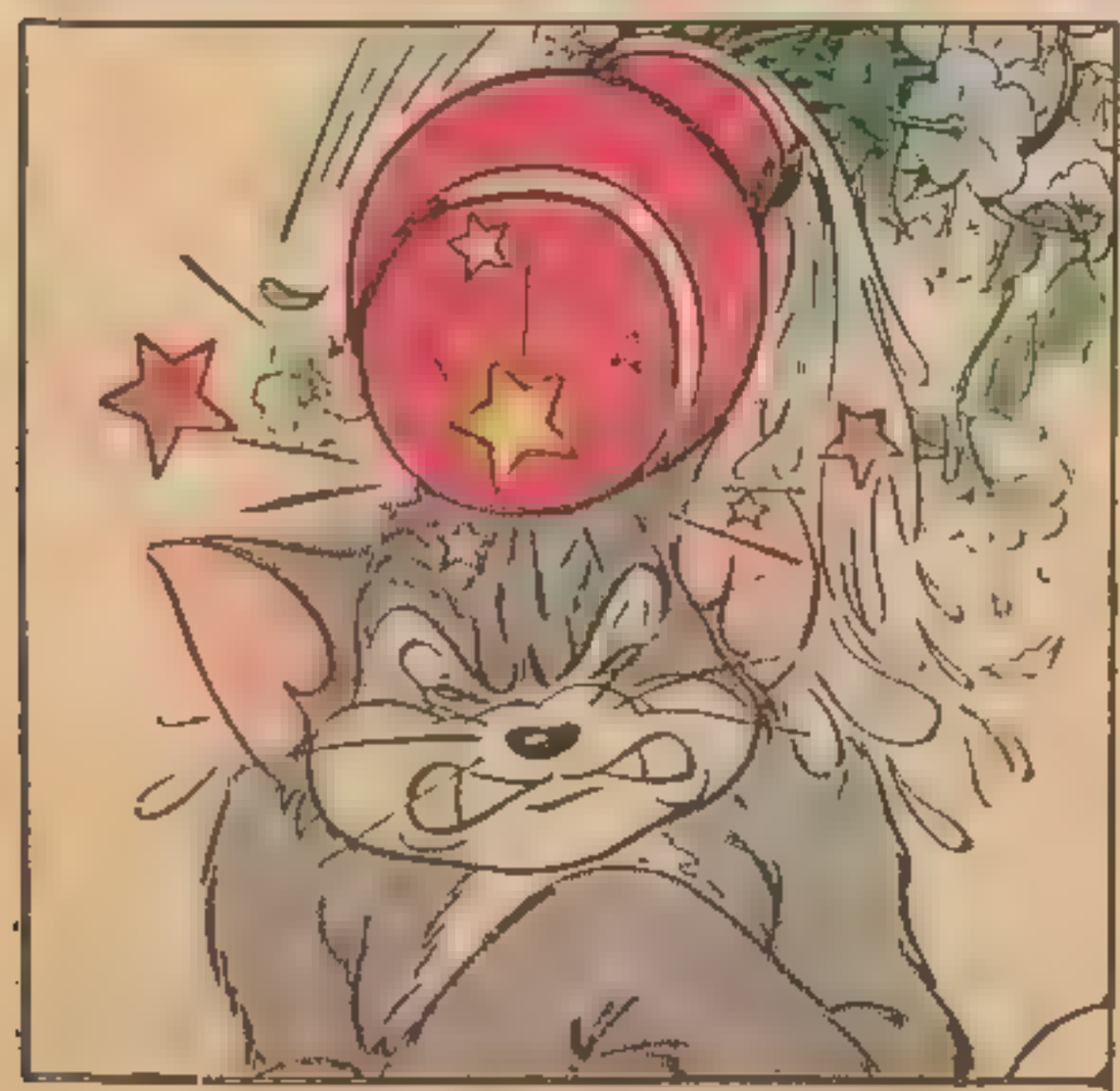

YUP, OL' TUFFY CAN STILL GO GET 'EM!

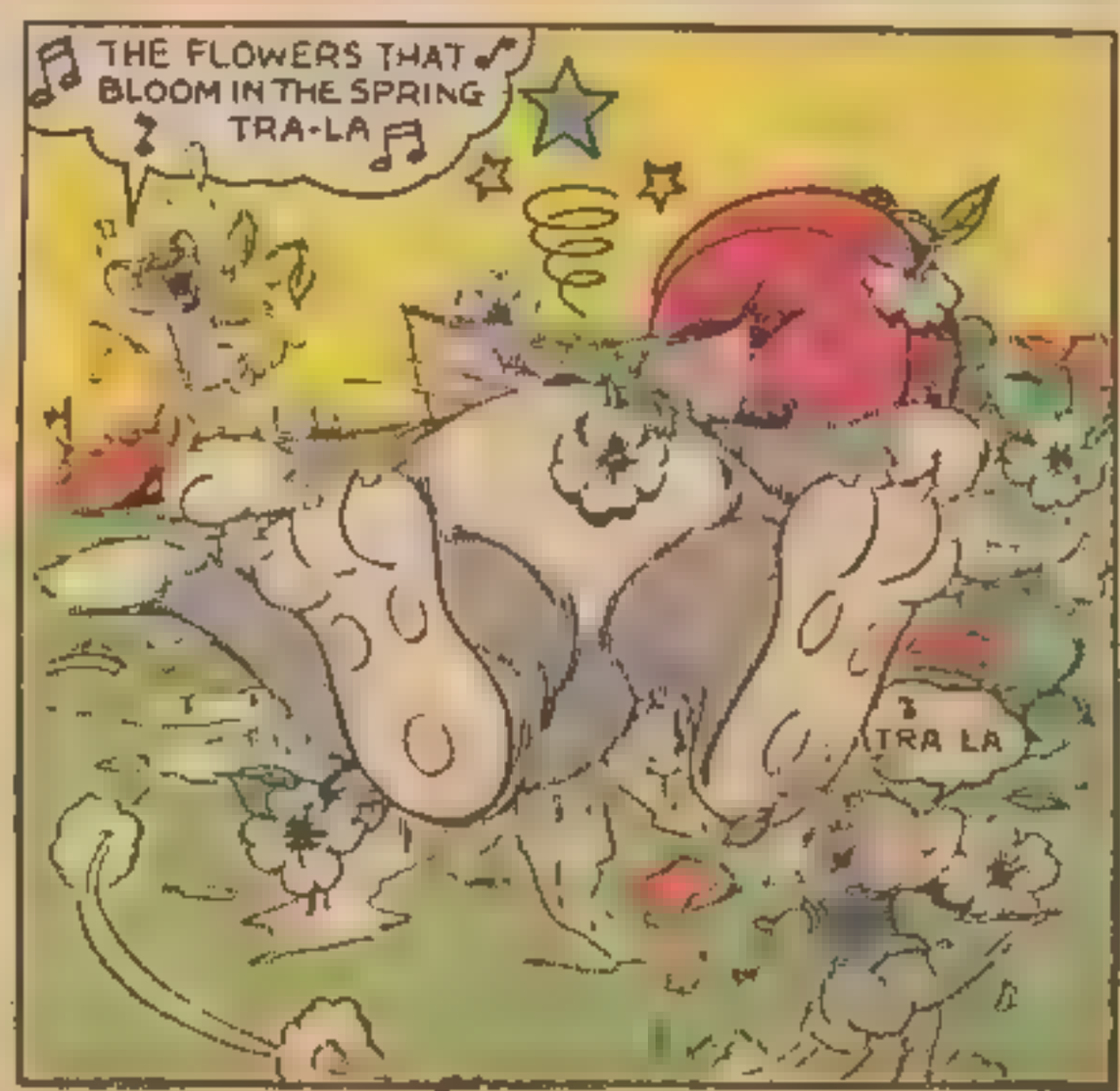

TSK, TSK, TSK... IF IT ISN'T ME OLD PAL, TUFFY!
OH-OH!!

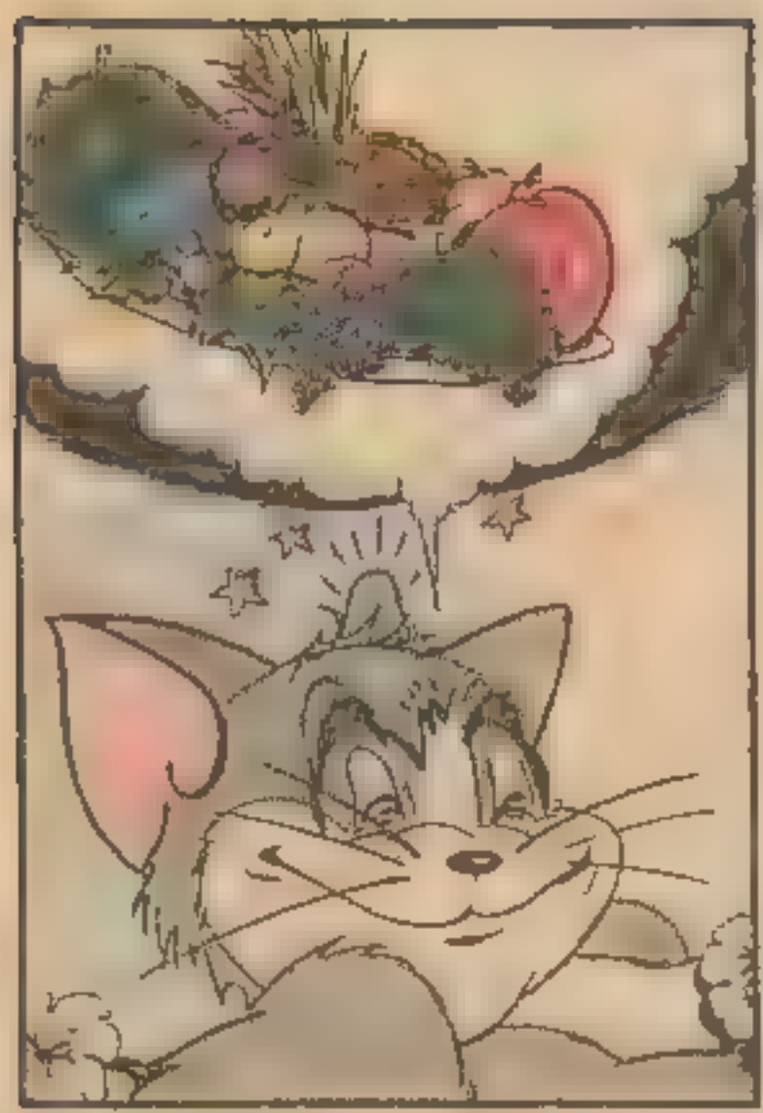

PATTY-CAKE.. PATTY-CAKE..
SAY IT WITH FLOWERS THAT'S IT!

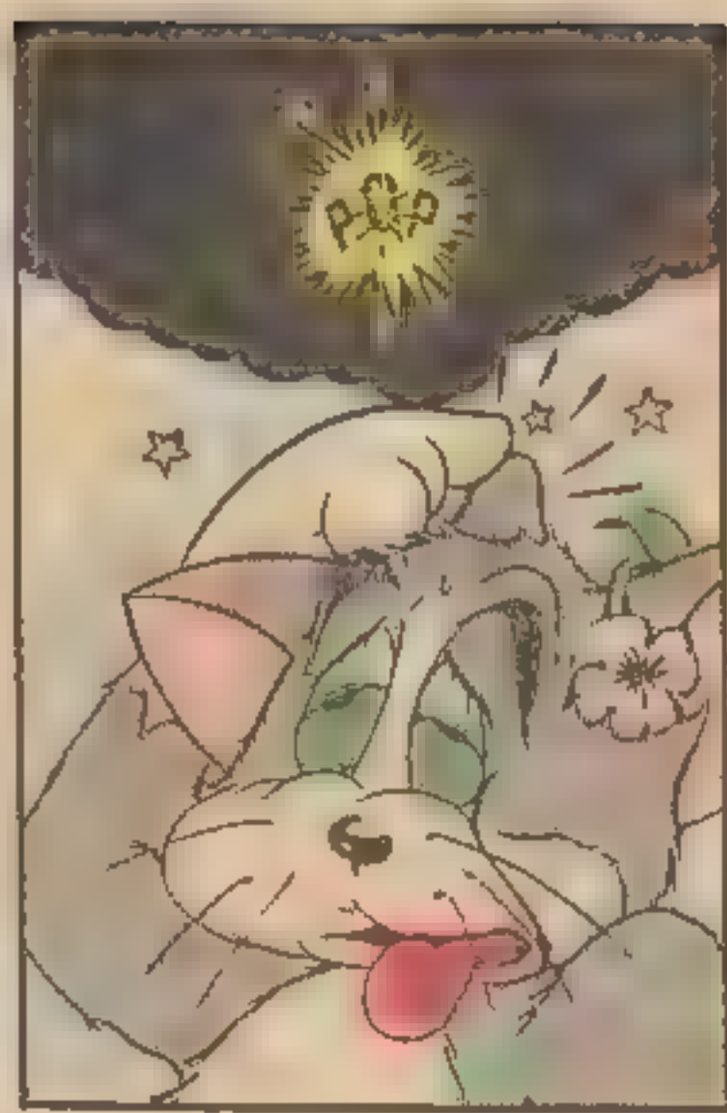


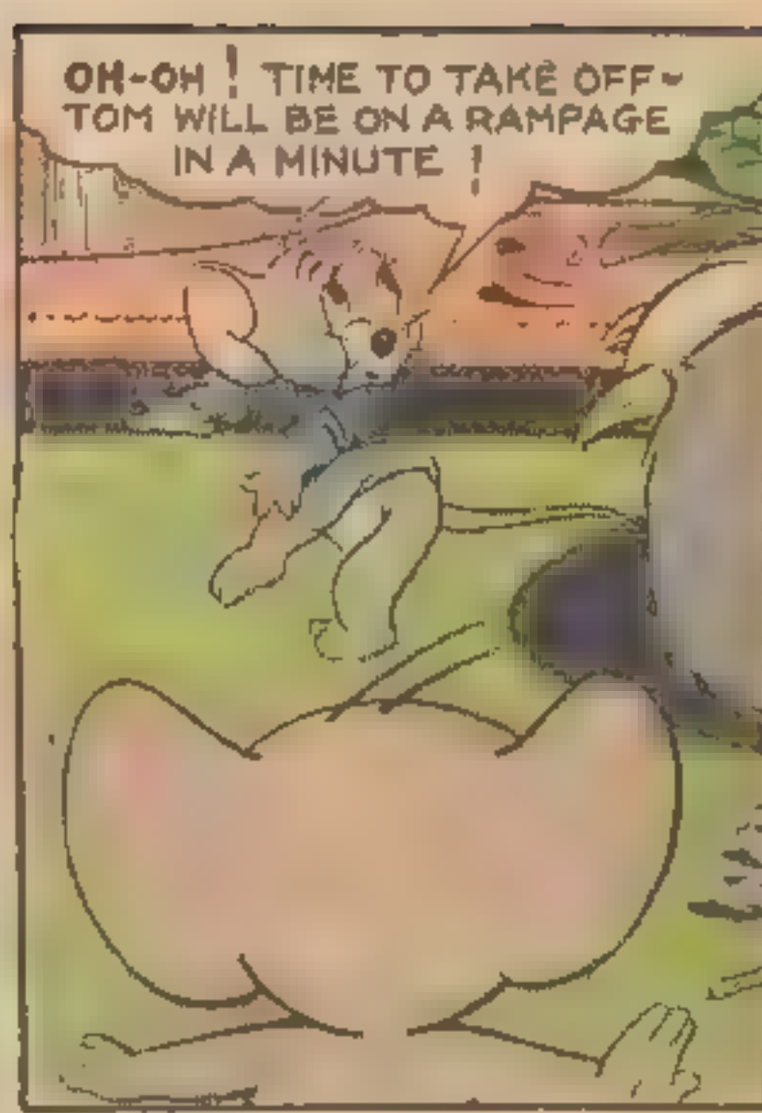

OOFF! - SHOULDA ET MY WHEA-TIES THIS A.M!
HEH-HEH-HEH!




THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING TRA-LA
TRA LA




P-C-P


OH-OH ! TIME TO TAKE OFF - TOM WILL BE ON A RAMPAGE IN A MINUTE !

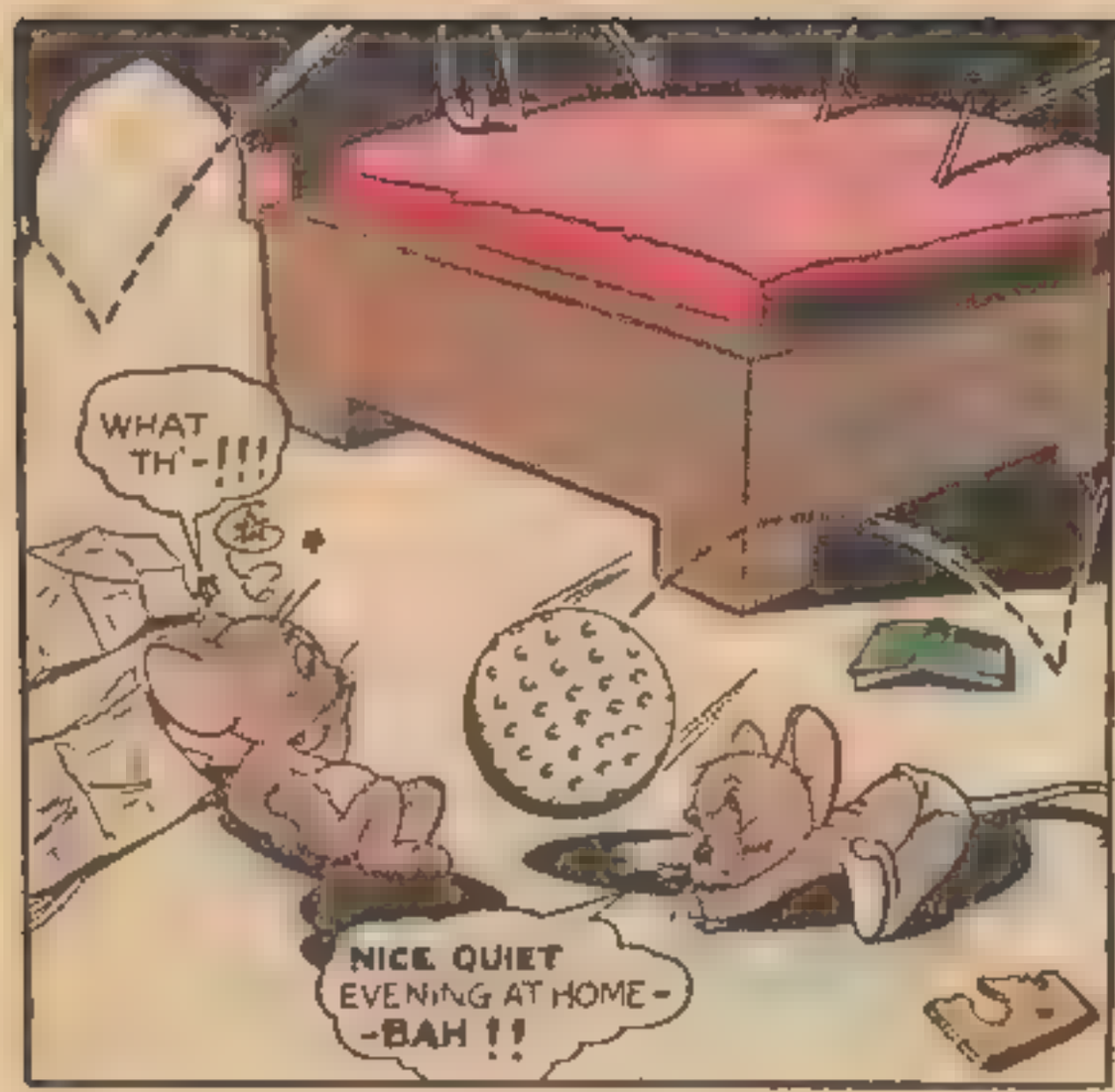
IF I EVER LAY MY PAWS ON THOSE TWO LITTLE * BLANKITY * !

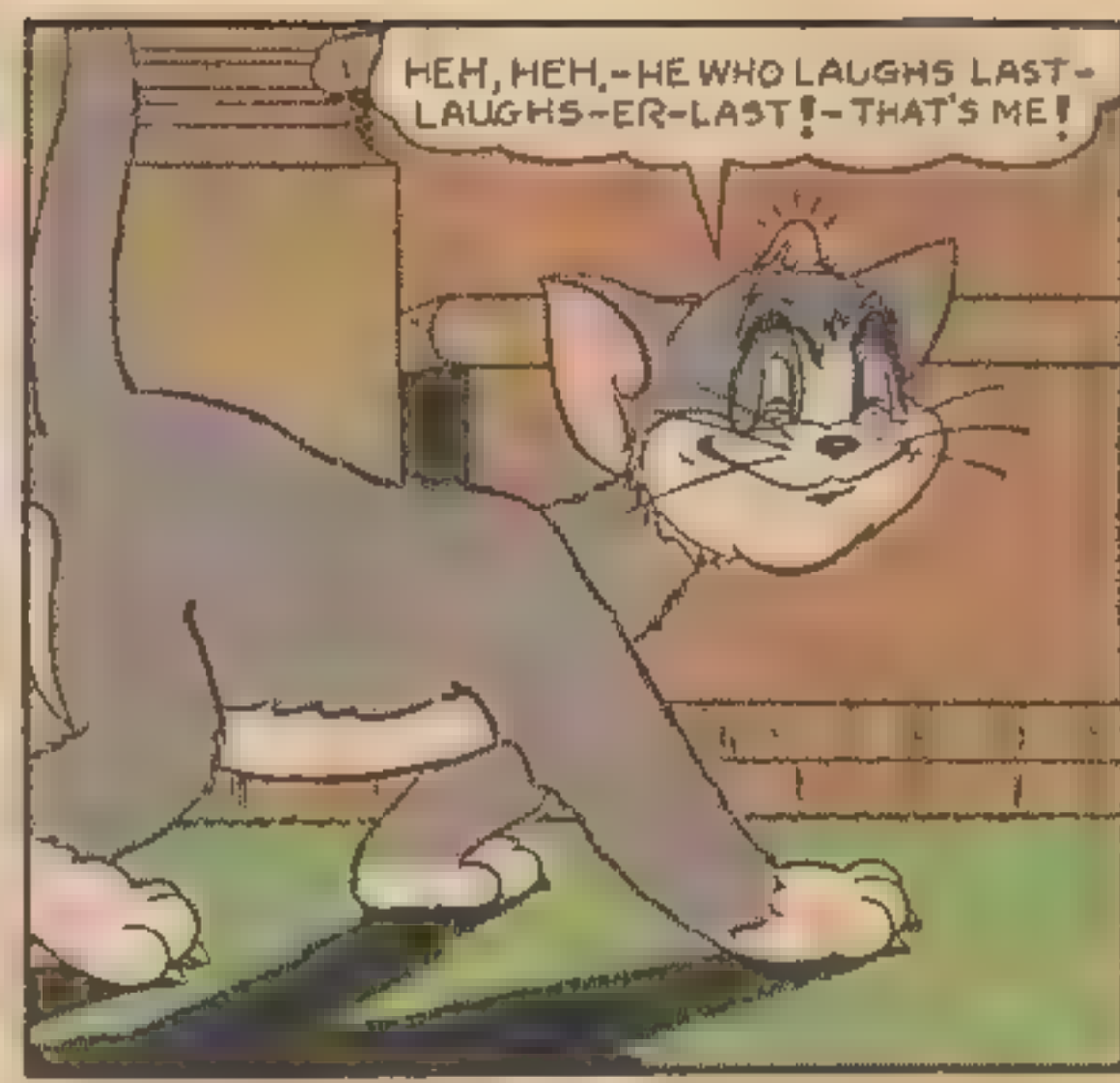
NOW FOR A NICE QUIET EVENING AT HOME -
YEAH - NOTHING LIKE IT !

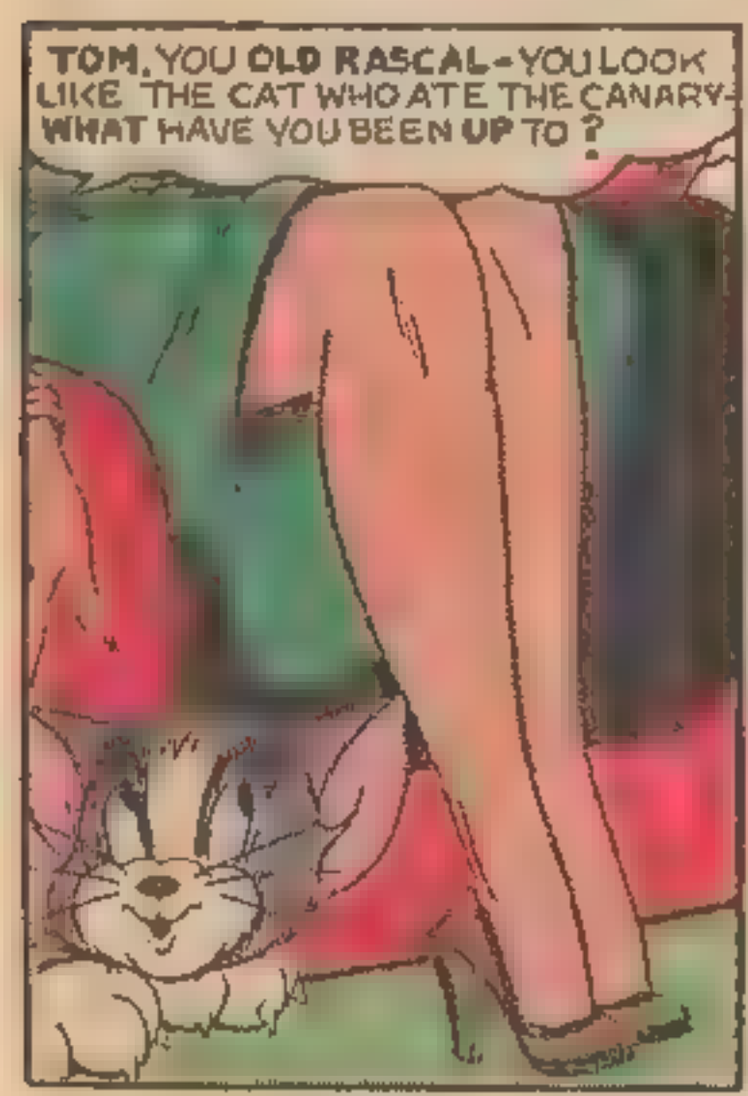
HMM ! - ONE OF THE FAMILY LEFT A GOLF BALL LYING AROUND MAYBE I CAN STIR UP THE PLACIDNESS OF TH' TUFFY AND JERRY HOUSEHOLD A BIT !!

HEH, HEH - THEY'LL THINK THE ATOMIC BOMB HIT 'EM !

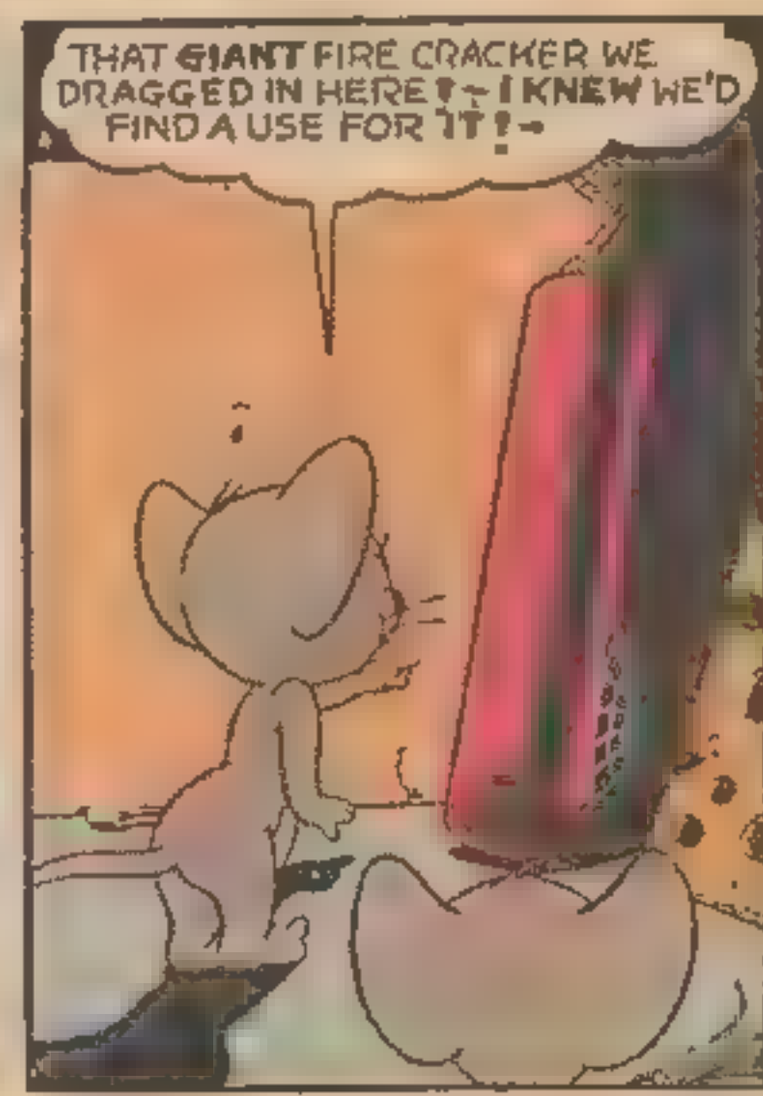
ZOOM

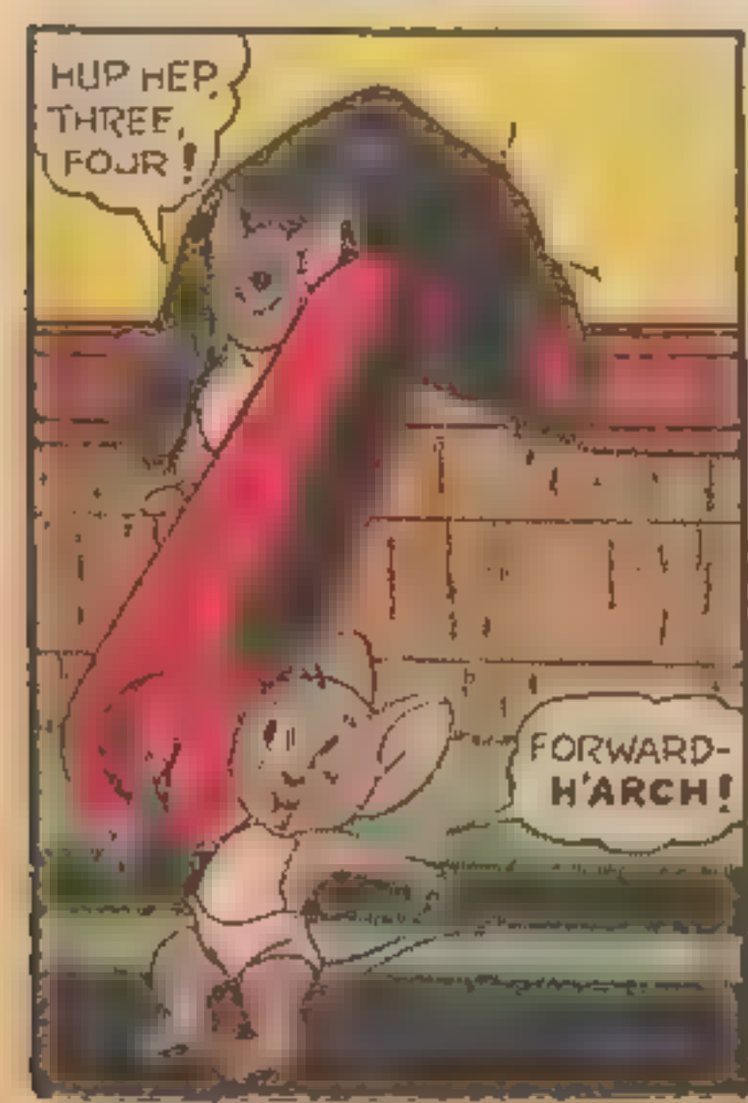

WHAT TH'-!!!
NICE QUIET EVENING AT HOME-
-BAH !!


HEH, HEH,-HE WHO LAUGHS LAST-
LAUGHS-ER-LAST!-THAT'S ME!

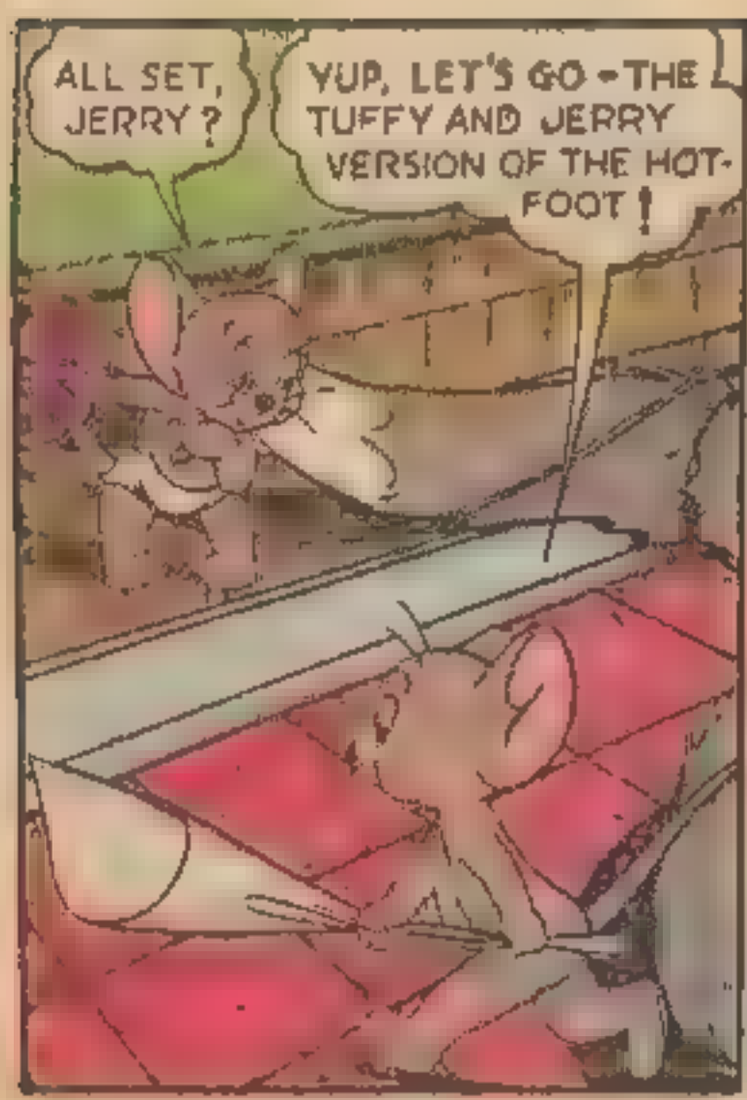

TOM, YOU OLD RASCAL-YOU LOOK LIKE THE CAT WHO ATE THE CANARY-
WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO?

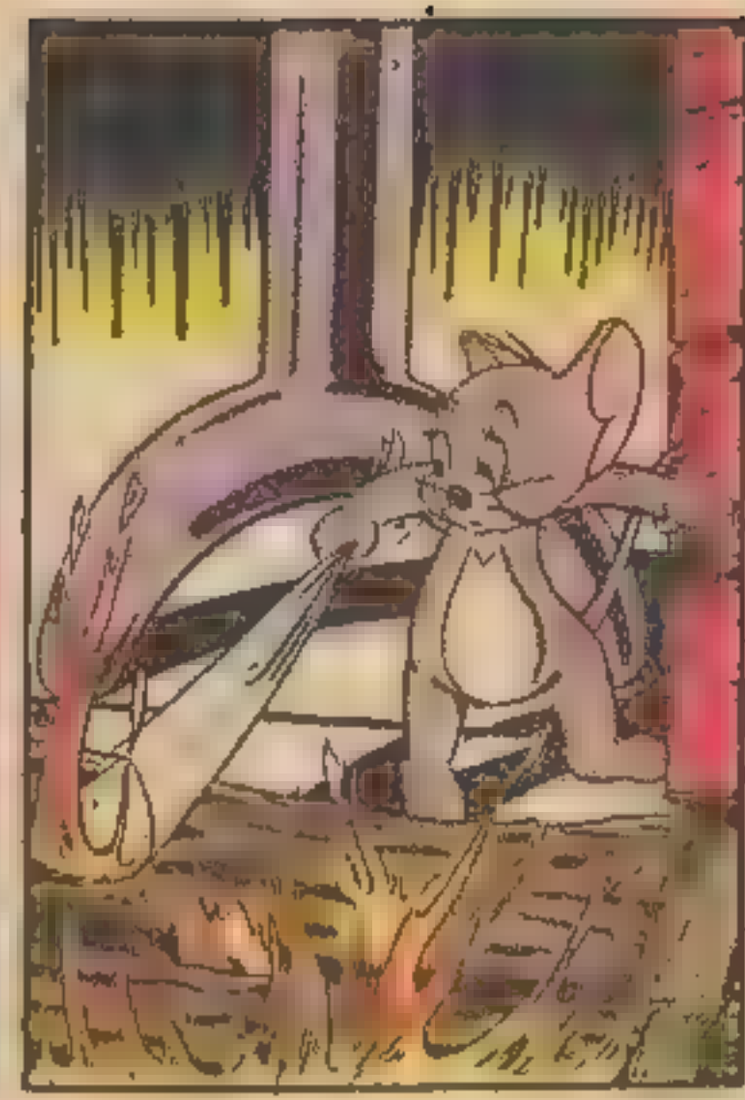
LOOKIT' HIM-
WARMING HIS WORTHLESS HIDE BY THE FIRE-PLACE!
HE'LL BE SOUND ASLEEP IN A MINUTE FROM THE HEAT-
MAYBE WE'LL GET THE CHANCE TO PAY UP FOR THAT GOLF BALL EPISODE!

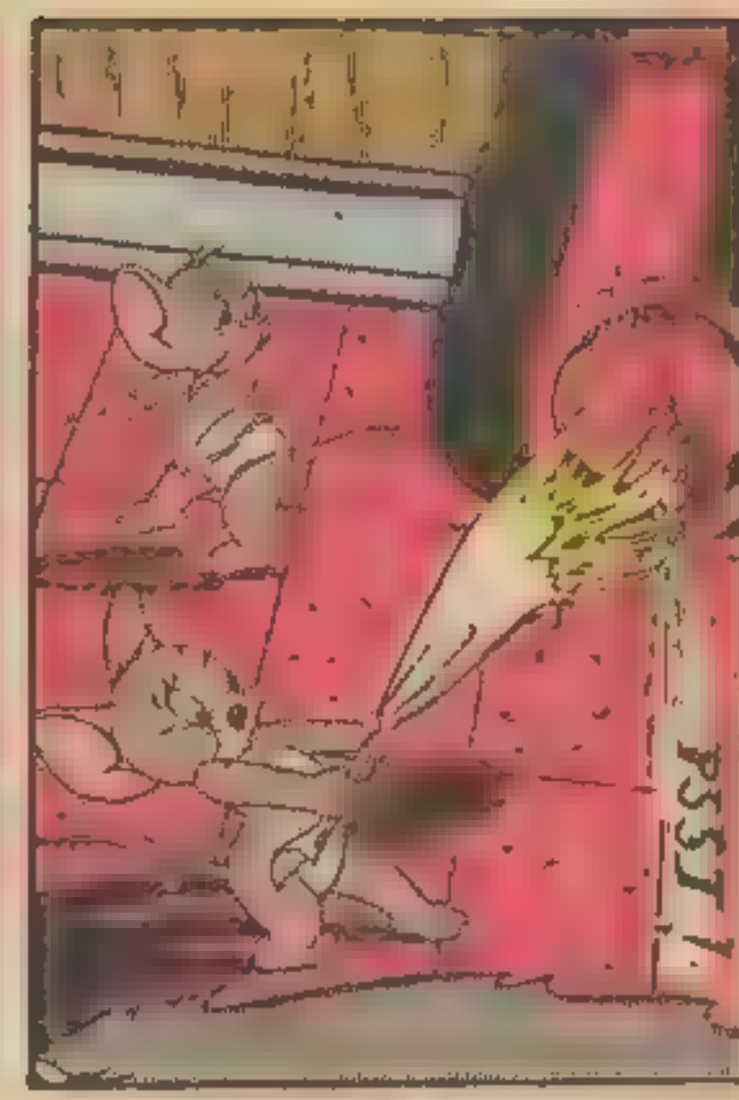

THAT GIANT FIRE CRACKER WE DRAGGED IN HERE!-I KNEW WE'D FIND A USE FOR IT!-


HUP HEP, THREE, FOUR!
FORWARD-H'ARCH!

WE'LL BRING THIS STRING AND TIE IT TO HIS TAIL!

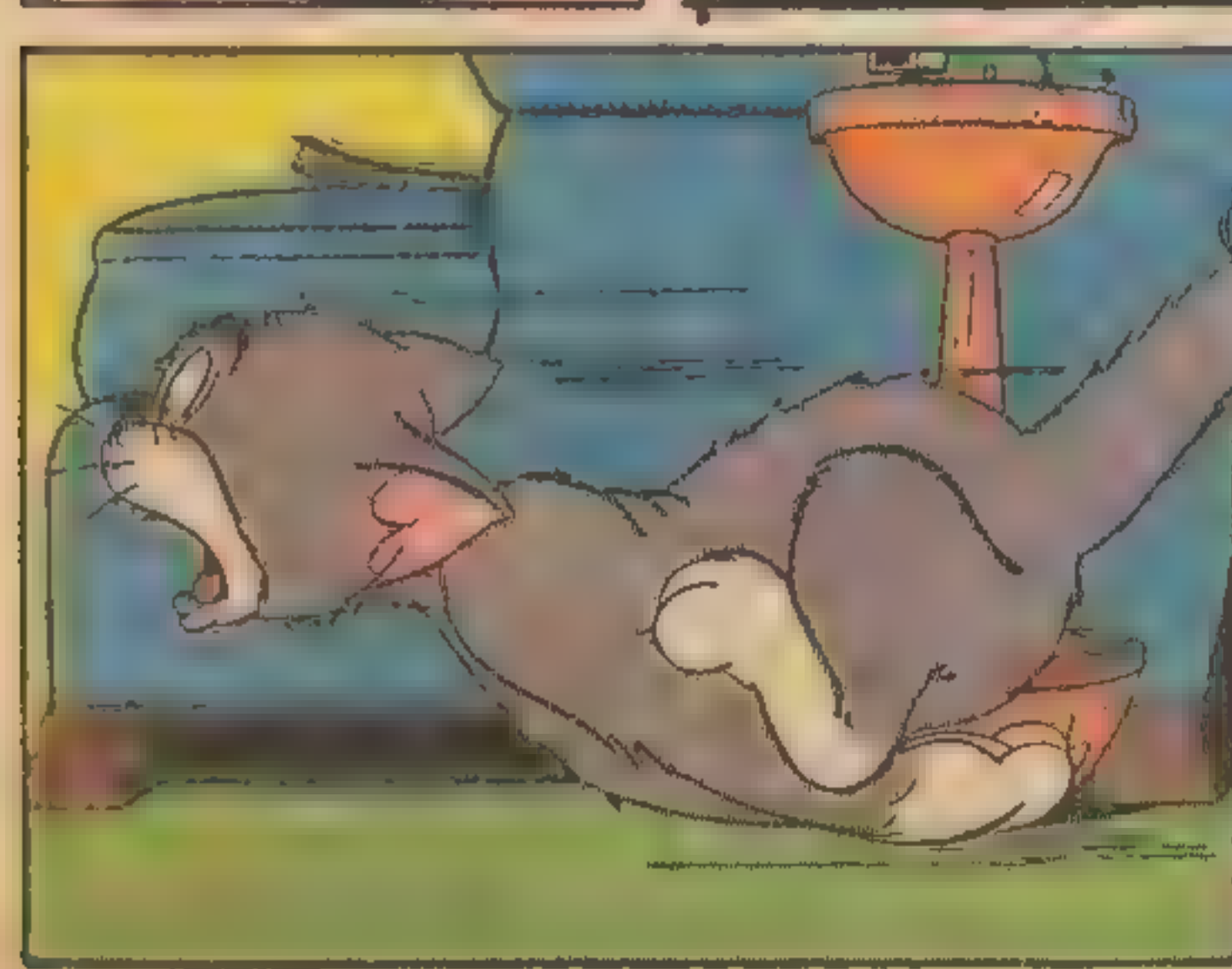

ALL SET, JERRY?
YUP, LET'S GO - THE TUFFY AND JERRY VERSION OF THE HOT-FOOT!




PSST!

OKAY FEET - LET'S LOCOMOTE!!
STAND ASIDE - TUFFY'S TEAR-IN!!

YEOW

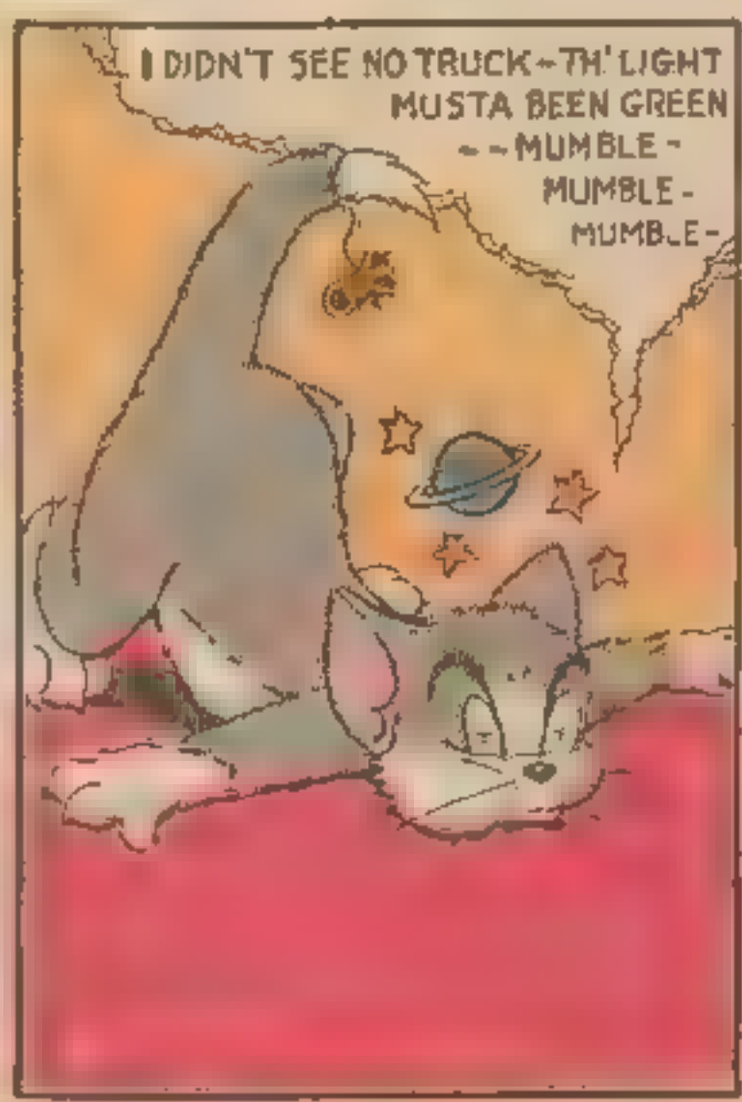


LOOK IT THAT HANK OF SINGED HAIR TAKE OFF!
YIPE! YOU'D THINK HE WAS SHOT OFF A CATAPULT!

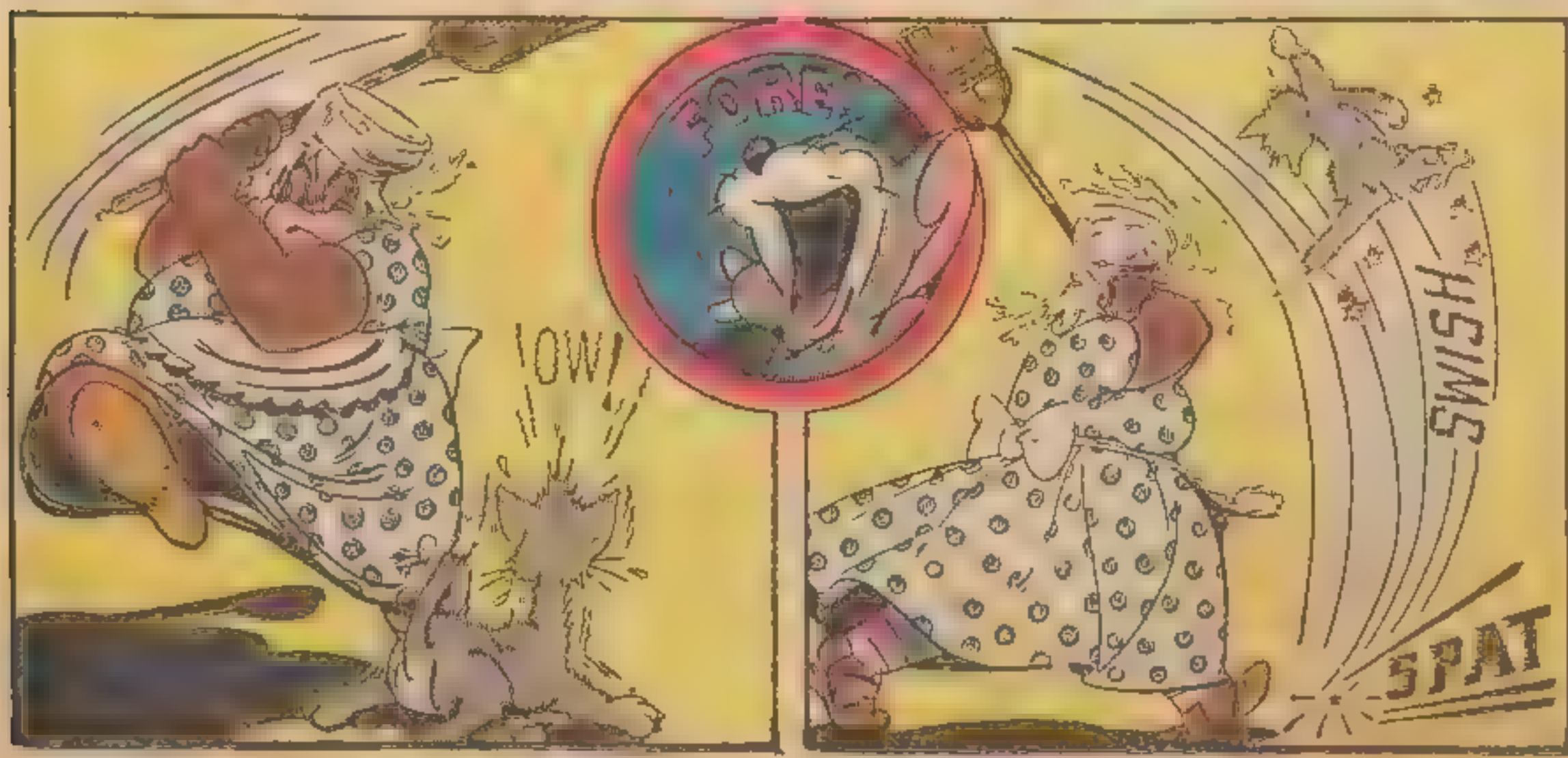
YOWSAH! D-S-S MAH MASTERPIECE!

AWAH~

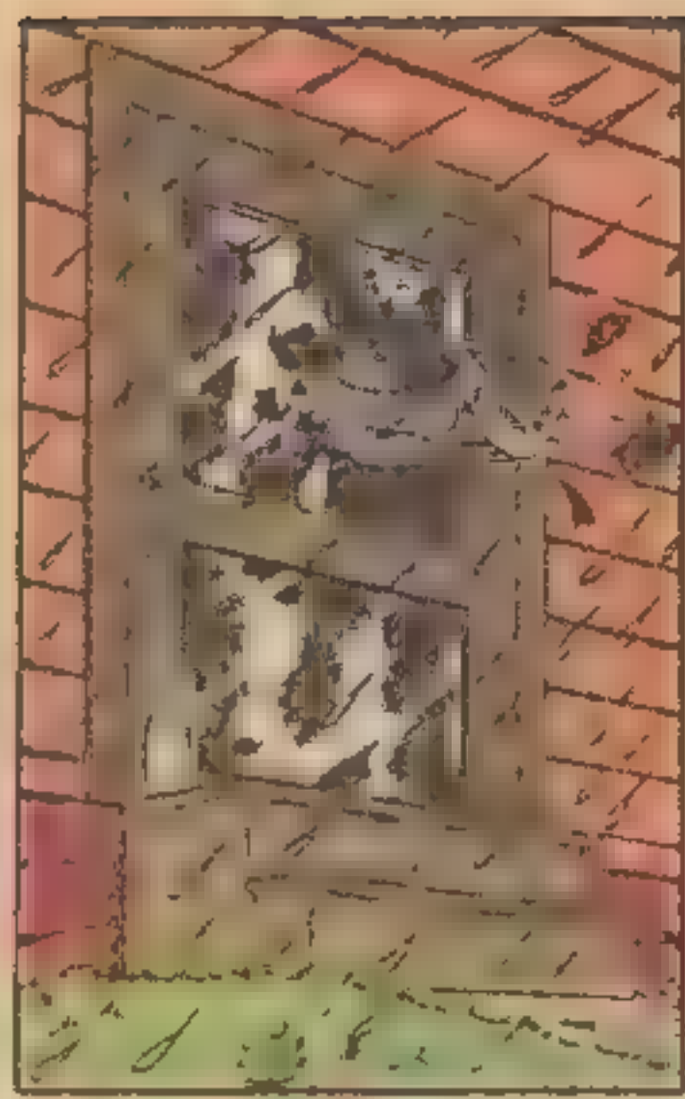
PLOP!

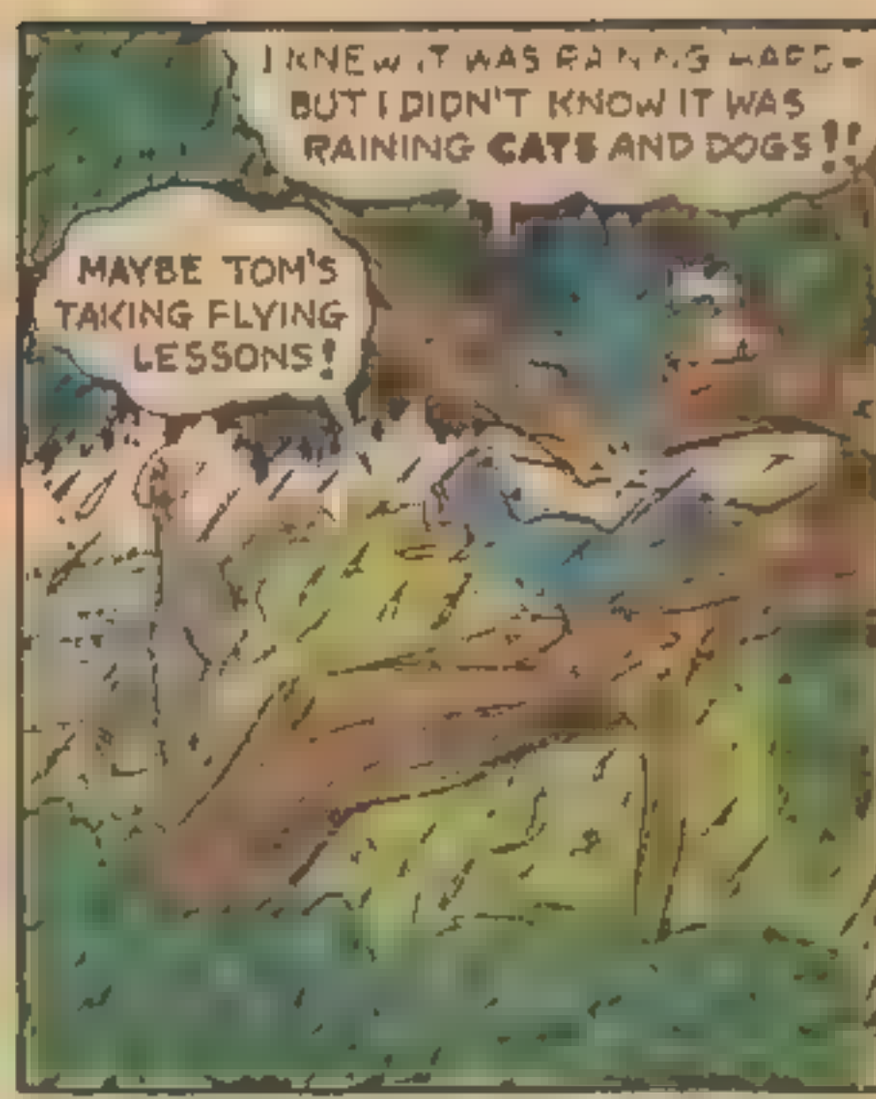

I DIDN'T SEE NO TRUCK~TH' LIGHT MUSTA BEEN GREEN ~~MUMBLE~ MUMBLE~ MUMBLE~

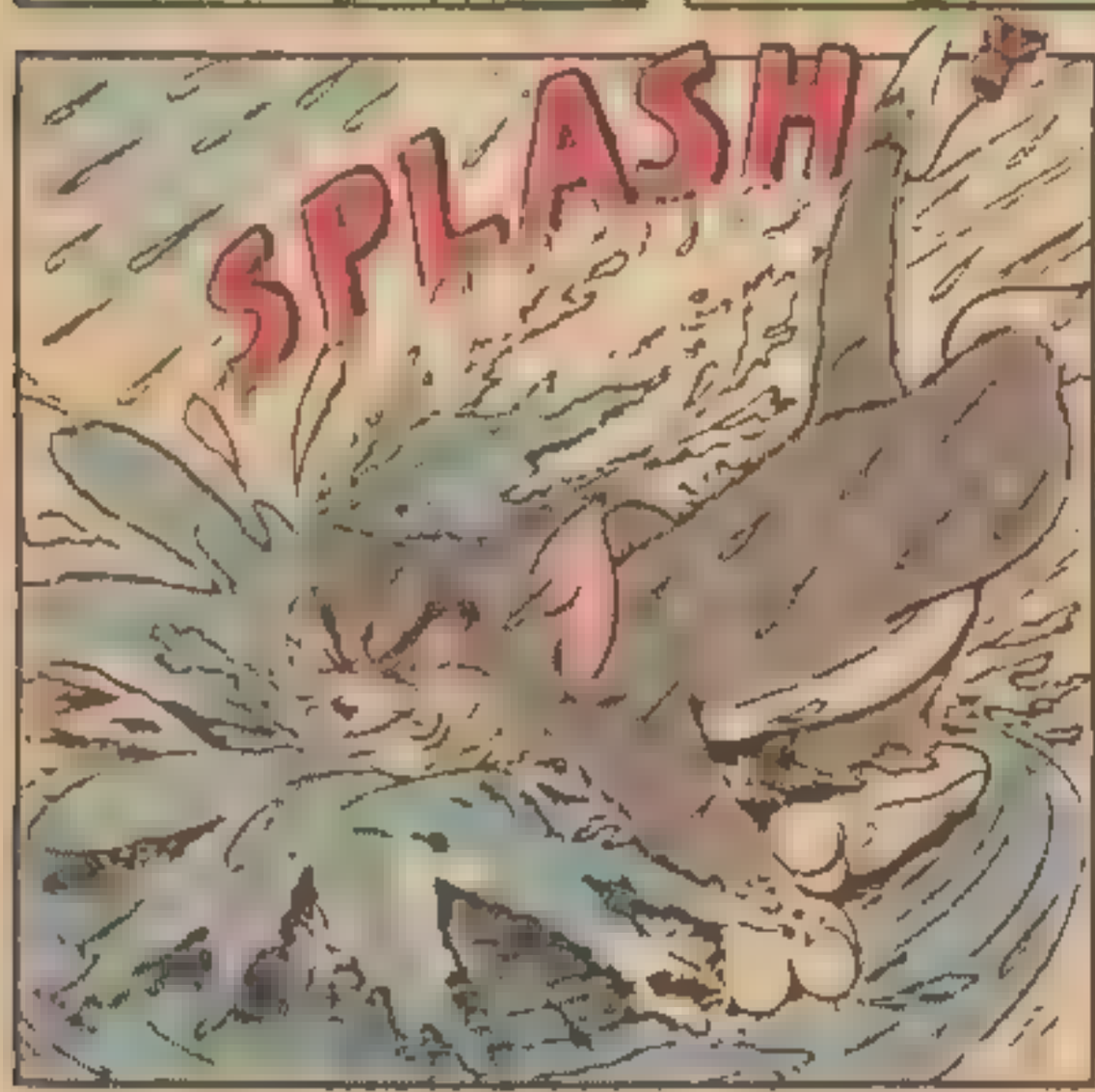
YO NO GOOD, FISH~EATIN' FELINE!~AH'LL~AHLL~~!!

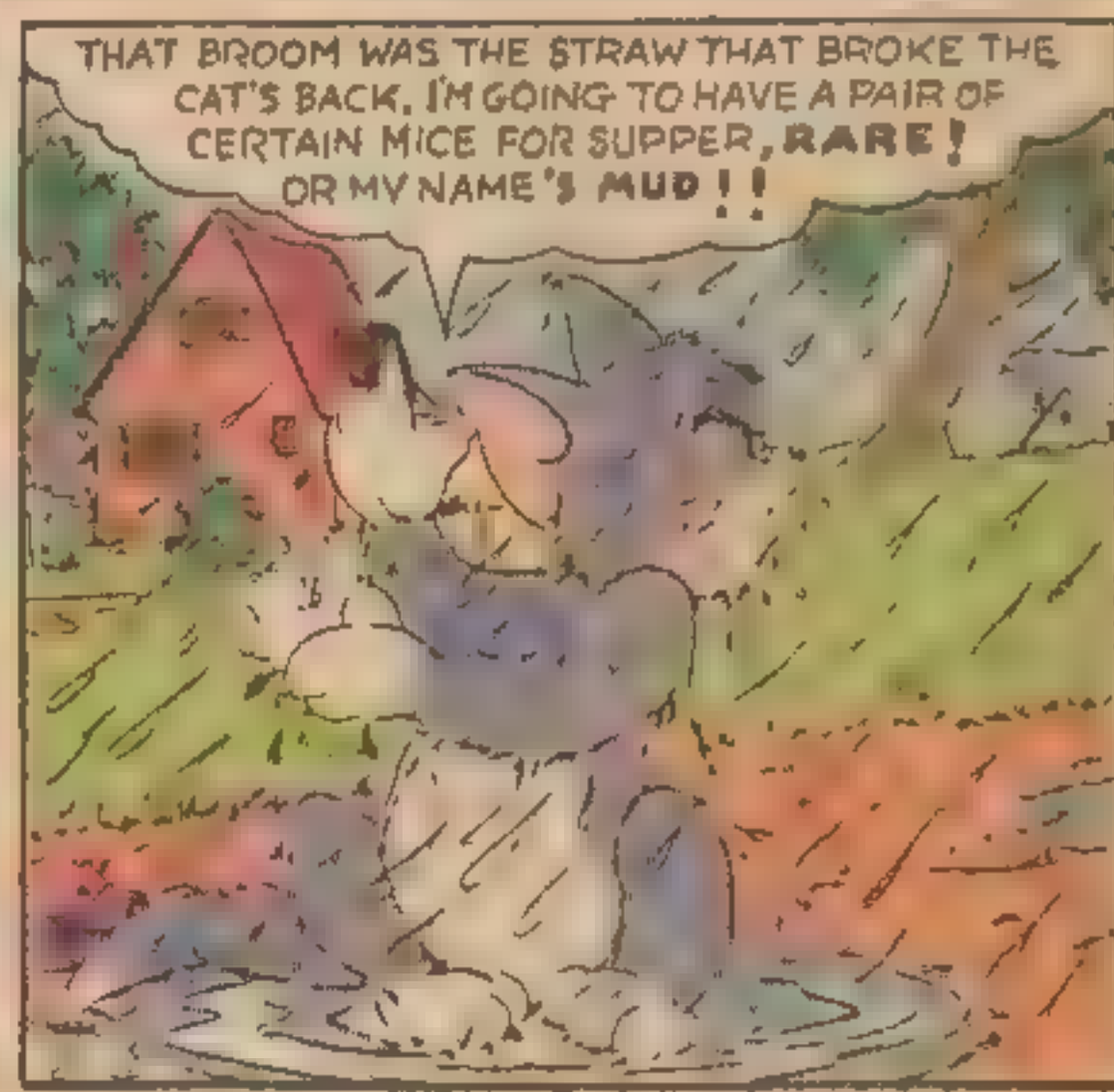

YOW!
SWISH
SPAT

SWISH!




I KNEW IT WAS RAINING HARD - BUT I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS RAINING CATS AND DOGS!!
MAYBE TOM'S TAKING FLYING LESSONS!

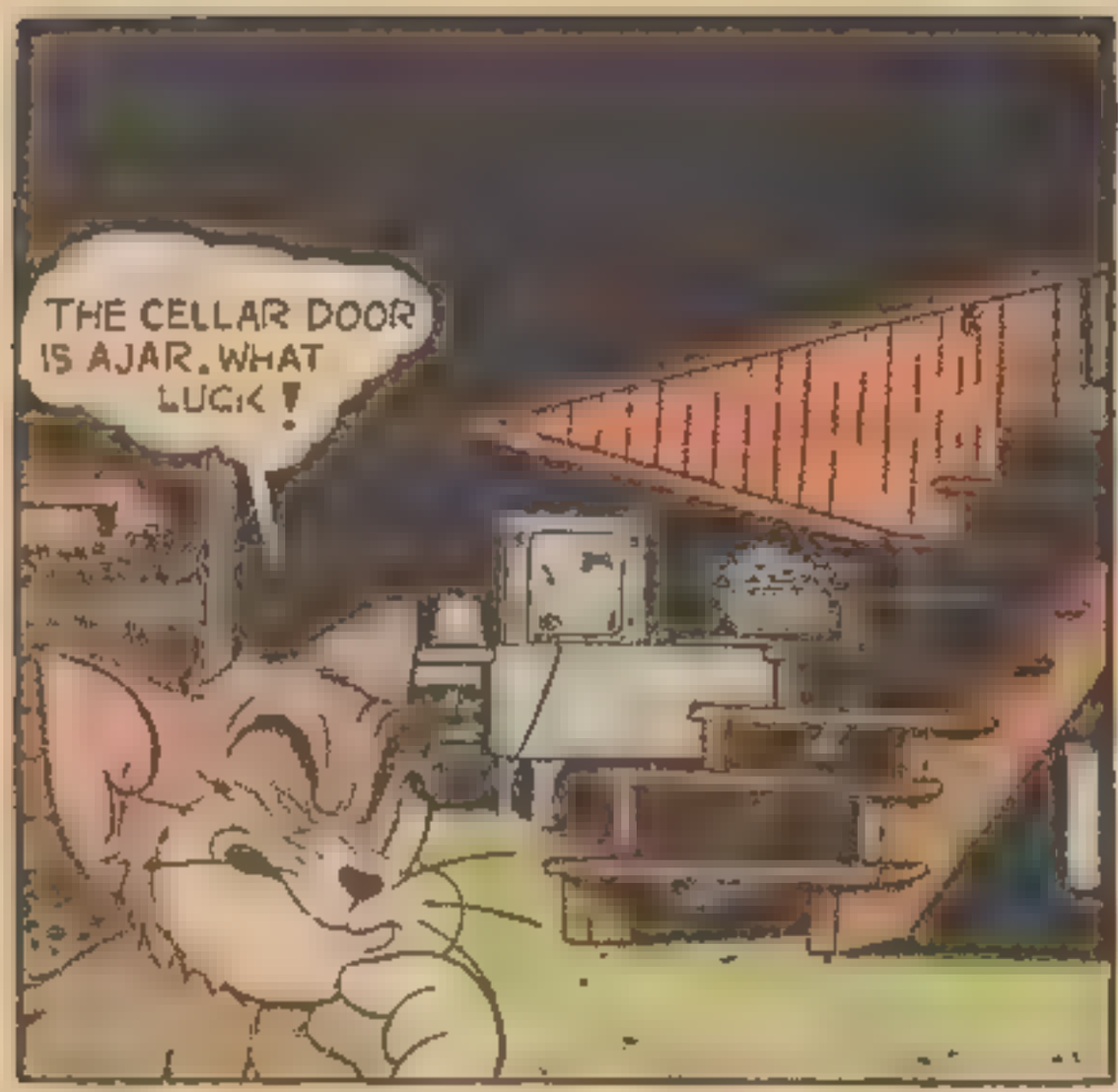

SPLASH

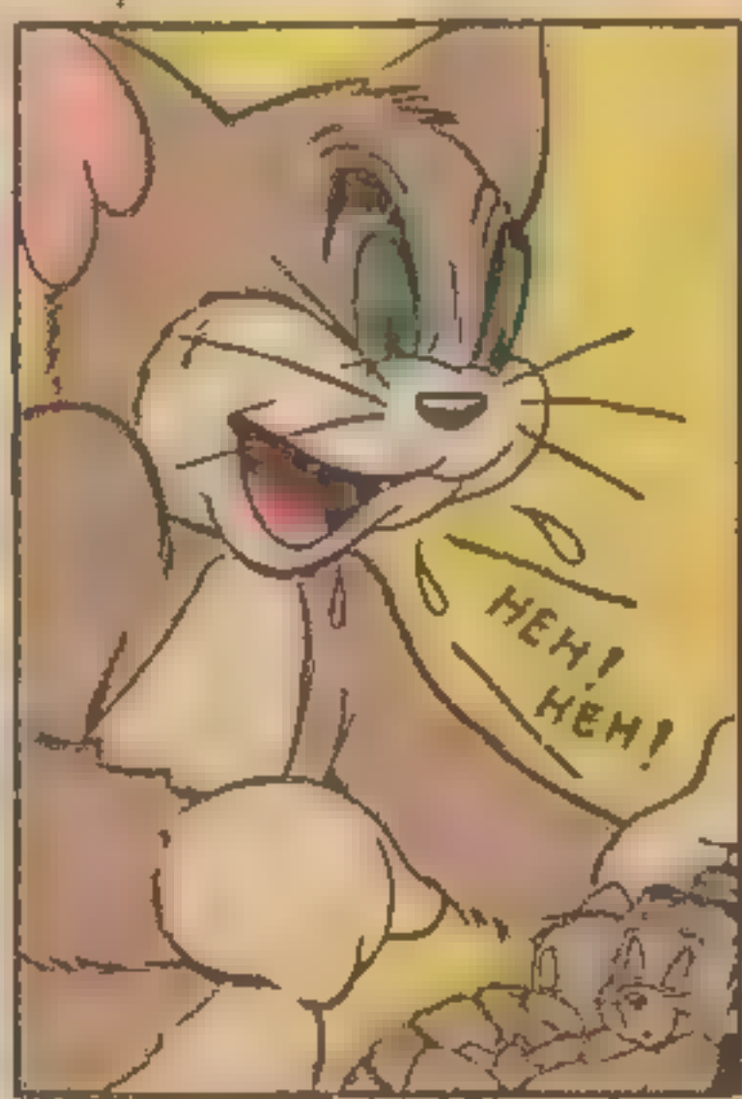

THAT BROOM WAS THE STRAW THAT BROKE THE CAT'S BACK. I'M GOING TO HAVE A PAIR OF CERTAIN MICE FOR SUPPER, RARE! OR MY NAME'S MUD!!

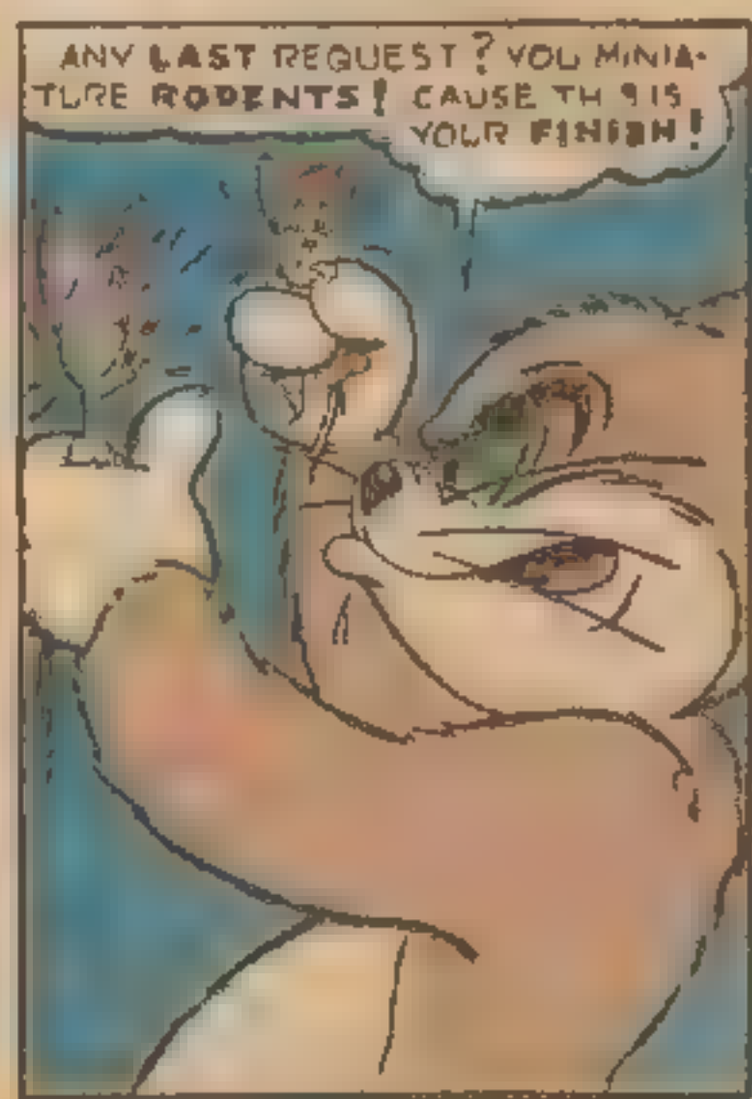
LOOK AT THE SELF-SATISFIED BRATS IF THEY STAY BY THAT FIRE LONG ENOUGH, THEY'LL GET DROWSY AS I DID. - THEN!!!

AH, THE CELLAR WINDOW IS OPEN - MAYBE WE STILL CAN HAVE A LITTLE SURPRISE PARTY!

HOPE POOR OL' TOM DON'T GET DROWNED OUT IN THE RAIN.
NO SUCH LUCK - HO HUM!



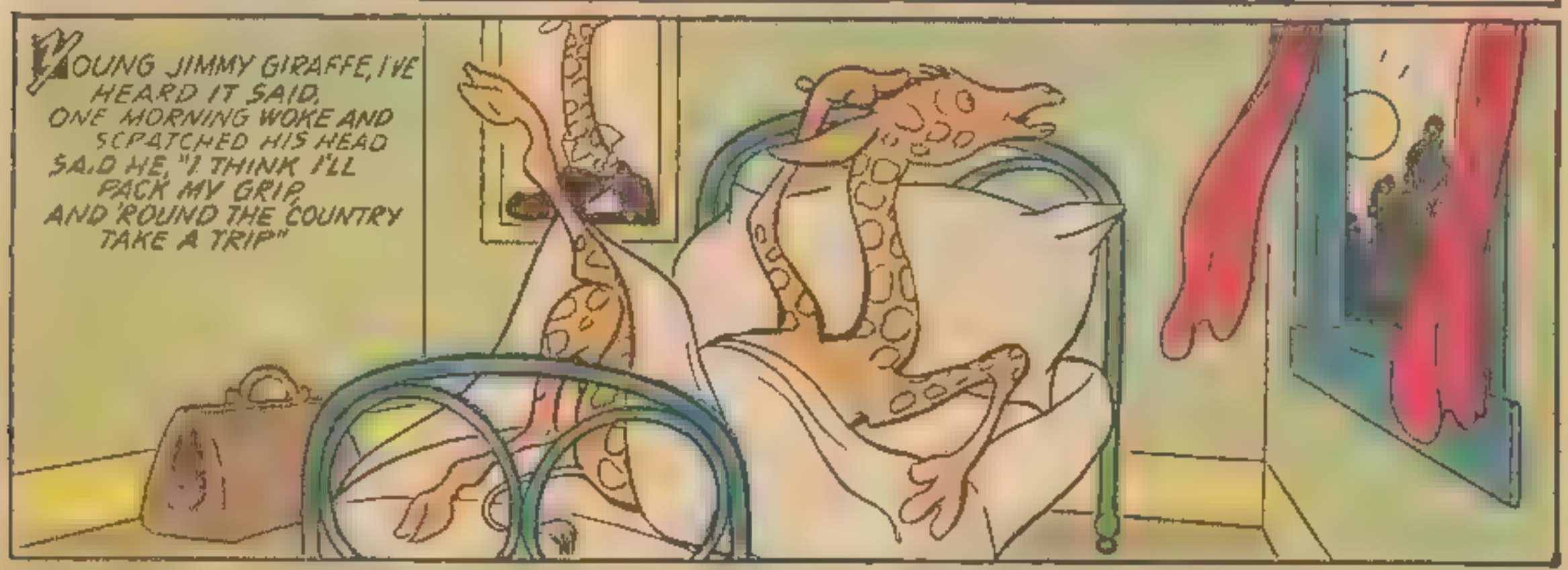


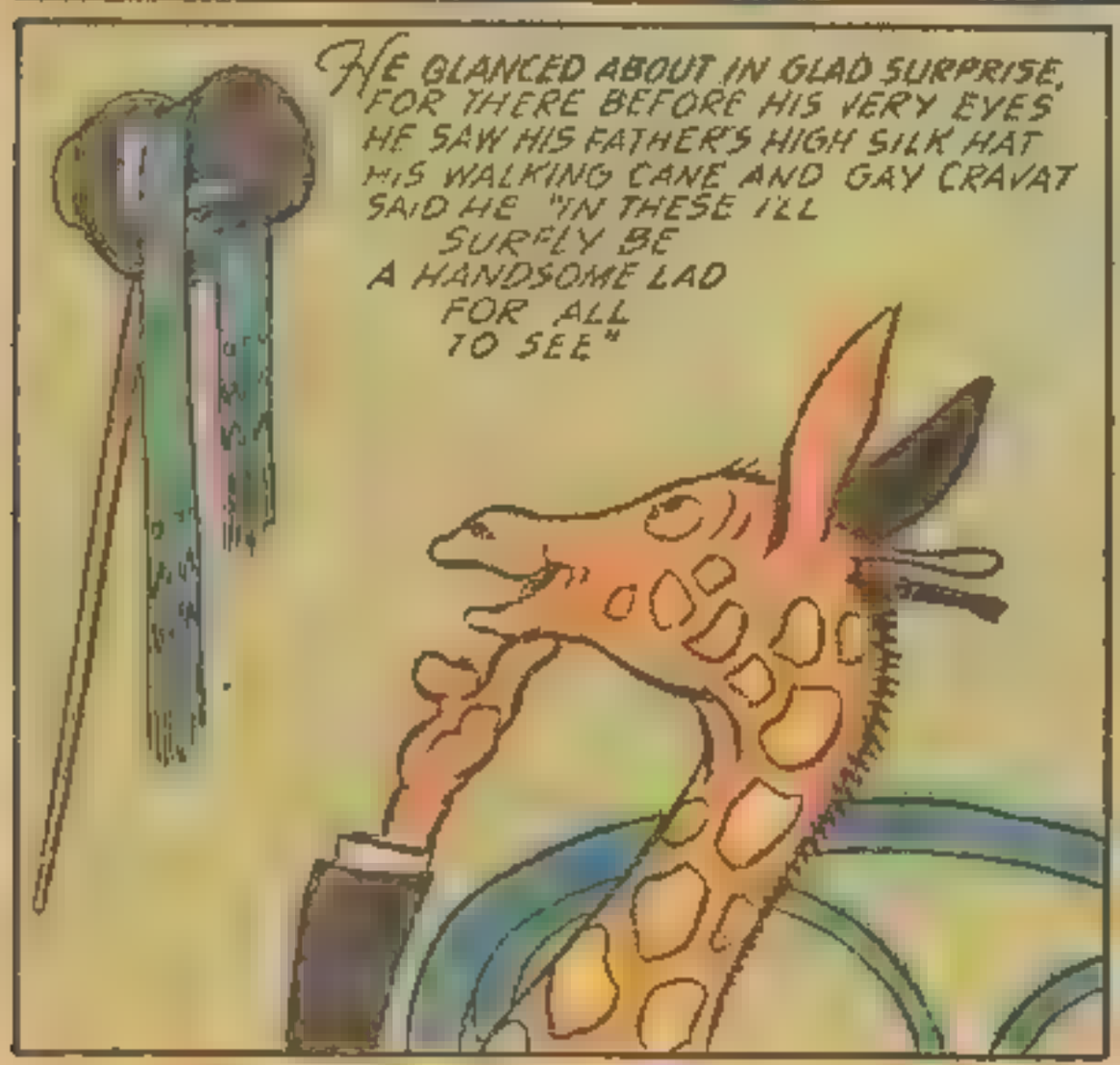


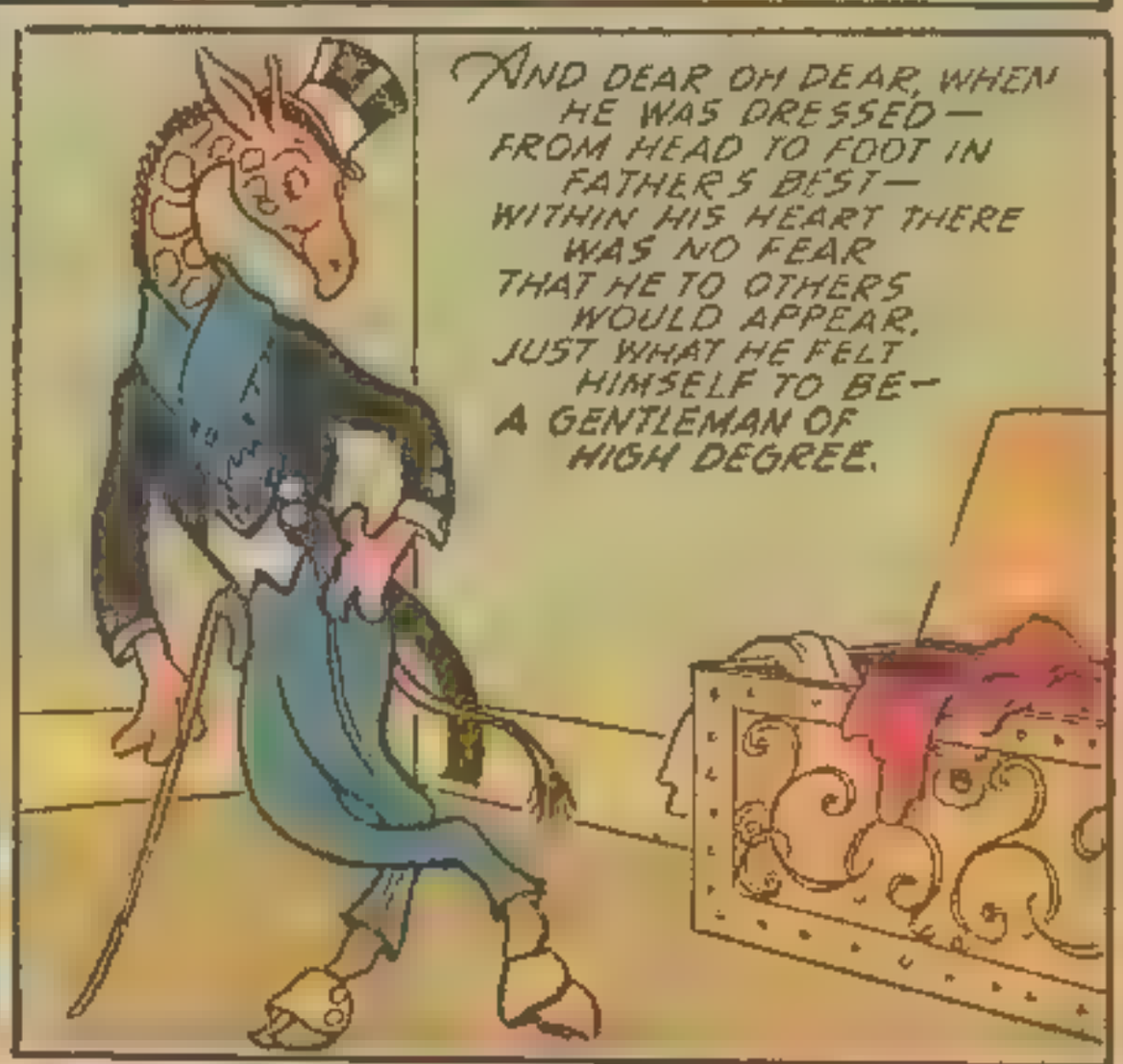
M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

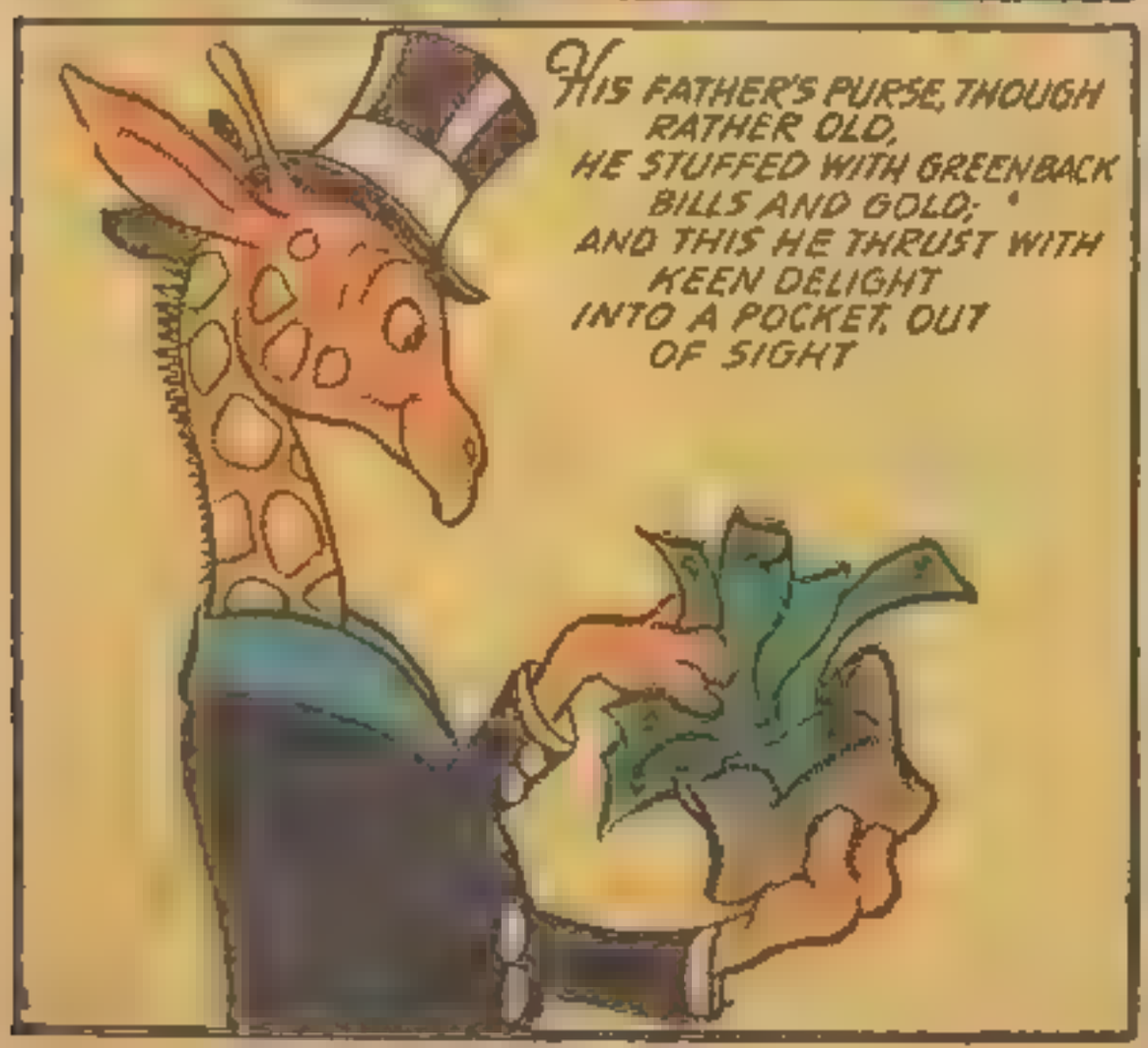
The RUNAWAY GIRAFFE

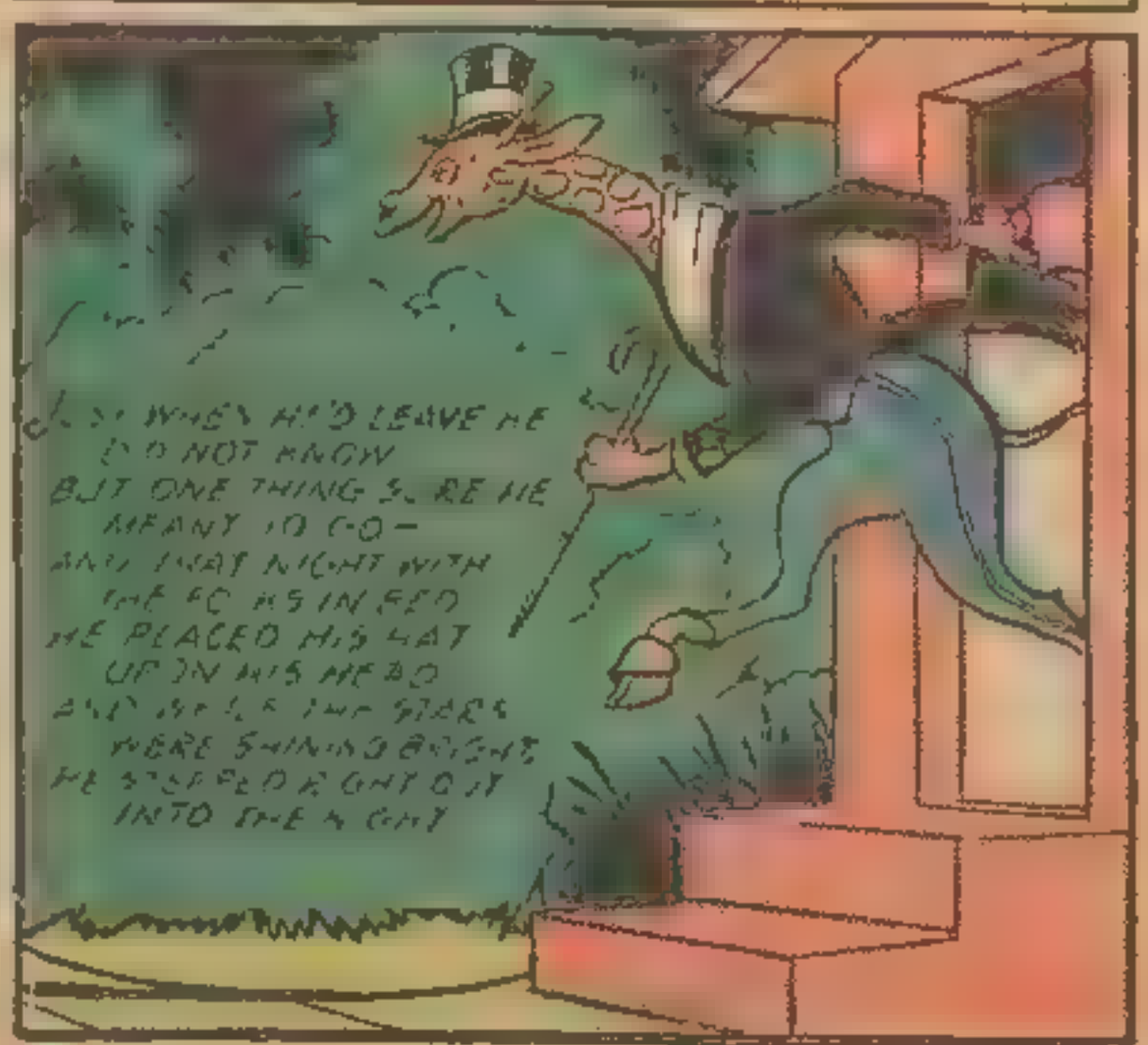
Copr 1946 by OSKAR LEBECK



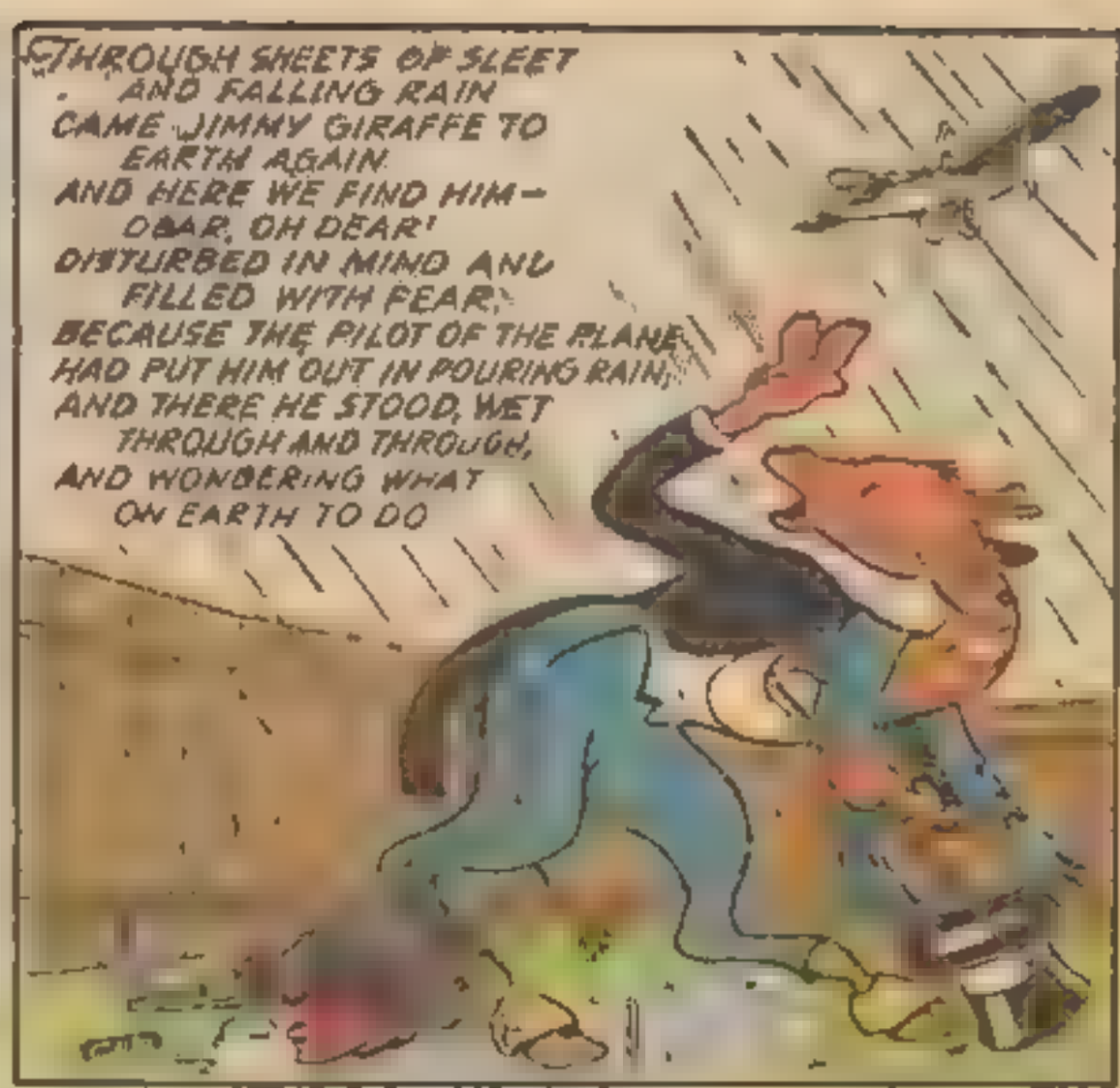




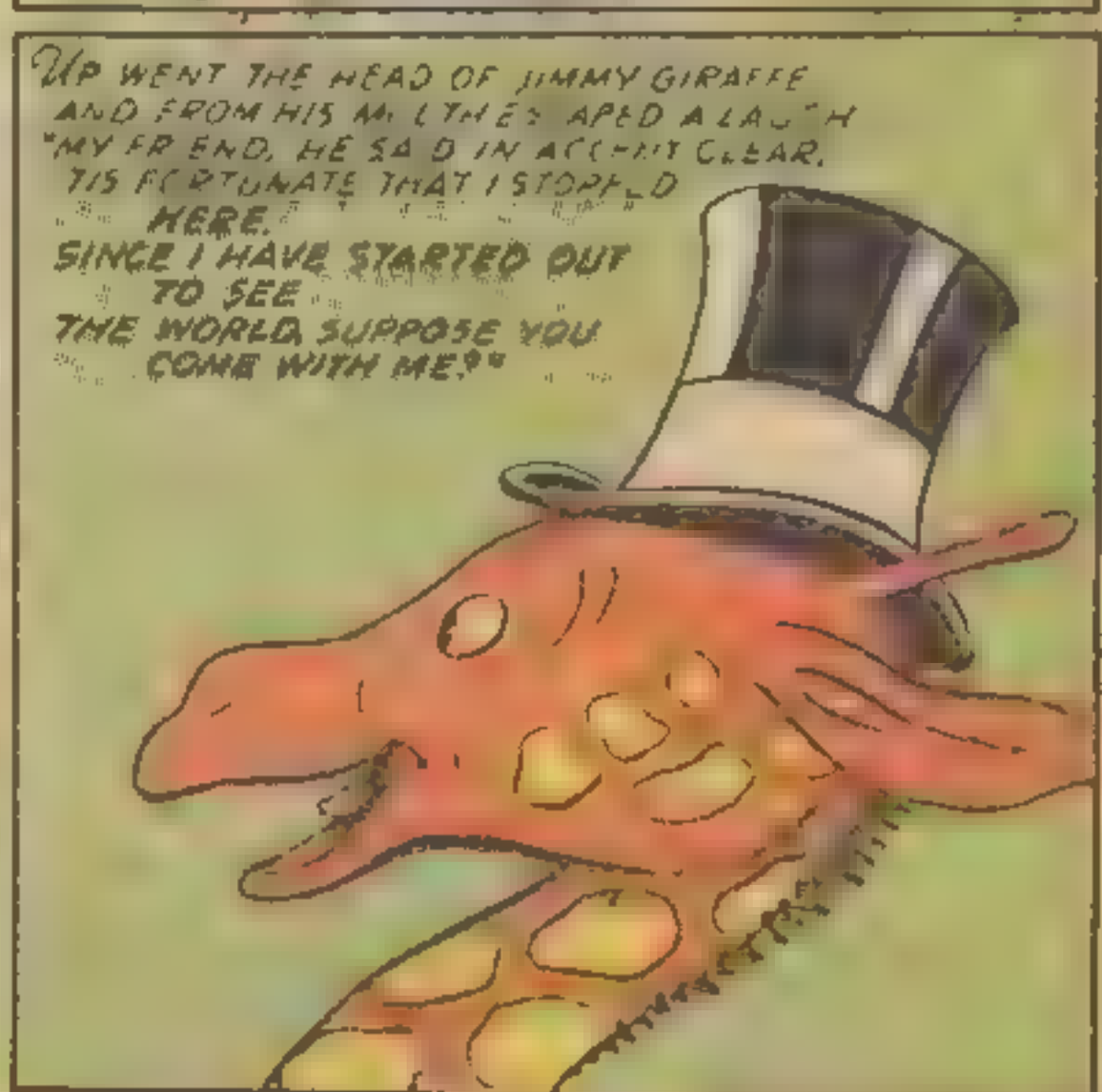




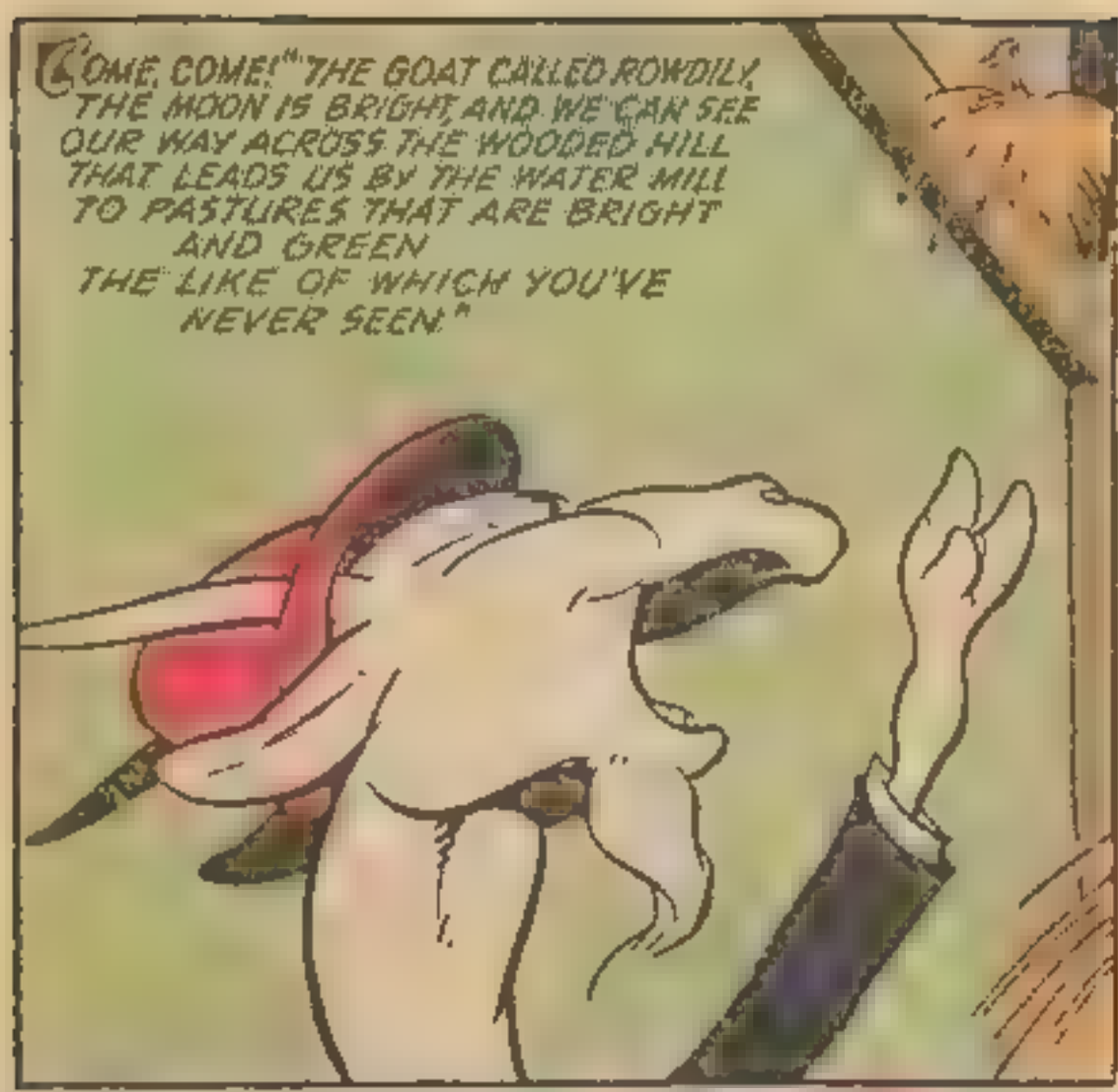
WITH GRIP IN HAND AND WALKING CANE, HE CLIMBED INTO AN AEROPLANE; AND AS IT SOARED TOWARD THE SKY TO HOME AND FRIENDS HE SAID GOODBYE


THROUGH SHEETS OF SLEET AND FALLING RAIN CAME JIMMY GIRAFFE TO EARTH AGAIN. AND HERE WE FIND HIM— OBAR, OH DEAR! DISTURBED IN MIND AND FILLED WITH FEAR; BECAUSE THE PILOT OF THE PLANE HAD PUT HIM OUT IN POURING RAIN; AND THERE HE STOOD, WET THROUGH AND THROUGH, AND WONDERING WHAT ON EARTH TO DO

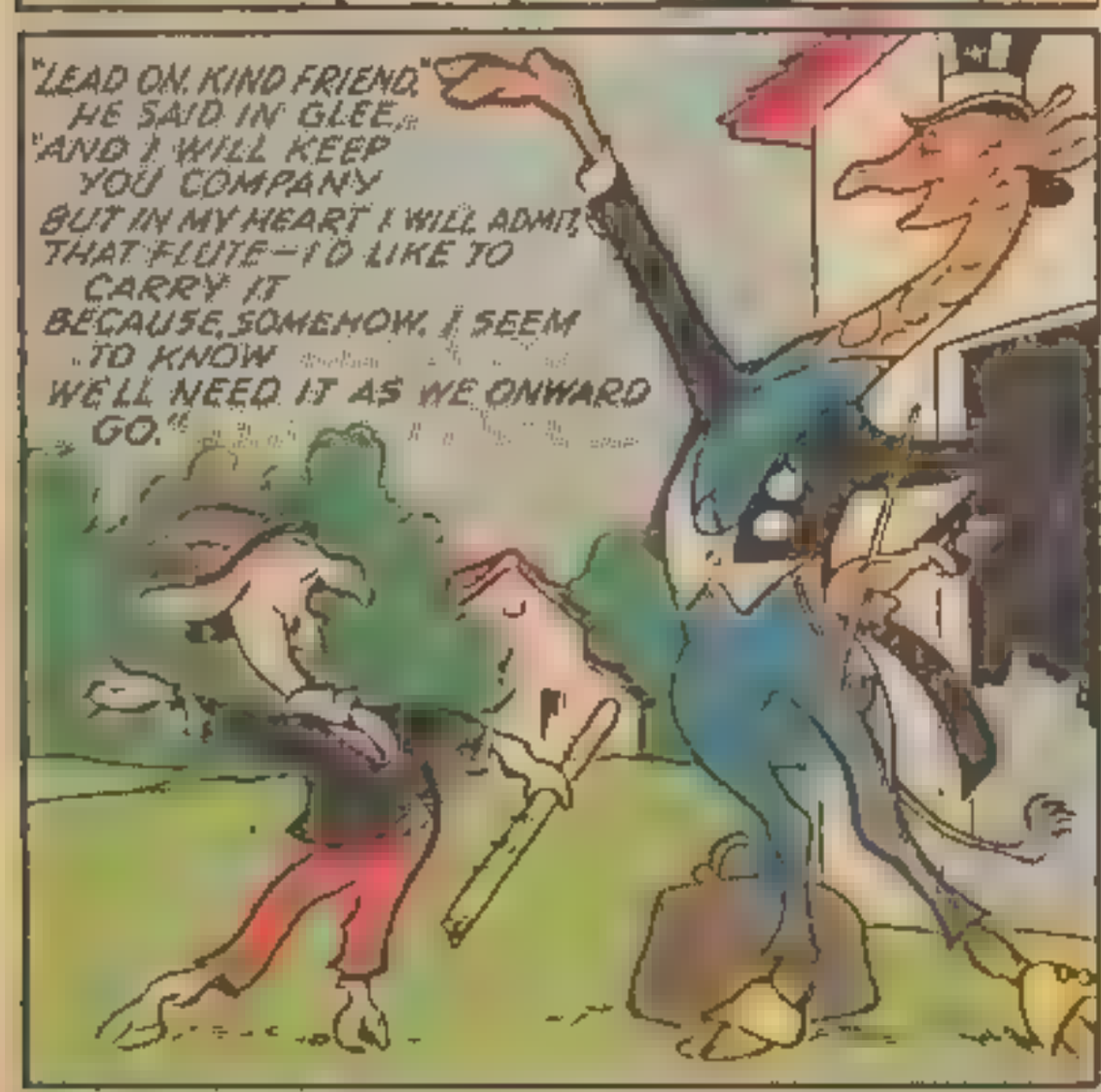
THEN OF A FIGURE HE TOOK NOTE, THAT CHANCED TO BE A BILLY GOAT AND WITH A VOICE DENOTING FEAR HE SAID TO HIM "DO YOU LIVE HERE?" "DO I LIVE HERE?" THE GOAT REPLIED "I DO,—BUT OFT MY HEART HAS CRIED TO CLIMB THE FENCE THAT KEEPS ME HERE AND FROM MY FAMILY DISAPPEAR


UP WENT THE HEAD OF JIMMY GIRAFFE AND FROM HIS MOUTHS APED A LAUGH "MY FRIEND, HE SAID IN ACCENT CLEAR, 'TIS FORTUNATE THAT I STOPPED HERE. SINCE I HAVE STARTED OUT TO SEE THE WORLD, SUPPOSE YOU COME WITH ME?"

"IN OVERALLS AND SLOUCHY HAT?" EXCLAIMED THE GOAT, OH NO, NOT THAT! I'D LIKE TO DON MY SUNDAY SUIT AND TAKE WITH ME MY MAGIC FLUTE"

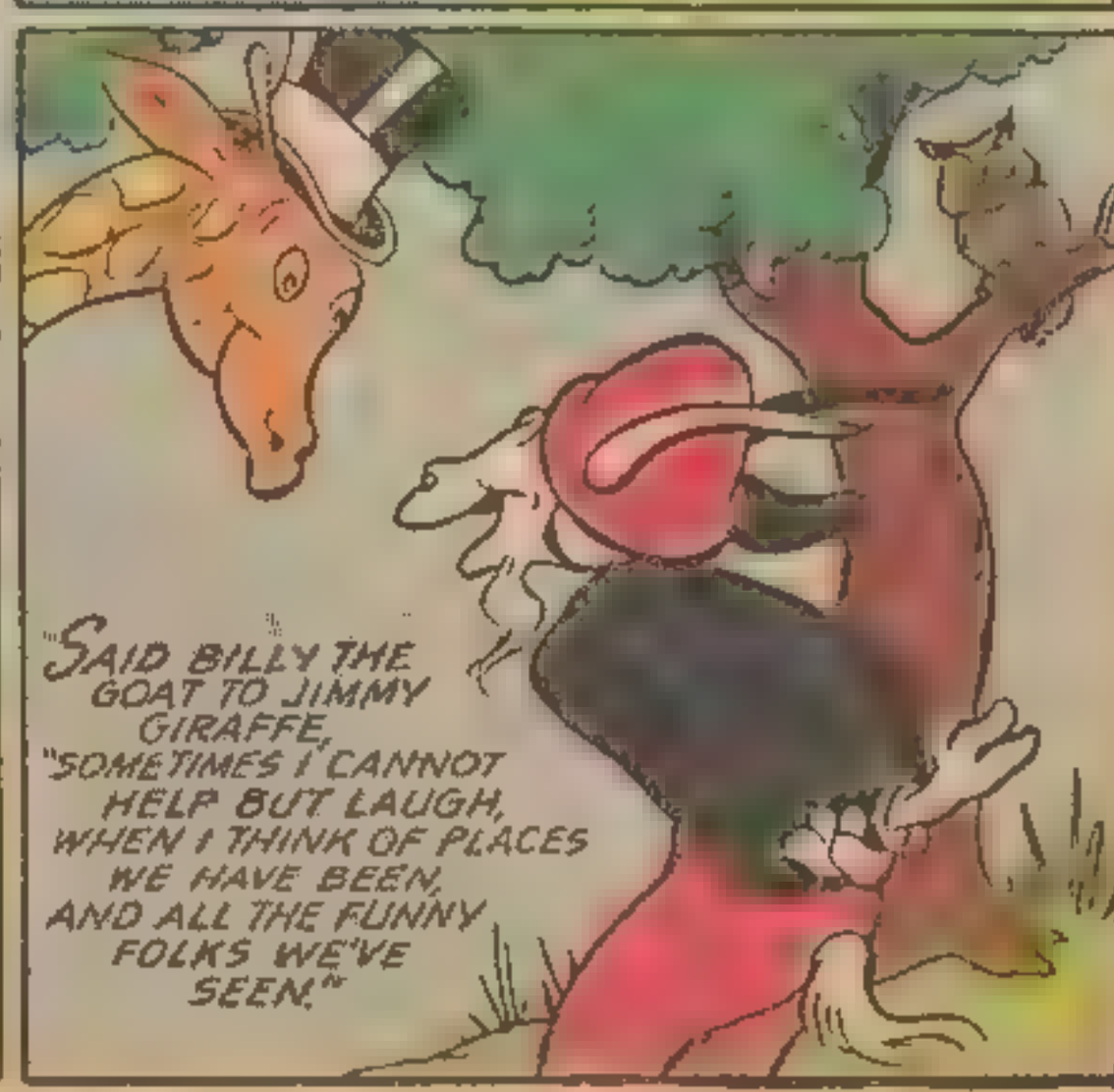

"COME, COME!" THE GOAT CALLED ROWDILY,
THE MOON IS BRIGHT, AND WE CAN SEE
OUR WAY ACROSS THE WOODED HILL
THAT LEADS US BY THE WATER MILL
TO PASTURES THAT ARE BRIGHT
AND GREEN
THE LIKE OF WHICH YOU'VE
NEVER SEEN."

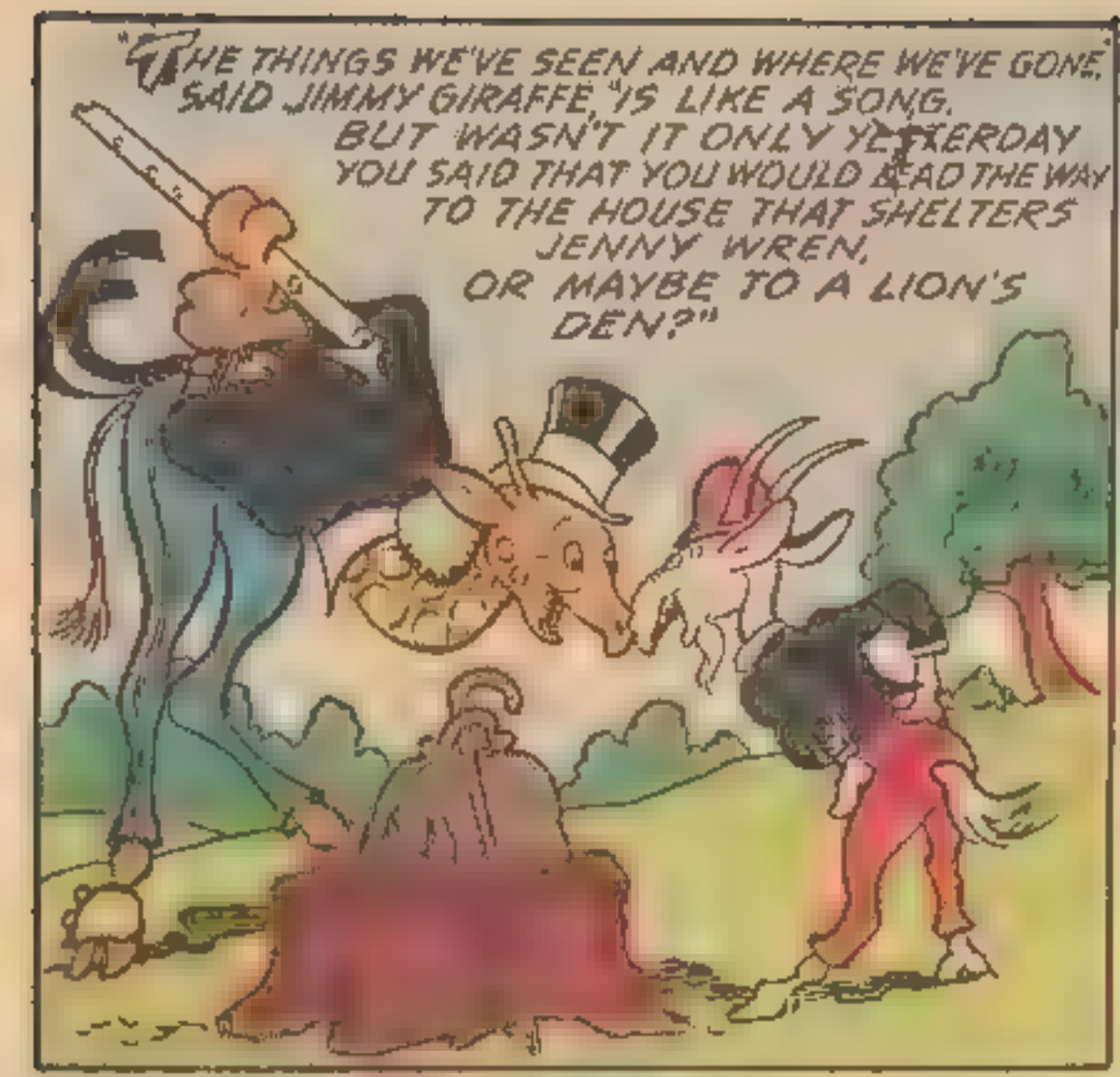
AND GAY,
AND THEN HE DONNED HIS
FATHER'S COAT
AND TURNED TOWARD YOUNG
BILLY THE GOAT


"LEAD ON, KIND FRIEND,"
HE SAID IN GLEE,
"AND I WILL KEEP
YOU COMPANY
BUT IN MY HEART I WILL ADMIT,
THAT FLUTE—I'D LIKE TO
CARRY IT
BECAUSE, SOMEHOW, I SEEM
TO KNOW
WE'LL NEED IT AS WE ONWARD
GO."

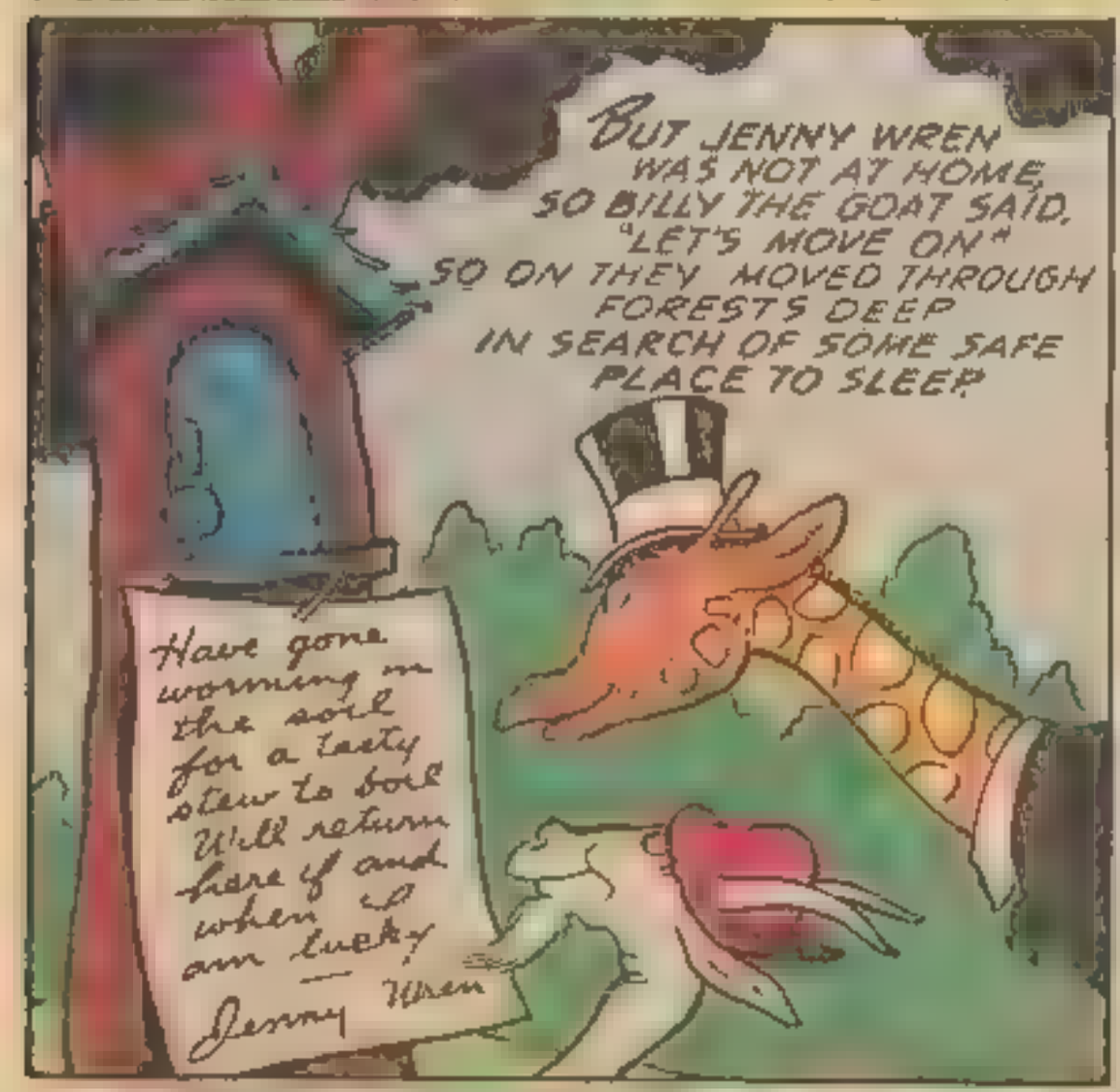
ARMED
WITH A FLUTE
AND WALKING CANE
THEY STARTED DOWN
A WINDING LANE
BUT, ERE THEY PASSED
THE WATER MILL,
THEY HEARD A VOICE
UPON THE HILL
SHRIEK NOISILY 'WHO—
WHOO—ARE YOU?"
AND NEITHER KNEW NOT
WHAT TO DO!

THEN JIMMY GIRAFFE WITH SPIRIT GAY,
UPON THE FLUTE BEGAN TO PLAY
AND PRESENTLY, IN FEATHERED
GOWN,
FROM OVERHEAD AN OWL
FLEW DOWN
AND THERE, WITH EYES OF
GLEAMING JET,
HE DANCED A STATELY
MINUET.


"SAID BILLY THE
GOAT TO JIMMY
GIRAFFE,
"SOMETIMES I CANNOT
HELP BUT LAUGH,
WHEN I THINK OF PLACES
WE HAVE BEEN,
AND ALL THE FUNNY
FOLKS WE'VE
SEEN."

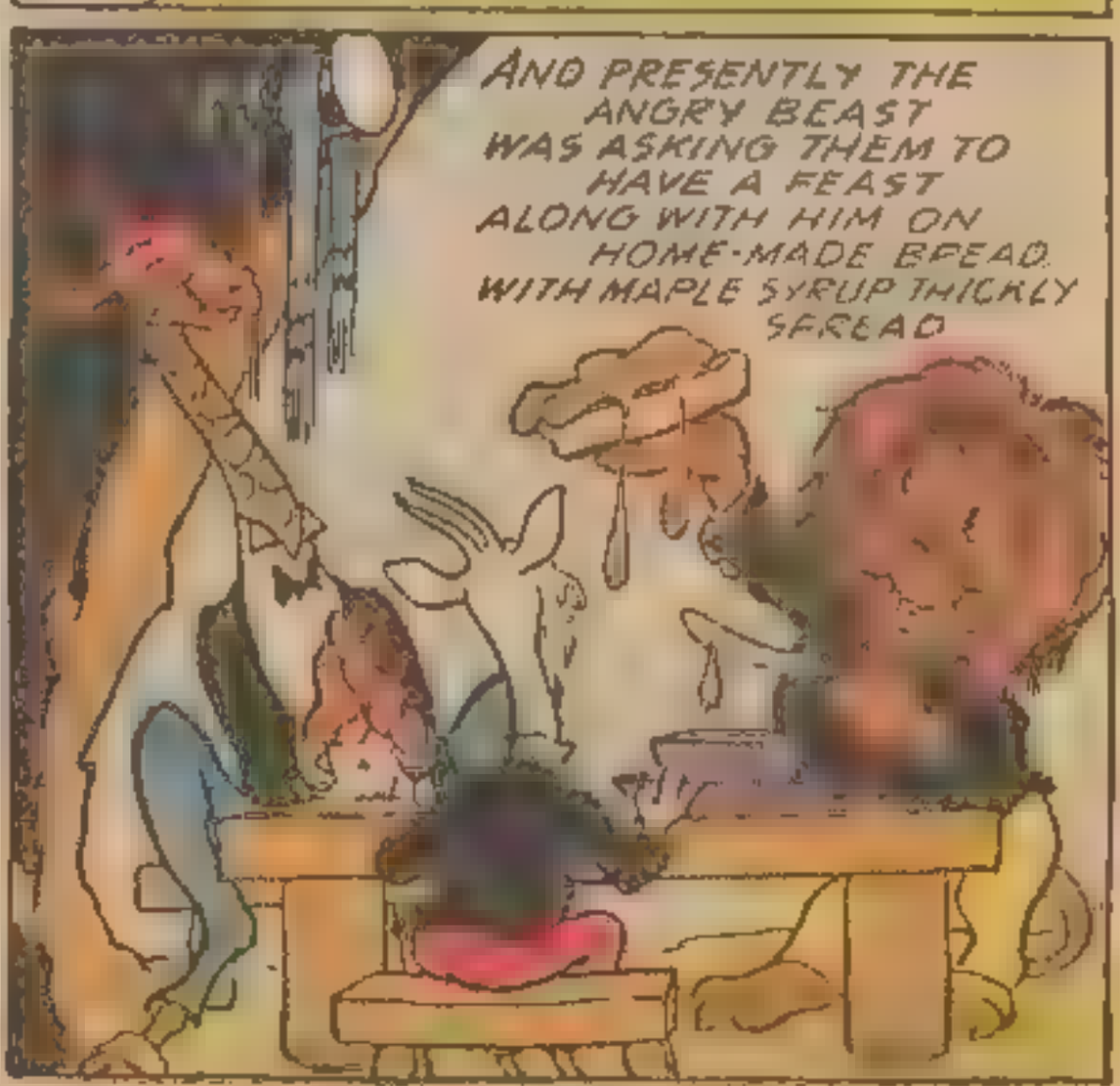

"THE THINGS WE'VE SEEN AND WHERE WE'VE GONE,
SAID JIMMY GIRAFFE, "IS LIKE A SONG.
BUT WASN'T IT ONLY YESTERDAY
YOU SAID THAT YOU WOULD LEAD THE WAY
TO THE HOUSE THAT SHELTERS
JENNY WREN,
OR MAYBE TO A LION'S
DEN?"

"I DID," SAID BILLY THE
GOAT, "AND HOW!
I'LL MAKE THAT PROMISE
GOOD RIGHT NOW.
THE HOME THAT SHELTERS
JENNY WREN
IS NEAR AT HAND IN THIS
GREEN GLEN.
AND IF YOU'LL ONLY FOLLOW ME,
PERHAPS SHE'LL ASK US IN
TO TEA."


BUT JENNY WREN
WAS NOT AT HOME,
SO BILLY THE GOAT SAID,
"LET'S MOVE ON."
SO ON THEY MOVED THROUGH
FORESTS DEEP
IN SEARCH OF SOME SAFE
PLACE TO SLEEP.
Have gone
worming in
the soil
for a tasty
stew to boil
Will return
here if and
when I
am lucky
Jenny Wren

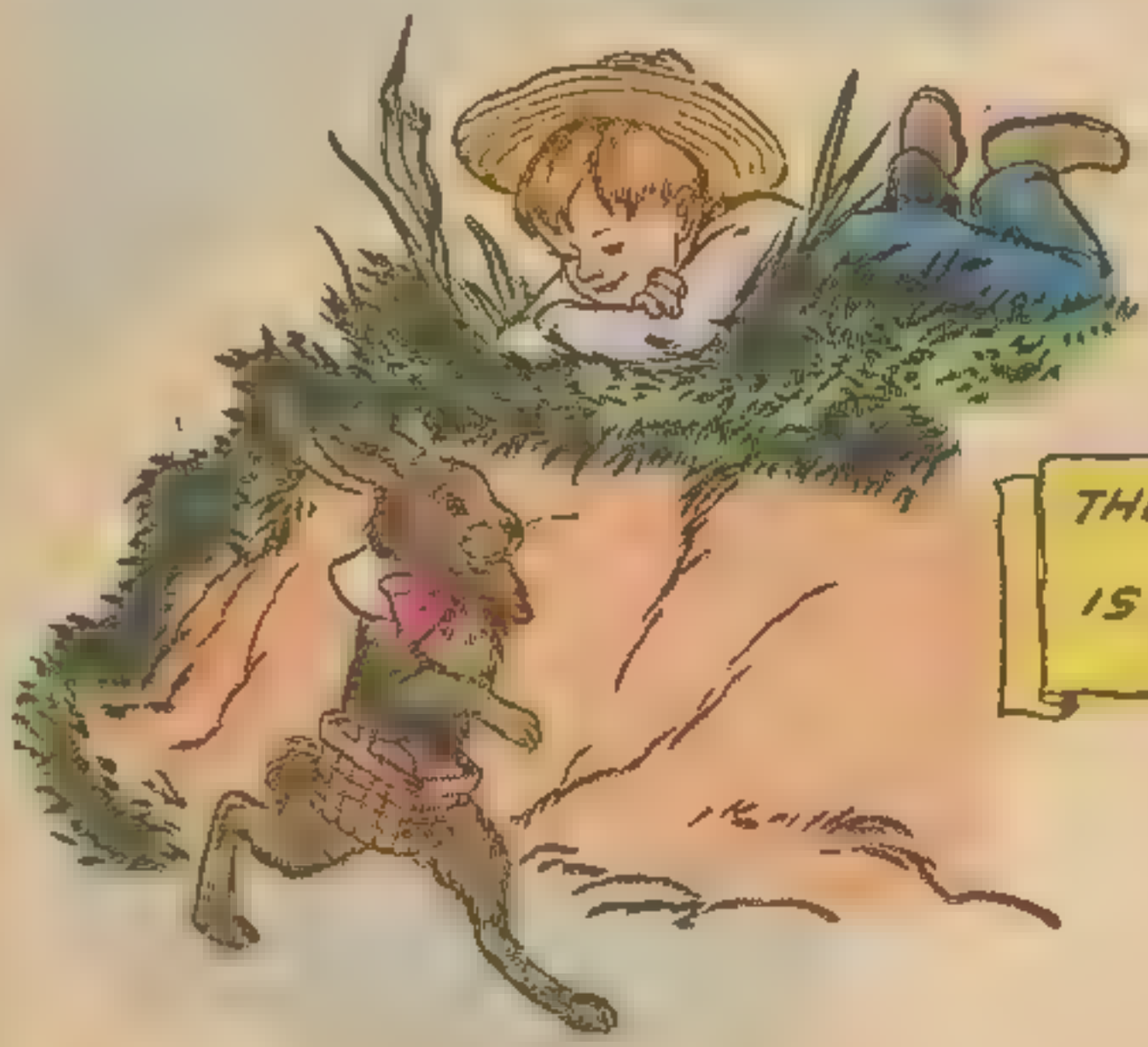
BUT NIGHTTIME
CAUGHT THEM IN THE GLEN—
AND RIGHT BESIDE THE
LION'S DEN!
AND WHEN HE SAW THEM
HE GOT SORE,
AND SHOWED UP WITH AN AWFUL ROAR.

SAID BILLY
THE GOAT,
"I GREATLY
FEAR
OUR PRESENCE
ISN'T WANTED
HERE"
THEN JIMMY
GIRAFFE, IN
DIRE DISMAY
UPON THE
FLUTE BEGAN
TO PLAY:


AND PRESENTLY THE
ANGRY BEAST
WAS ASKING THEM TO
HAVE A FEAST
ALONG WITH HIM ON
HOME-MADE BREAD
WITH MAPLE SYRUP THICKLY
SPREAD

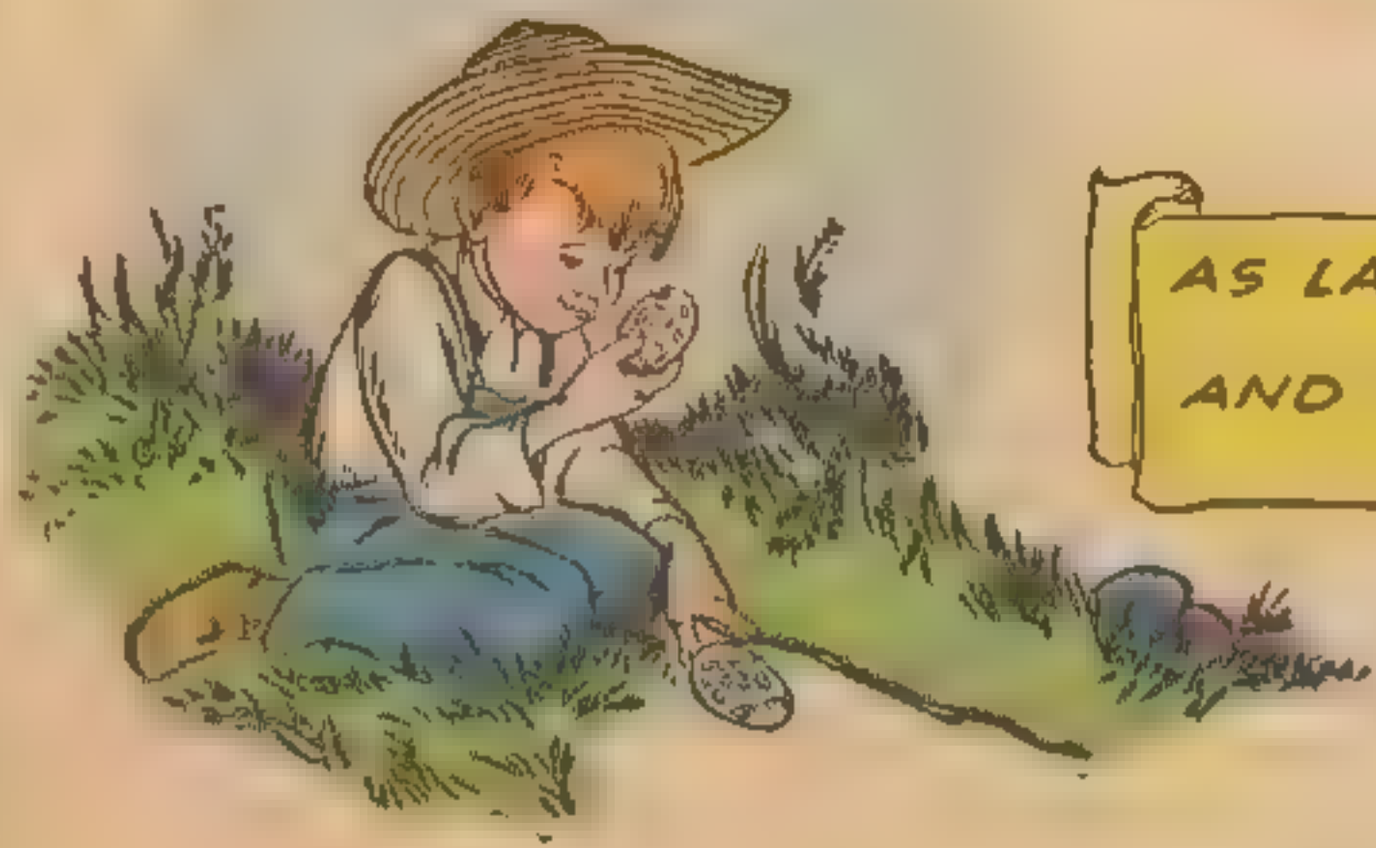
Easter

Copr 1946 by OSKAR LEBECK



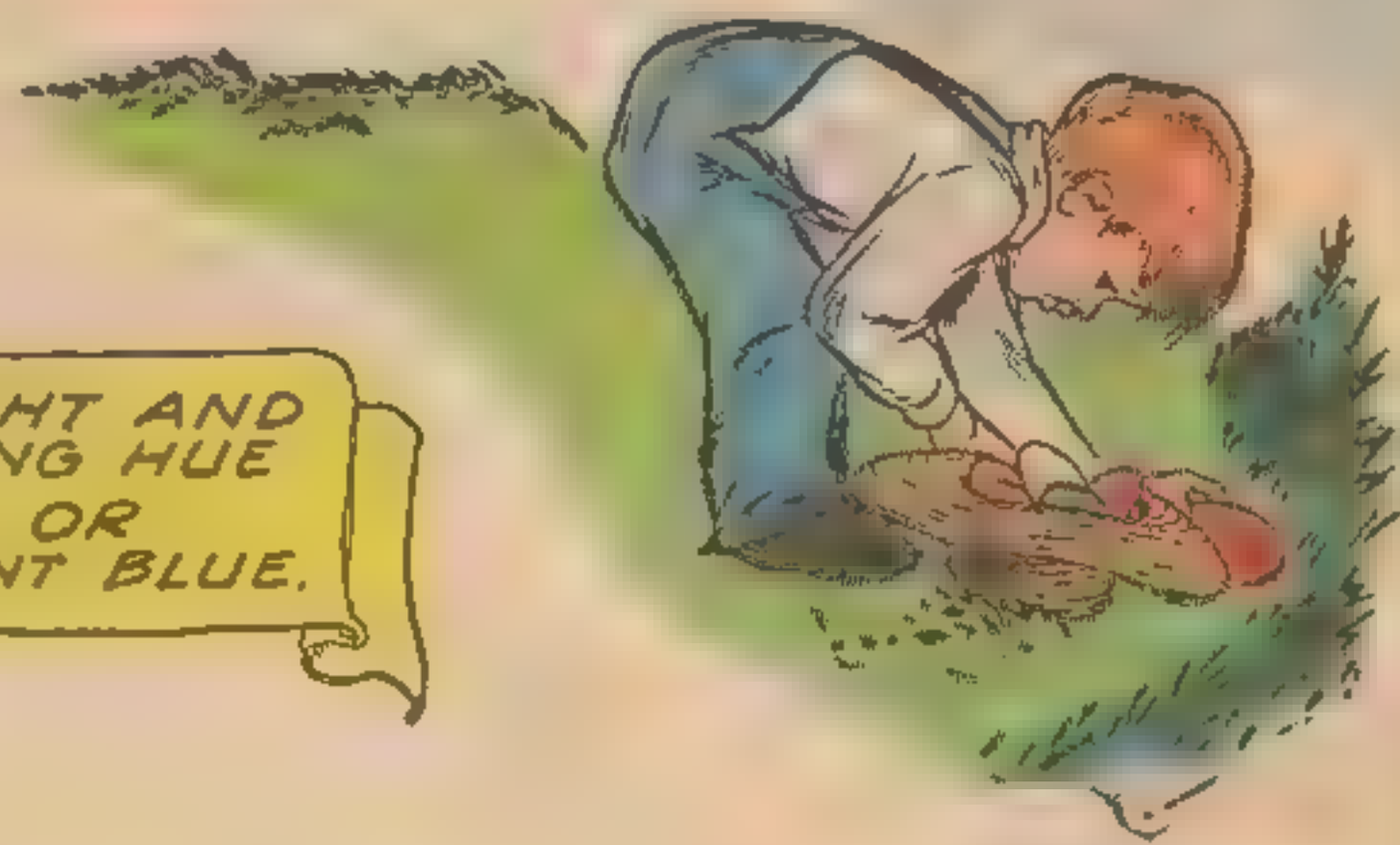
THE THING ABOUT THE EASTER BUNNY IS THAT HE SURE ACTS MIGHTY FUNNY.

I NEVER KNEW ANOTHER RABBIT TO HAVE SUCH AN ODD, PECULIAR HABIT



AS LAYING EGGS, AND IN SUCH SPOTS, AND PAINTED UP WITH POLKA DOTS!

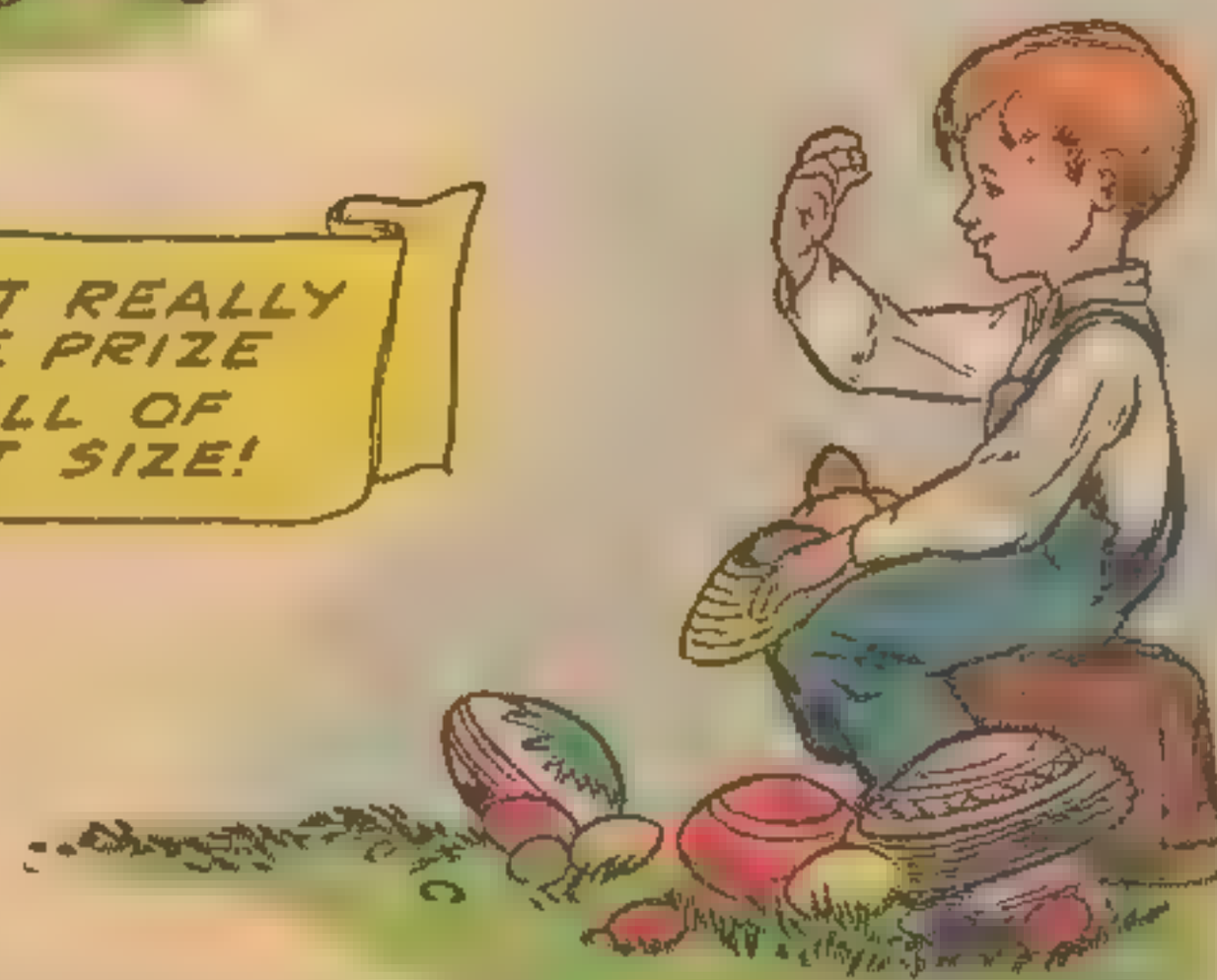
Time

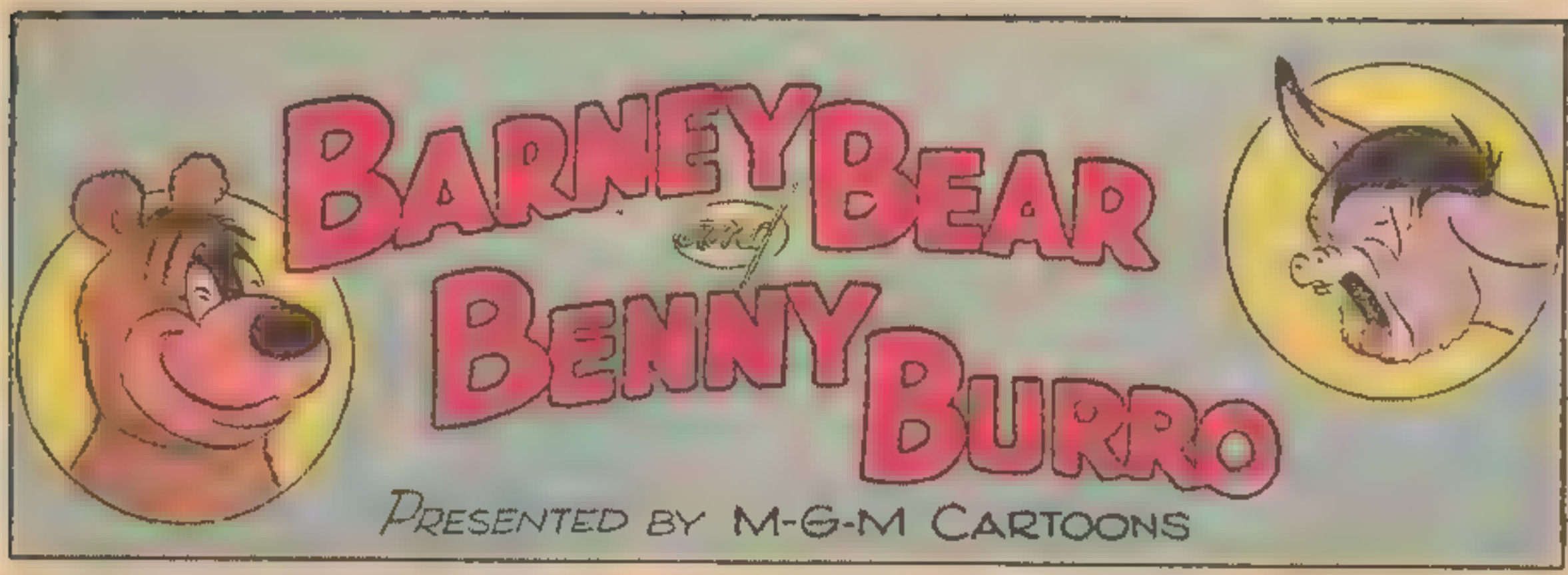


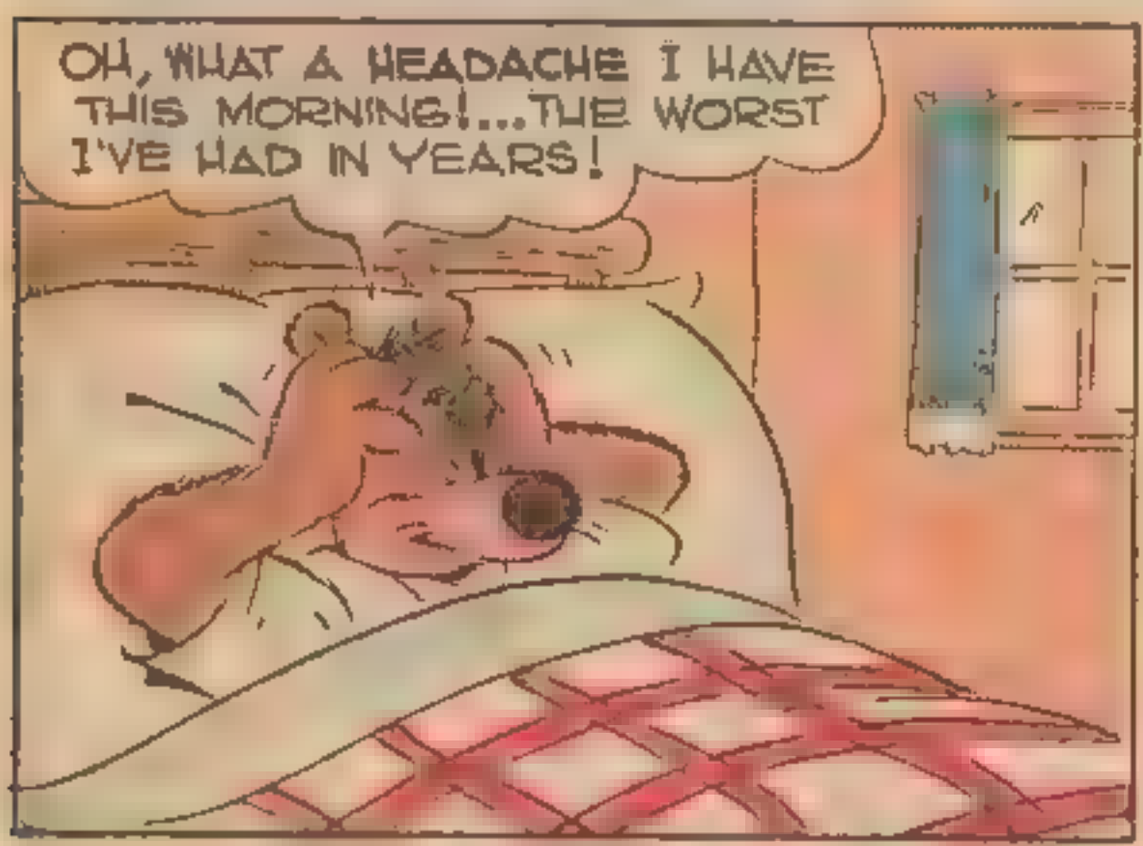
OR DYED A BRIGHT AND FETCHING HUE OF YELLOW, RED, OR BRILLIANT BLUE.

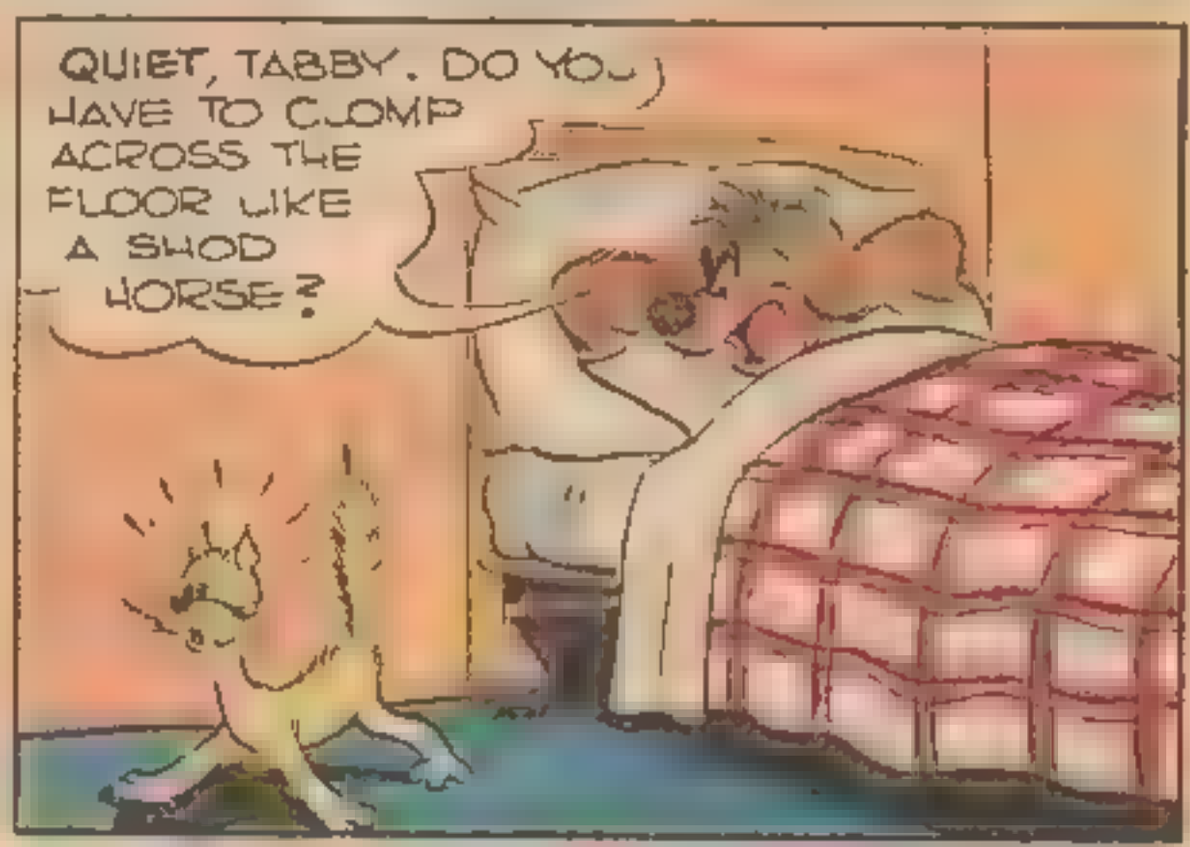
AND HOW THAT BUNNY MUST HAVE TOILED TO SEE THAT THEY WERE ALL HARD-BOILED.

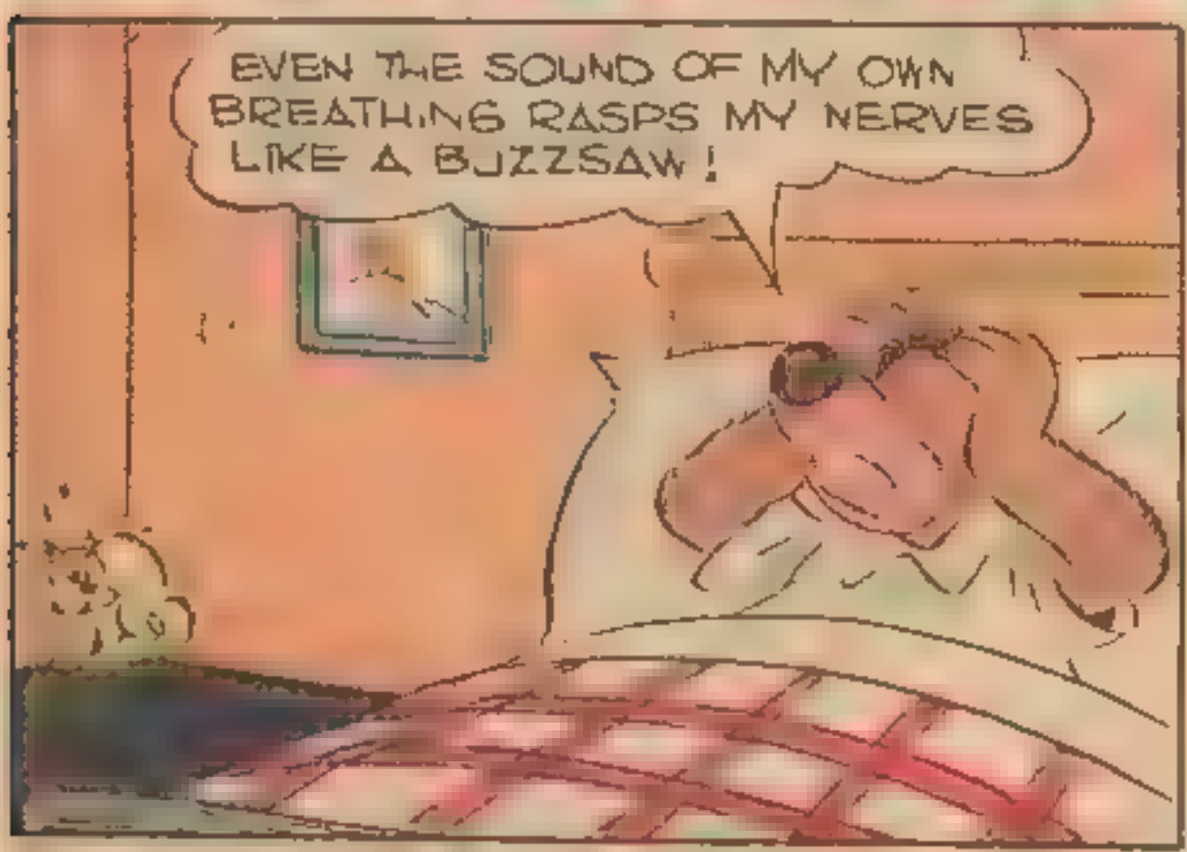
BUT THE THING THAT REALLY TAKES THE PRIZE IS THAT THEY'RE ALL OF DIFFERENT SIZE!

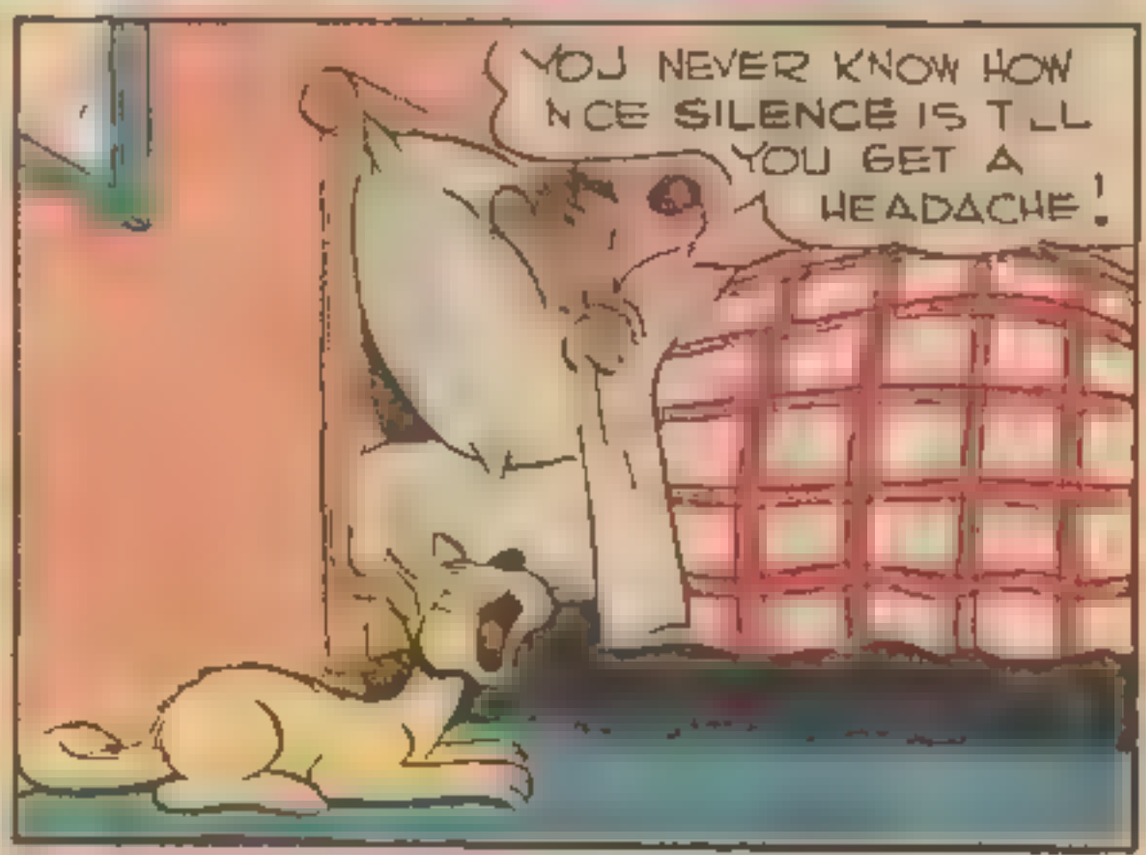


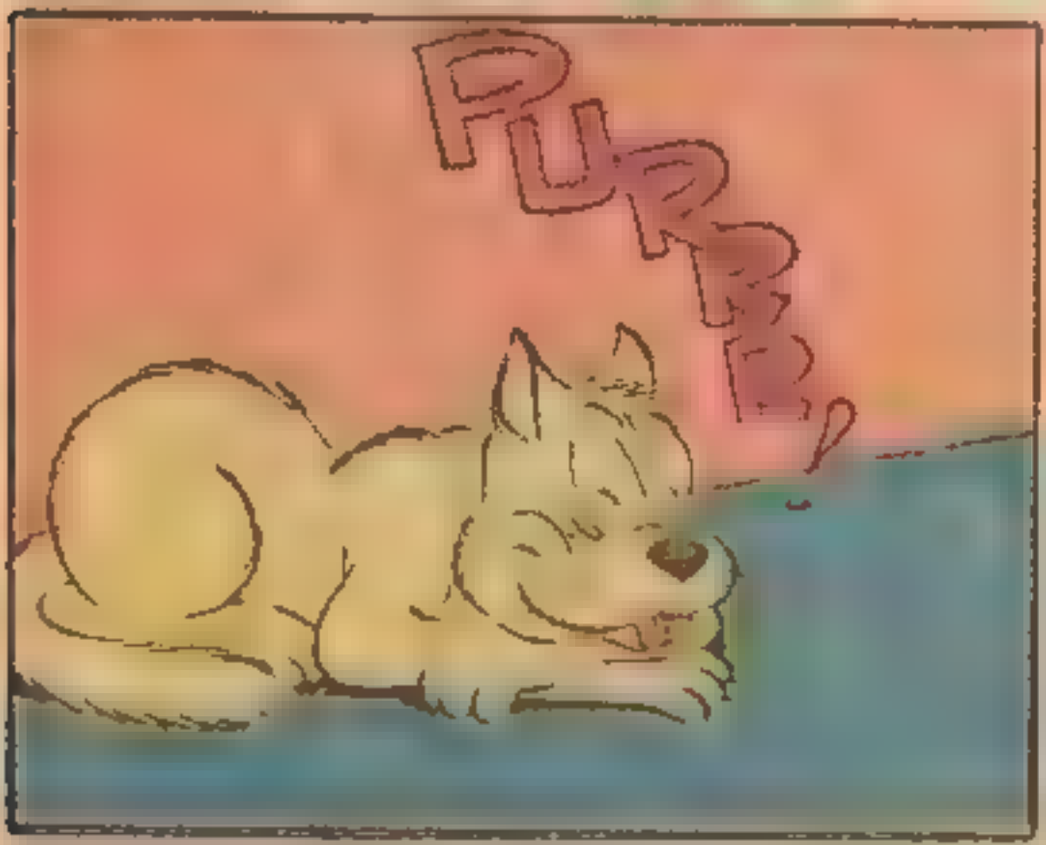

BARNEY BEAR
and
BENNY BURRO
PRESENTED BY M-G-M CARTOONS

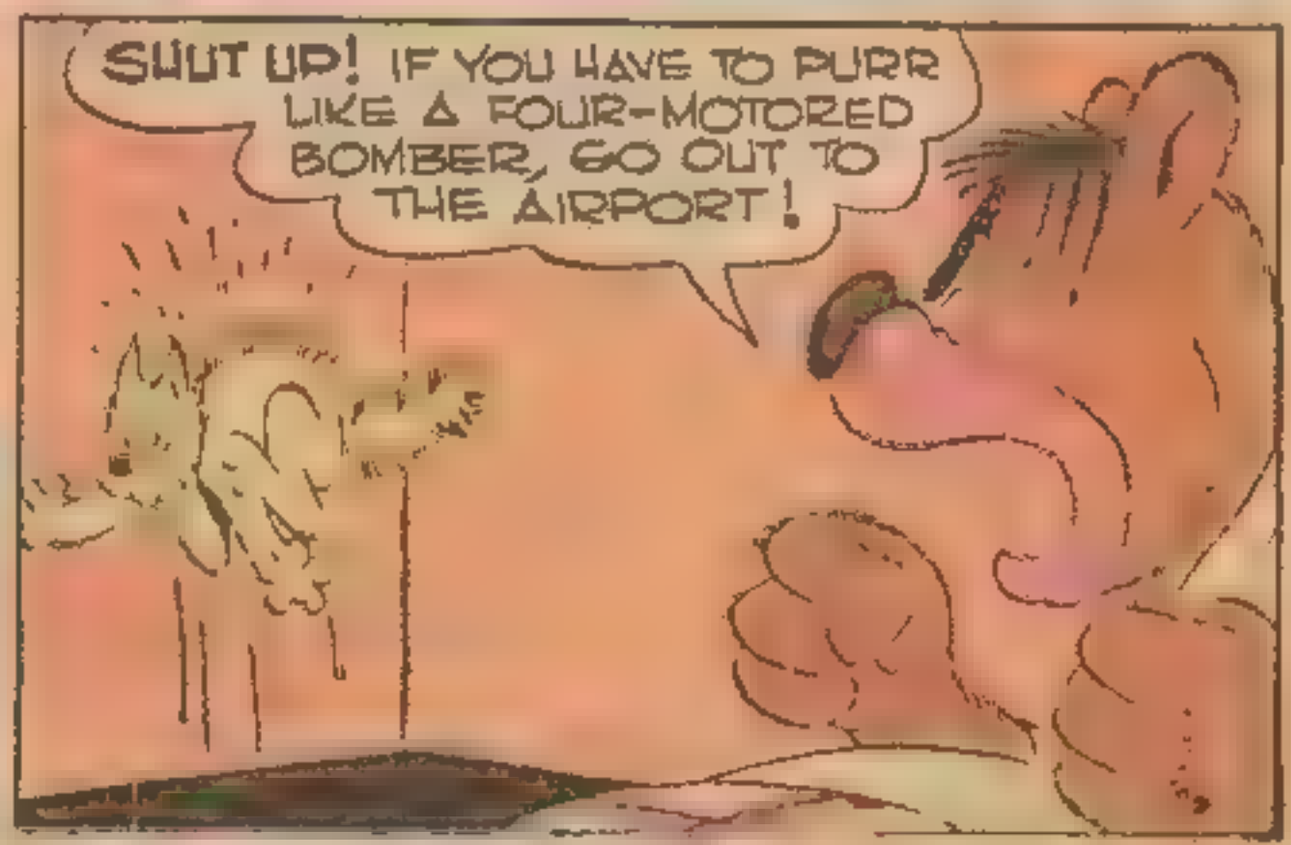

OH, WHAT A HEADACHE I HAVE THIS MORNING!...THE WORST I'VE HAD IN YEARS!

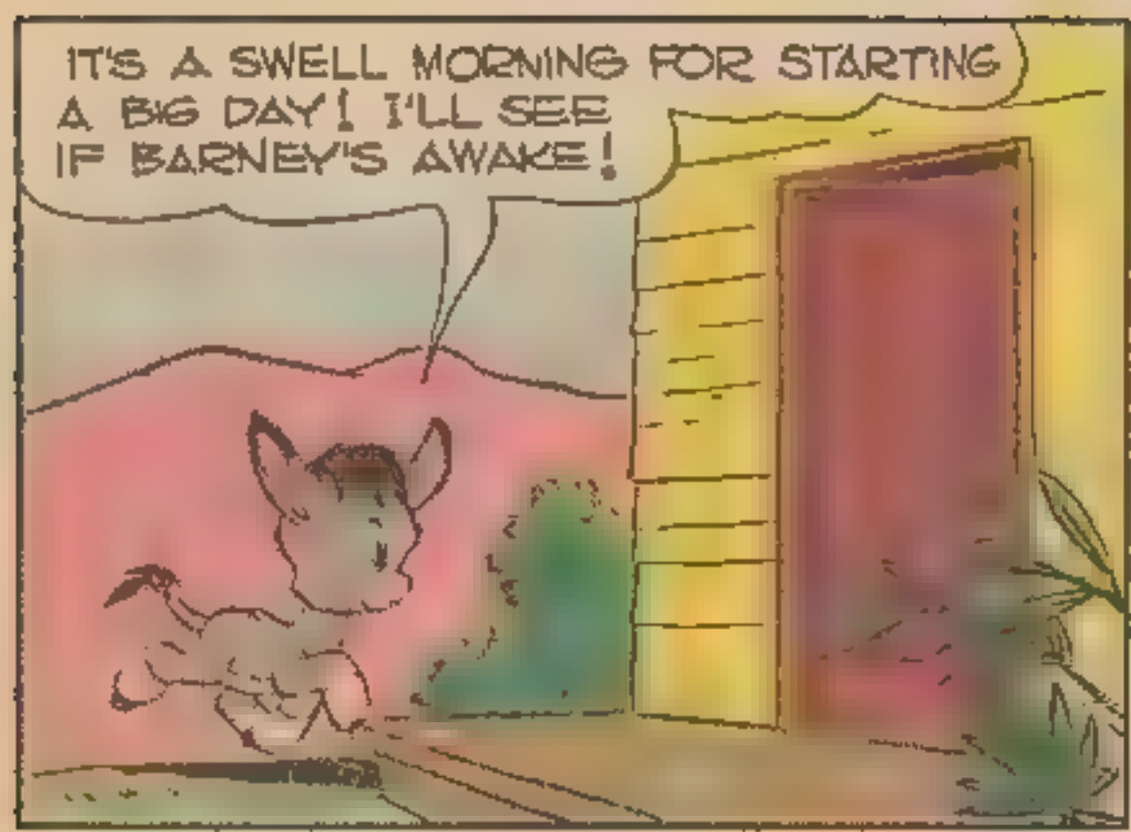

QUIET, TABBY. DO YOU HAVE TO CLOMP ACROSS THE FLOOR LIKE A SHOD HORSE?

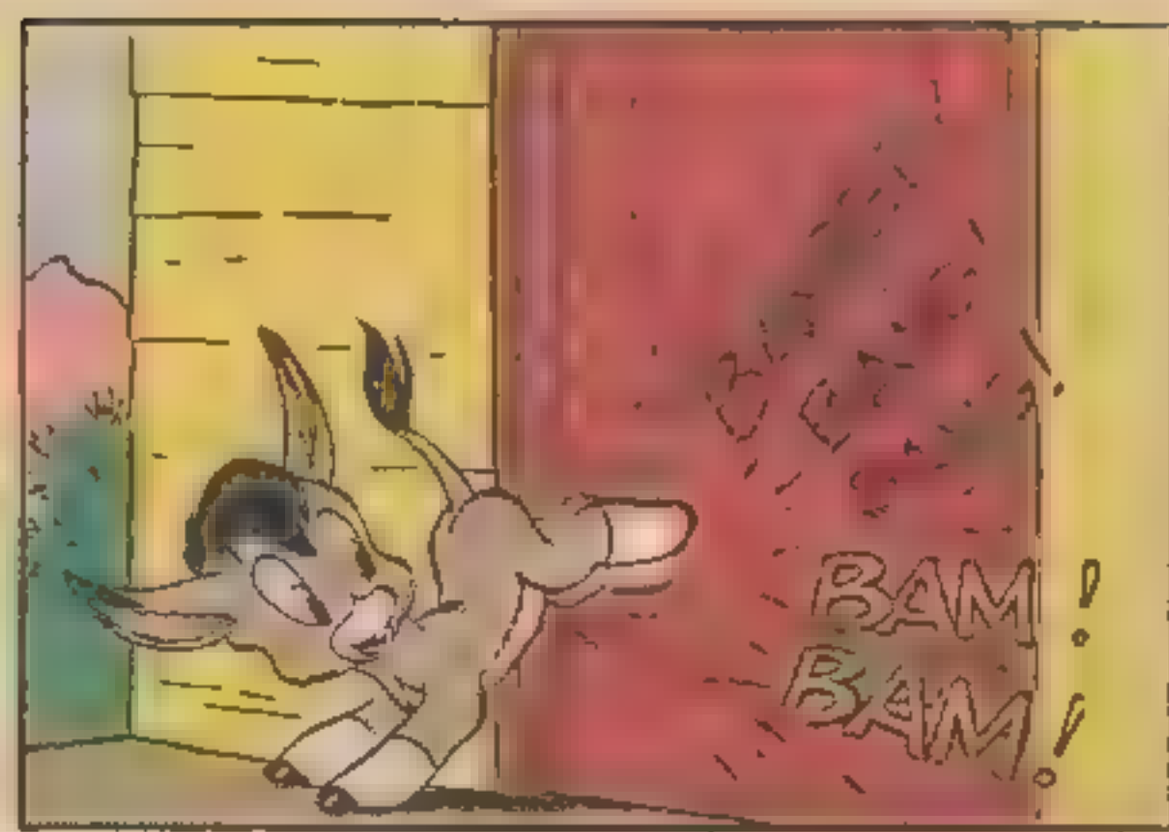

EVEN THE SOUND OF MY OWN BREATHING RASPS MY NERVES LIKE A BUZZSAW!

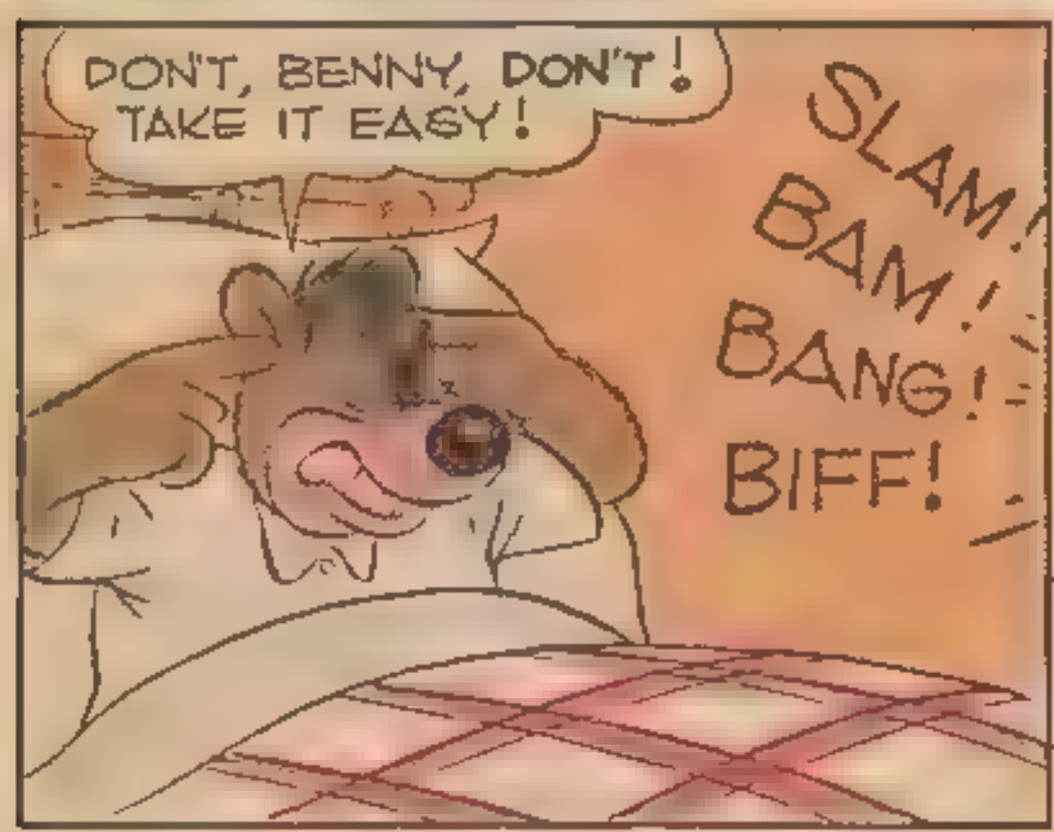

YOU NEVER KNOW HOW NICE SILENCE IS TILL YOU GET A HEADACHE!

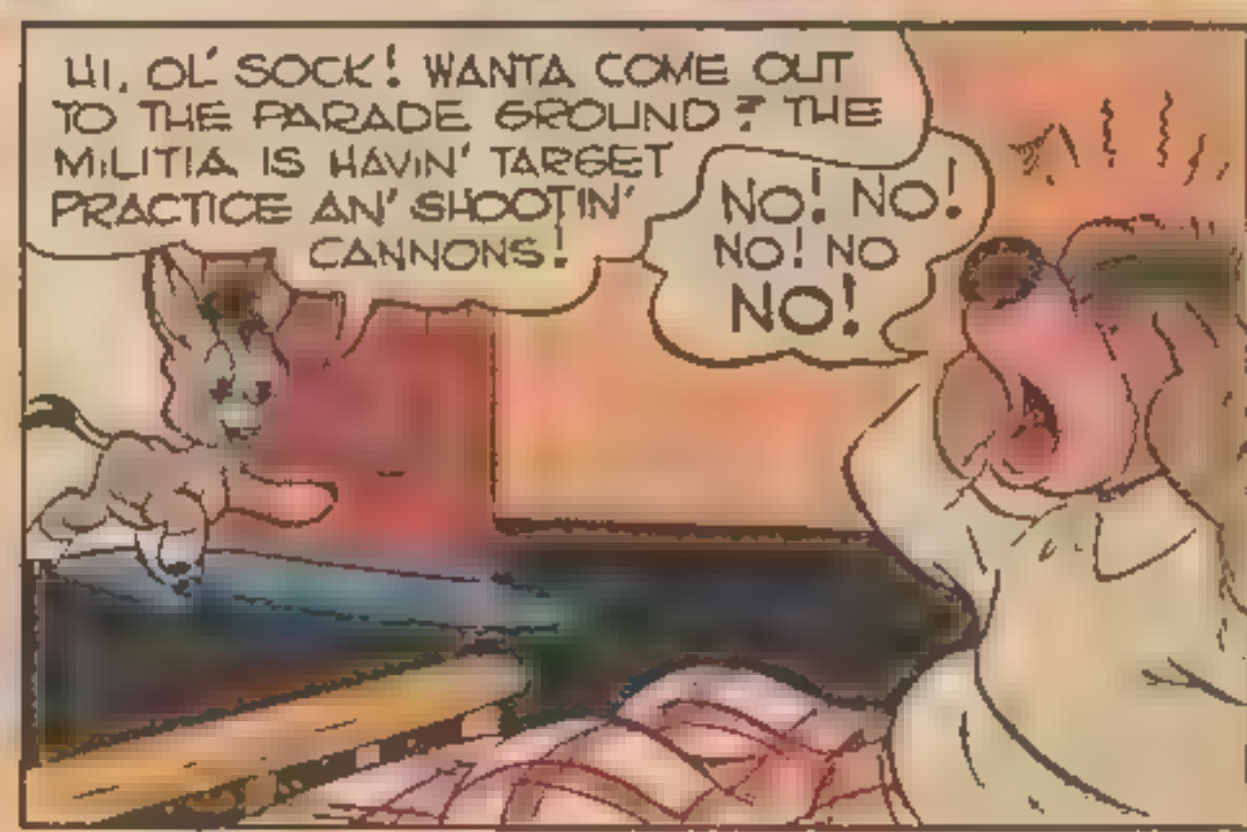

PURR

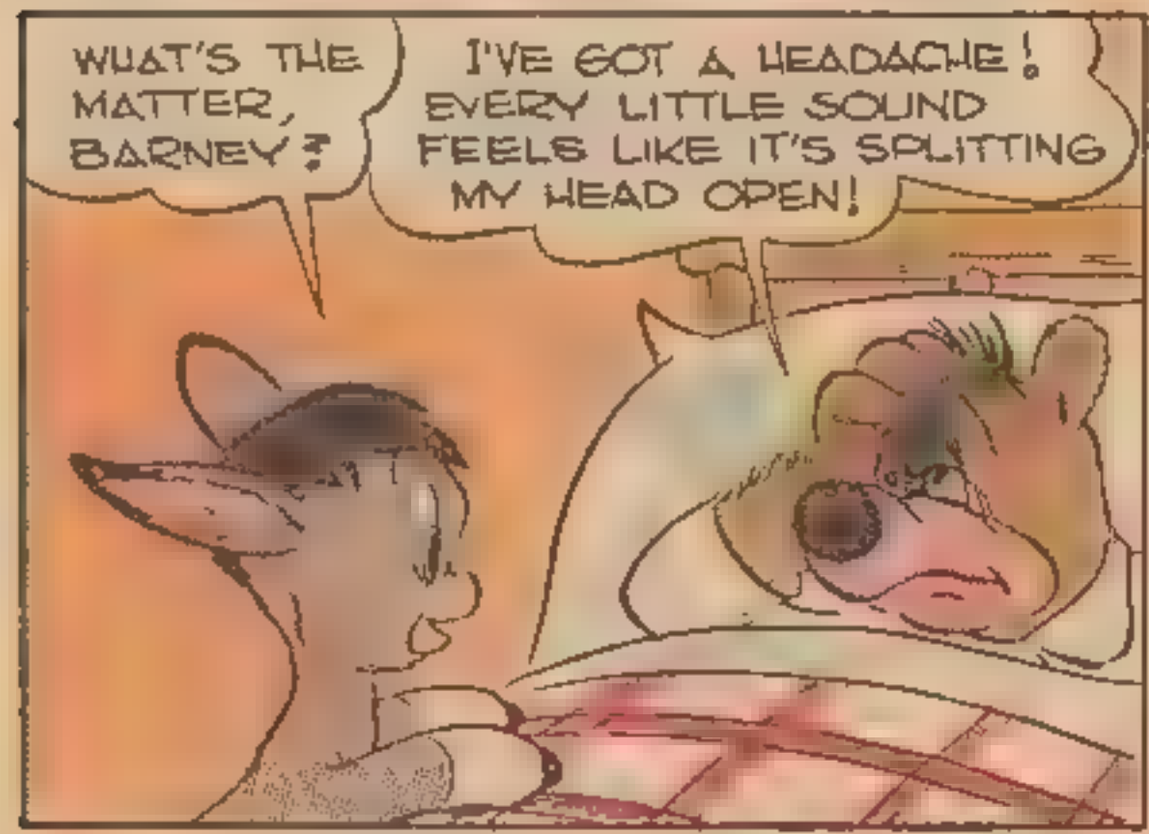

SHUT UP! IF YOU HAVE TO PURR LIKE A FOUR-MOTORED BOMBER, GO OUT TO THE AIRPORT!

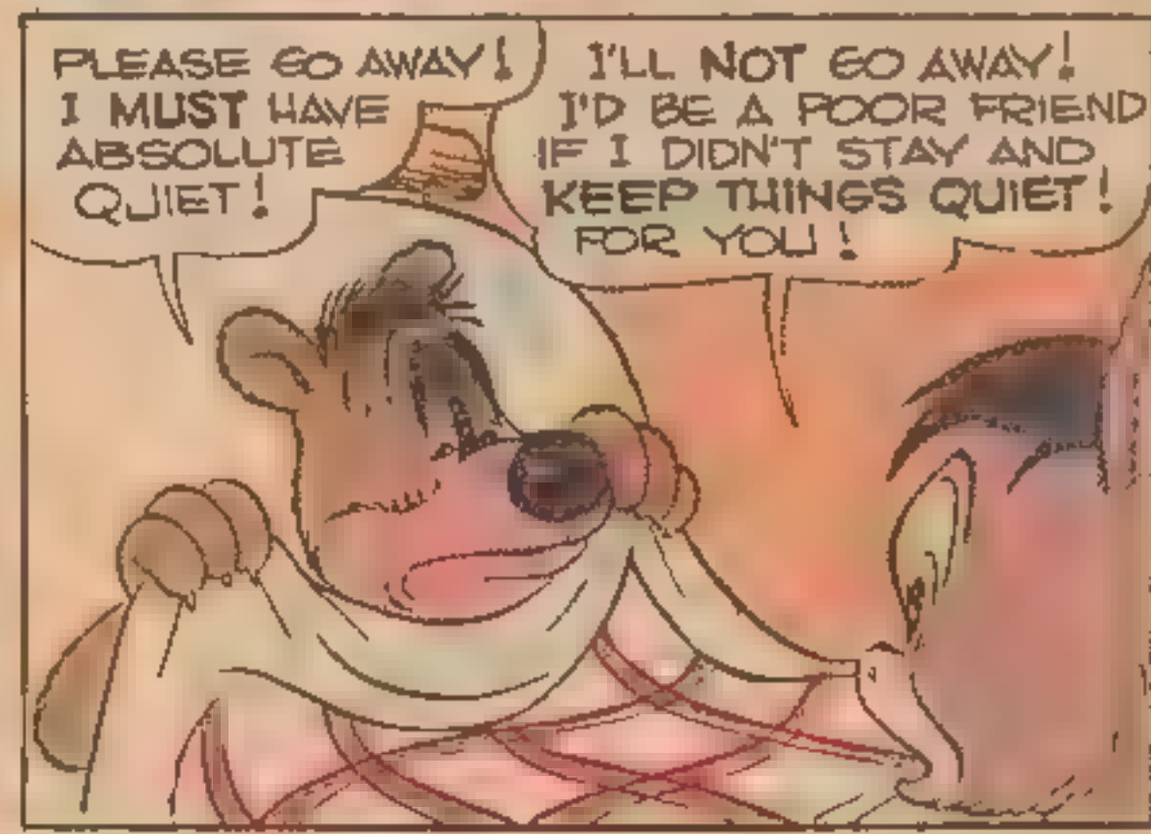

IT'S A SWELL MORNING FOR STARTING A BIG DAY! I'LL SEE IF BARNEY'S AWAKE!

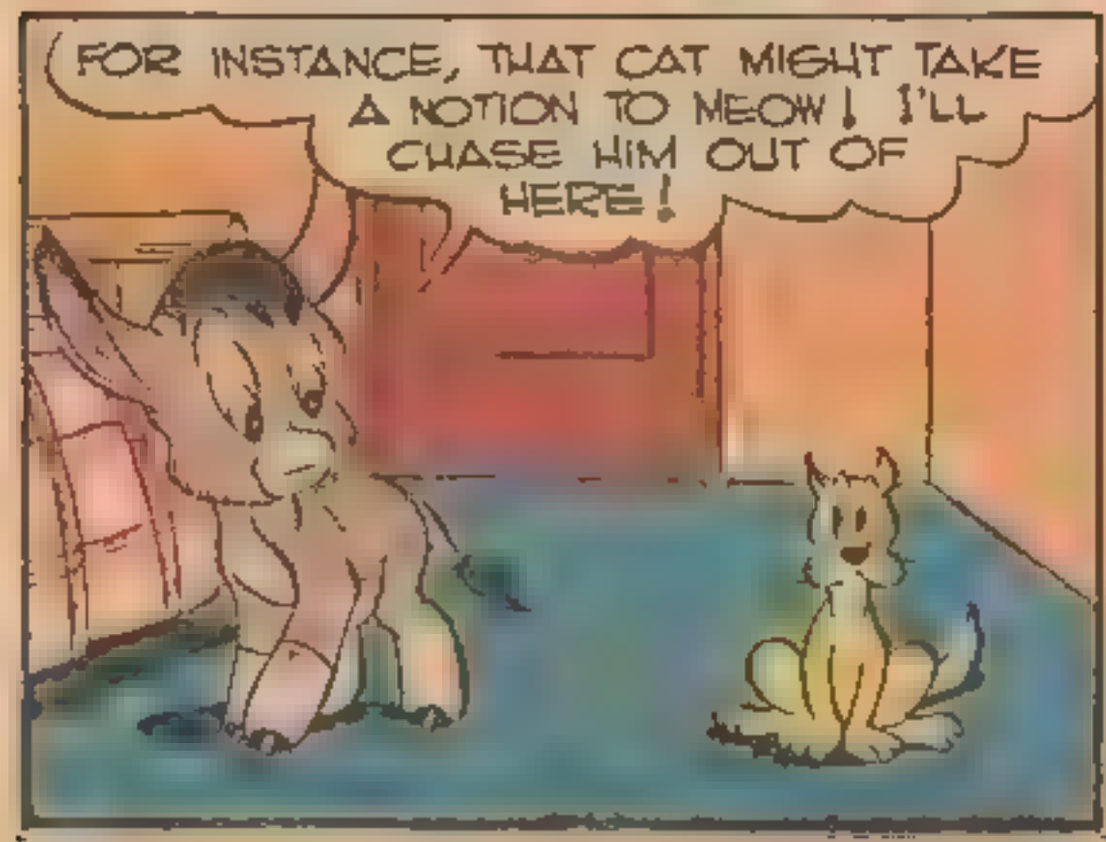

BAM! BAM!

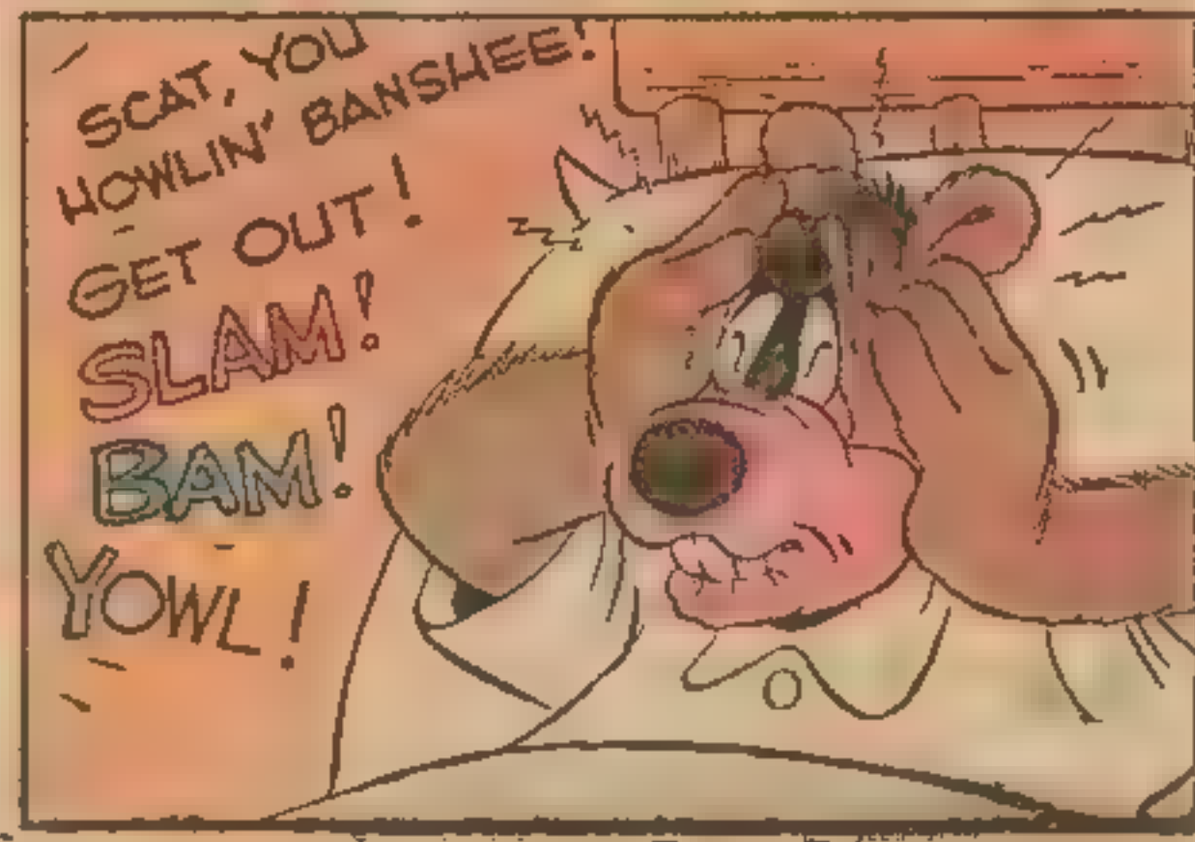

DON'T, BENNY, DON'T! TAKE IT EASY!
SLAM! BAM! BANG! BIFF!

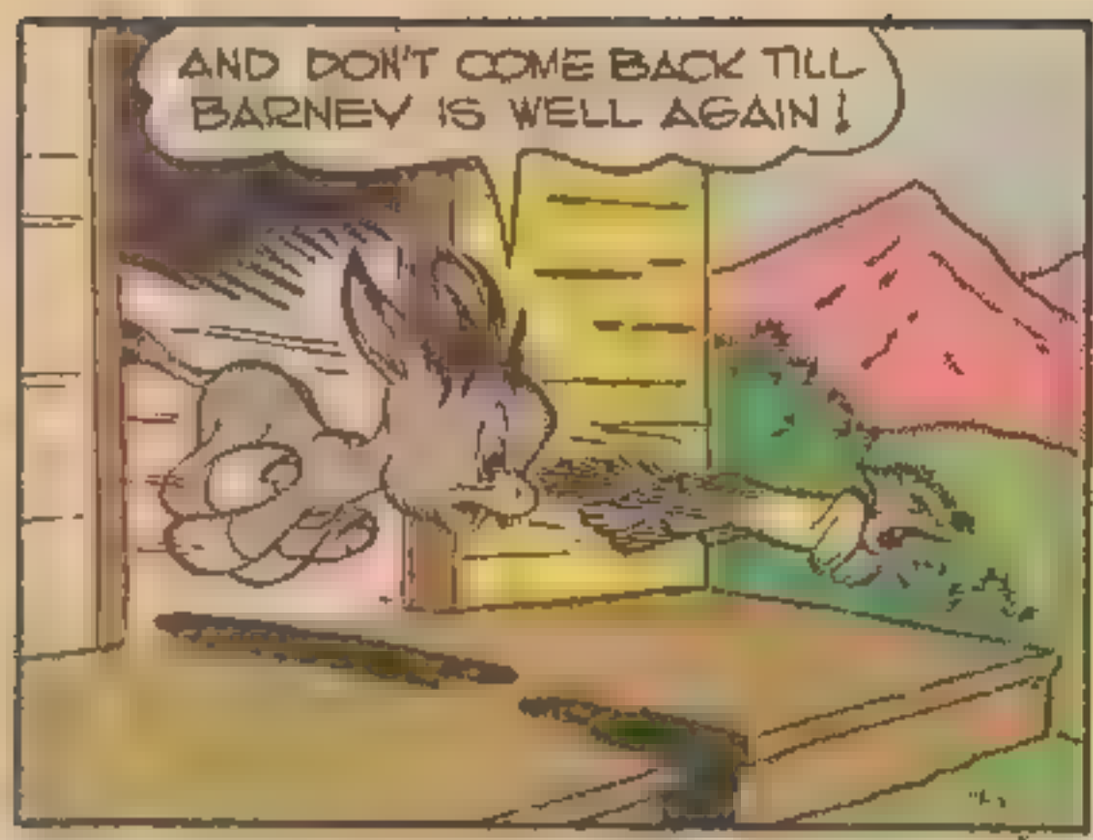

HI, OL' SOCK! WANTA COME OUT TO THE PARADE GROUND? THE MILITIA IS HAVIN' TARGET PRACTICE AN' SHOOTIN' CANNONS!
NO! NO! NO! NO NO!


WHAT'S THE MATTER, BARNEY?
I'VE GOT A HEADACHE! EVERY LITTLE SOUND FEELS LIKE IT'S SPLITTING MY HEAD OPEN!

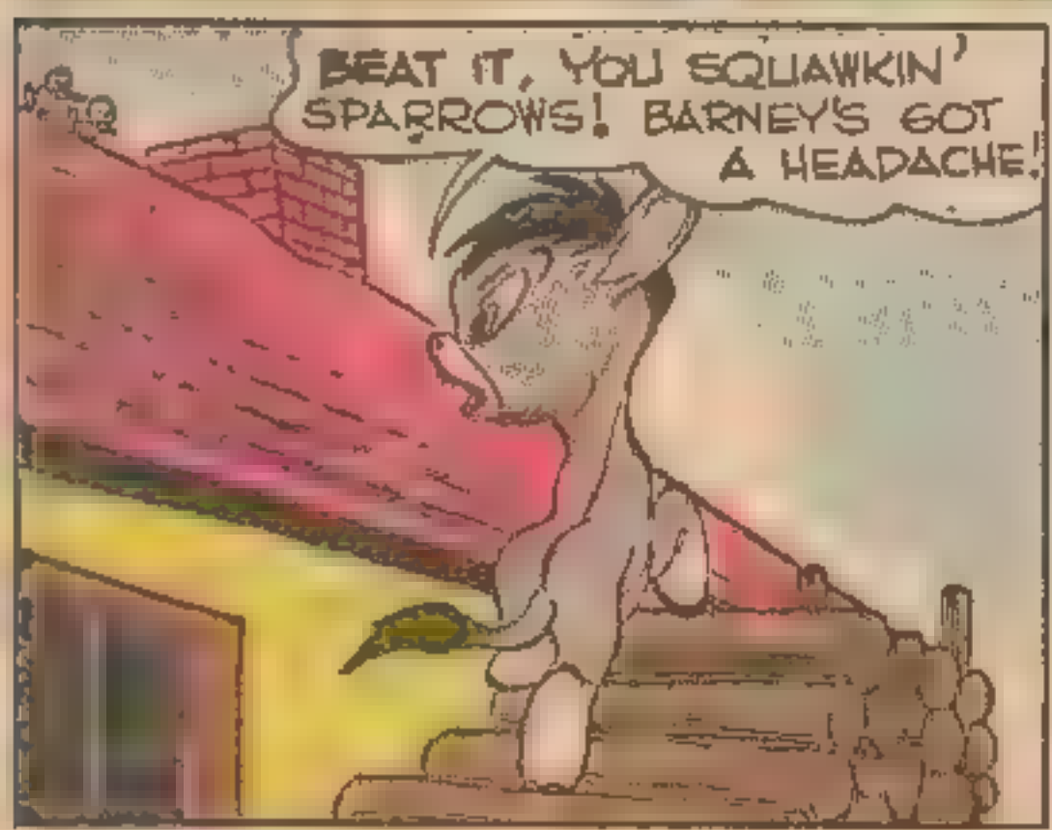

PLEASE GO AWAY! I MUST HAVE ABSOLUTE QUIET!
I'LL NOT GO AWAY! I'D BE A POOR FRIEND IF I DIDN'T STAY AND KEEP THINGS QUIET! FOR YOU!

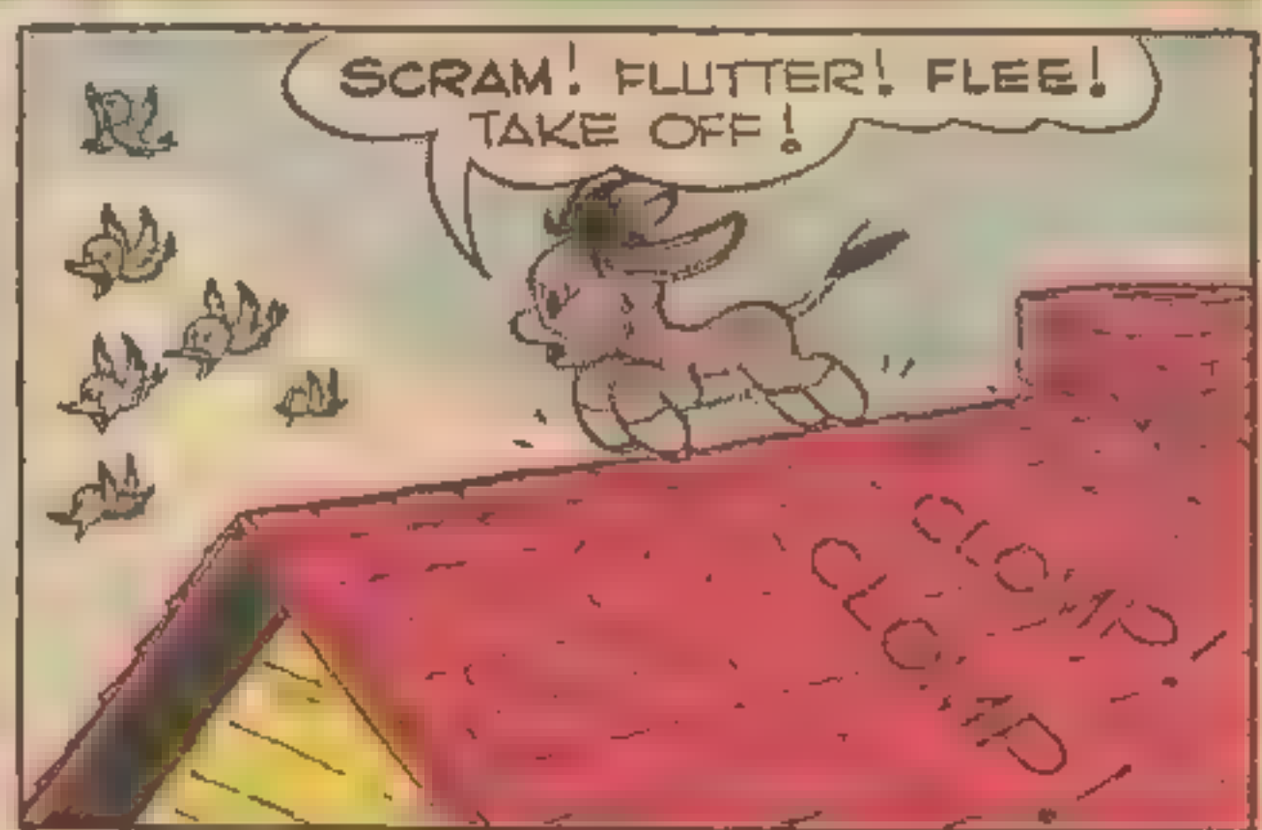

FOR INSTANCE, THAT CAT MIGHT TAKE A NOTION TO MEOW! I'LL CHASE HIM OUT OF HERE!

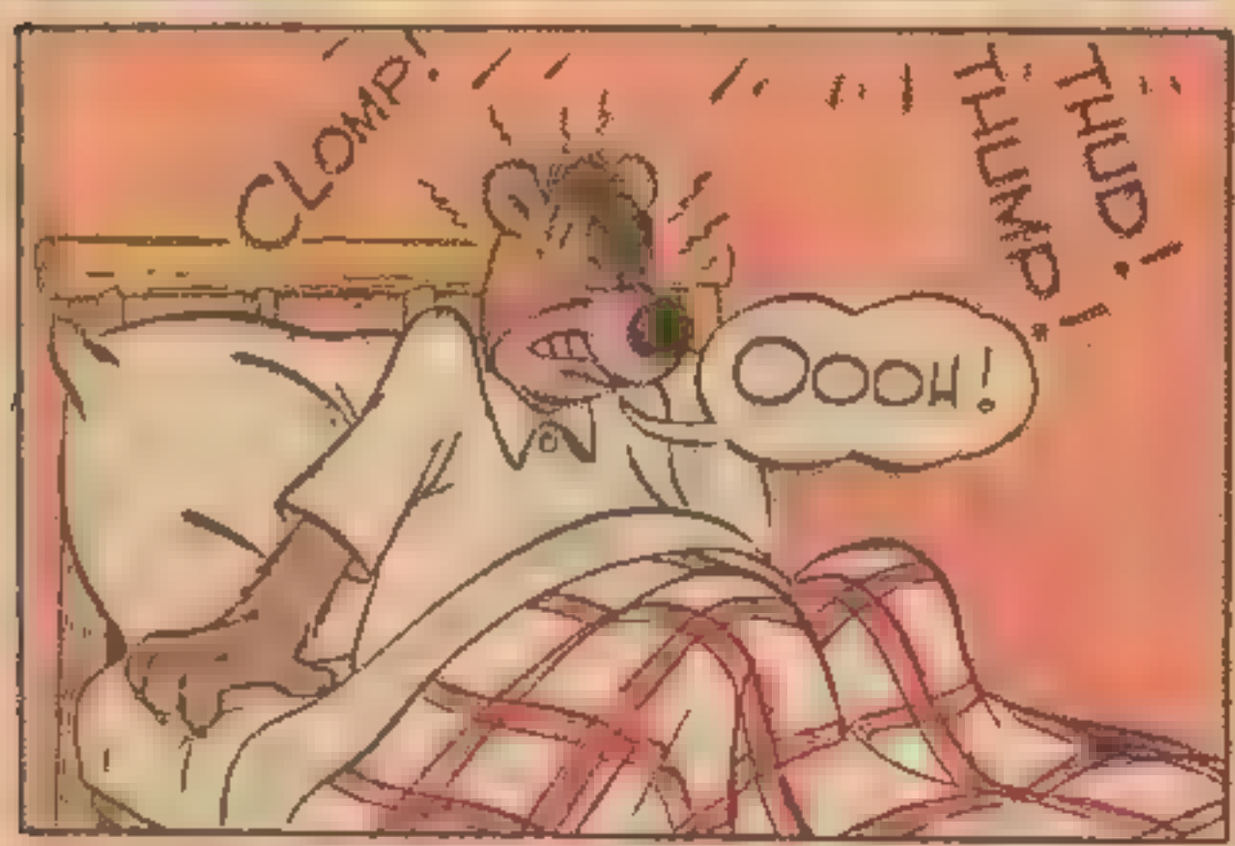

SCAT, YOU HOWLIN' BANSHEE! GET OUT! SLAM! BAM! YOWL!

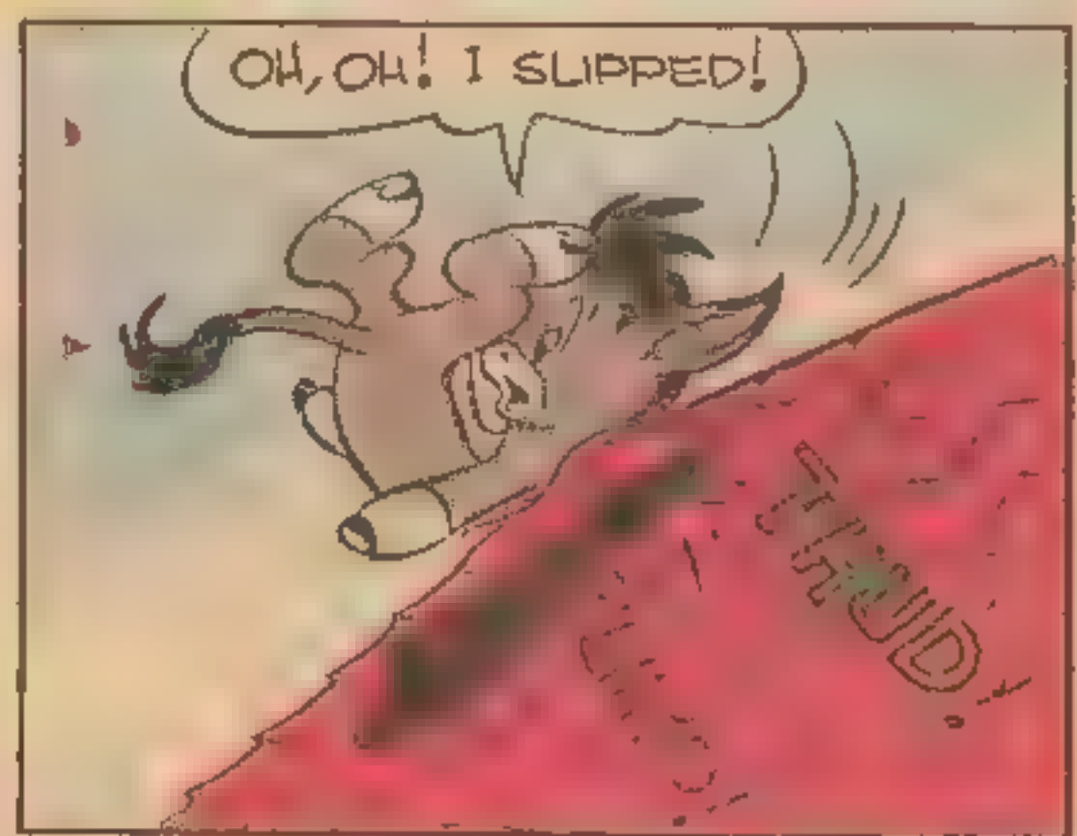

AND DON'T COME BACK TILL BARNEY IS WELL AGAIN!

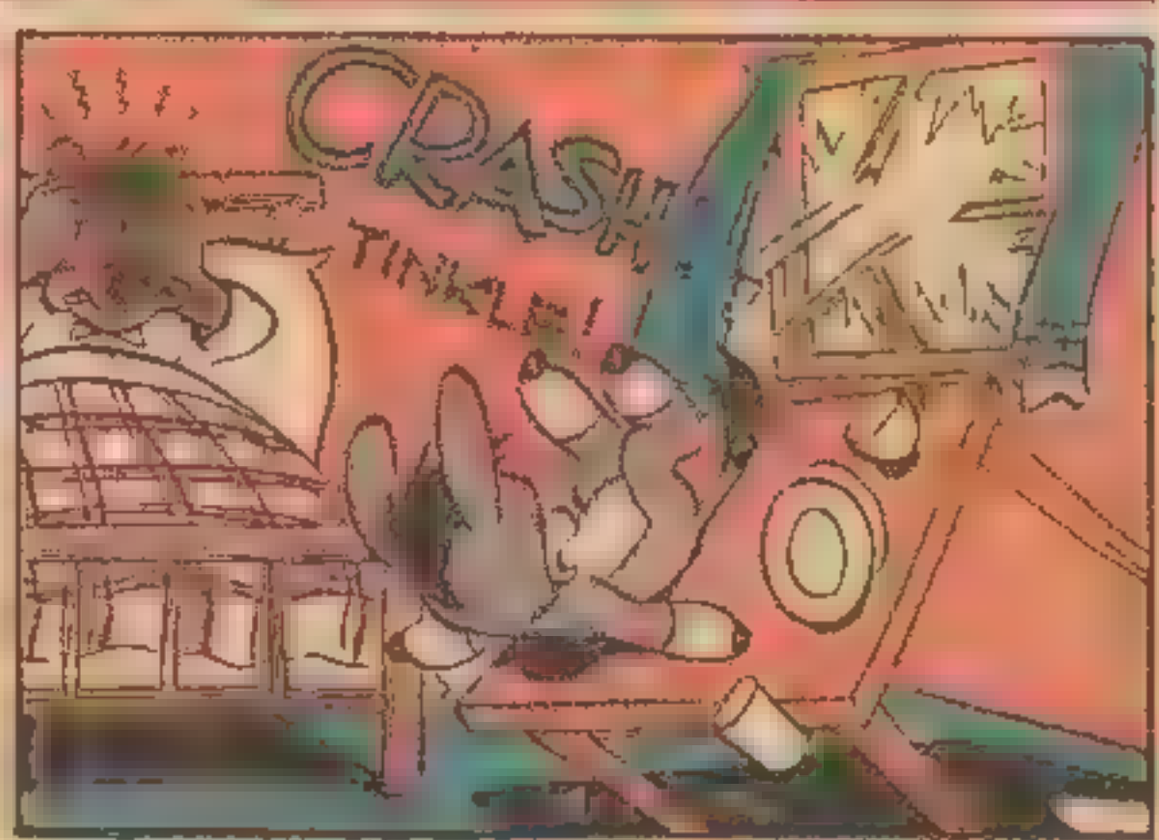
THOSE BIRDS ARE LIKELY TO START TWITTERING AT ANY MINUTE! I BETTER CHASE 'EM AWAY!

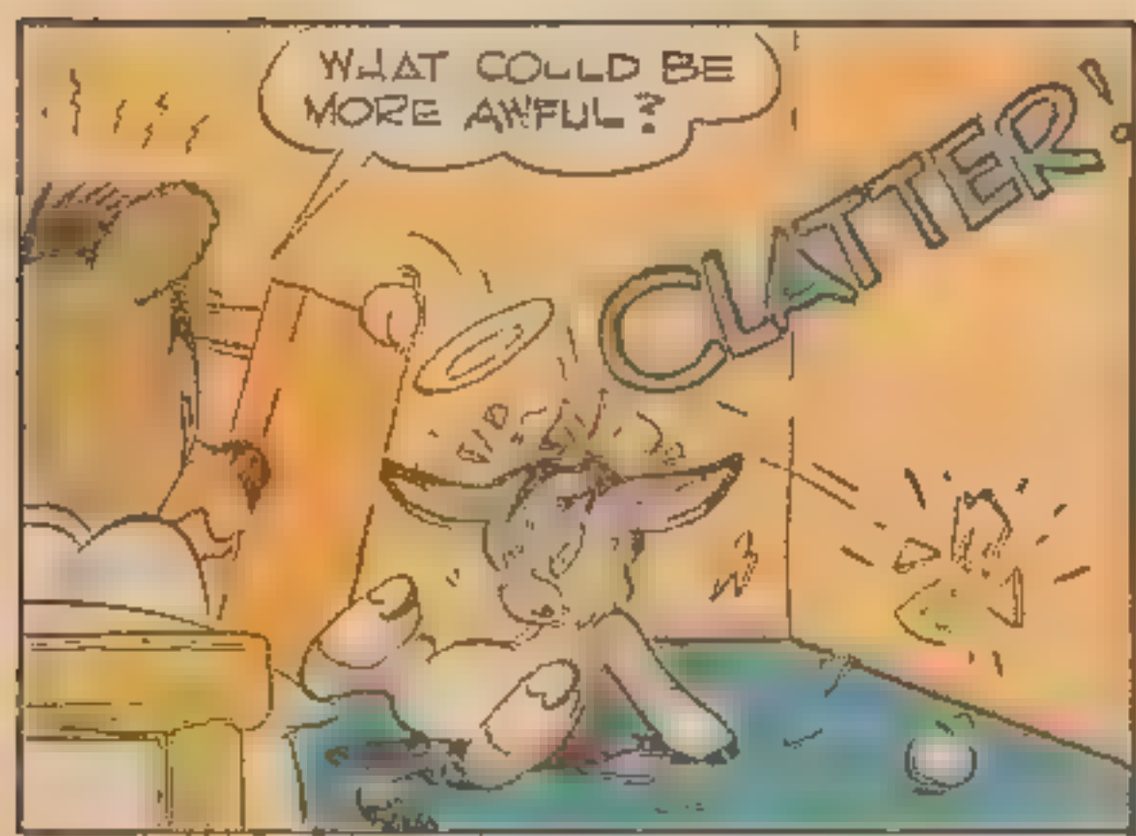

BEAT IT, YOU SQUAWKIN' SPARROWS! BARNEY'S GOT A HEADACHE!

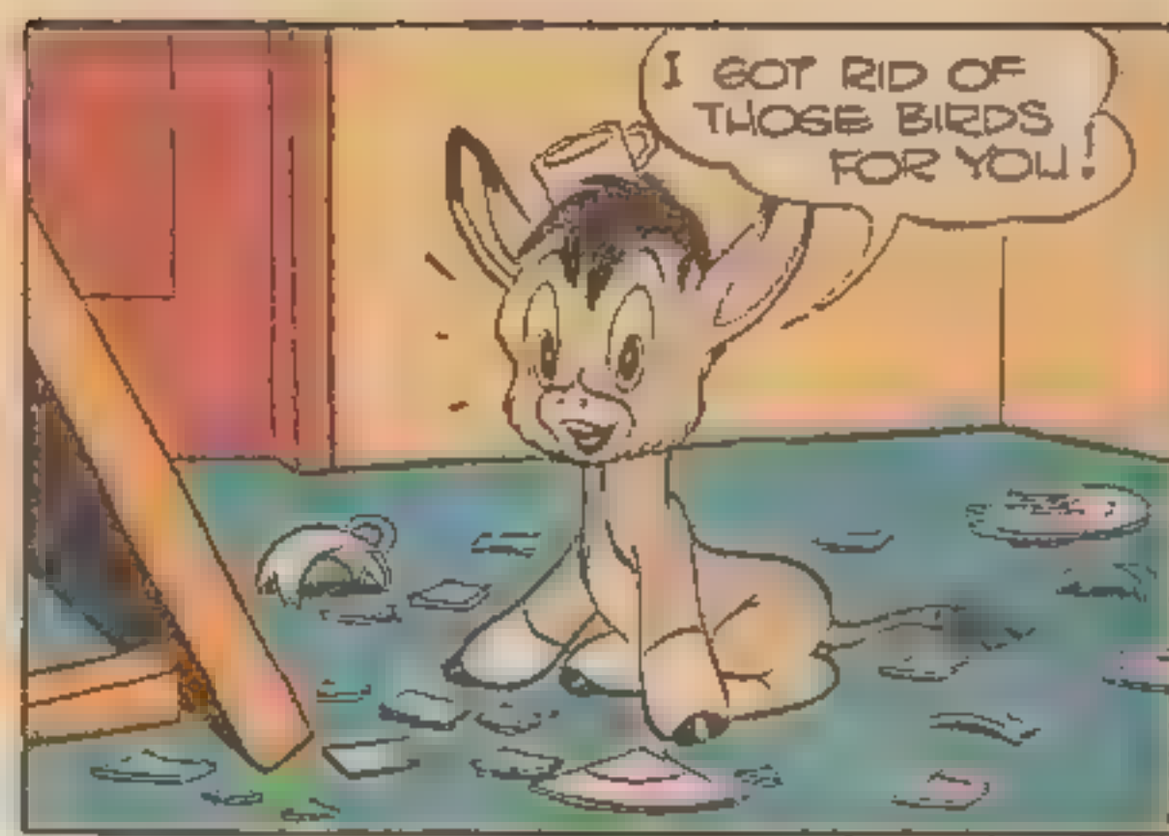

SCRAM! FLUTTER! FLEE! TAKE OFF!
CLOMP! CLOMP!

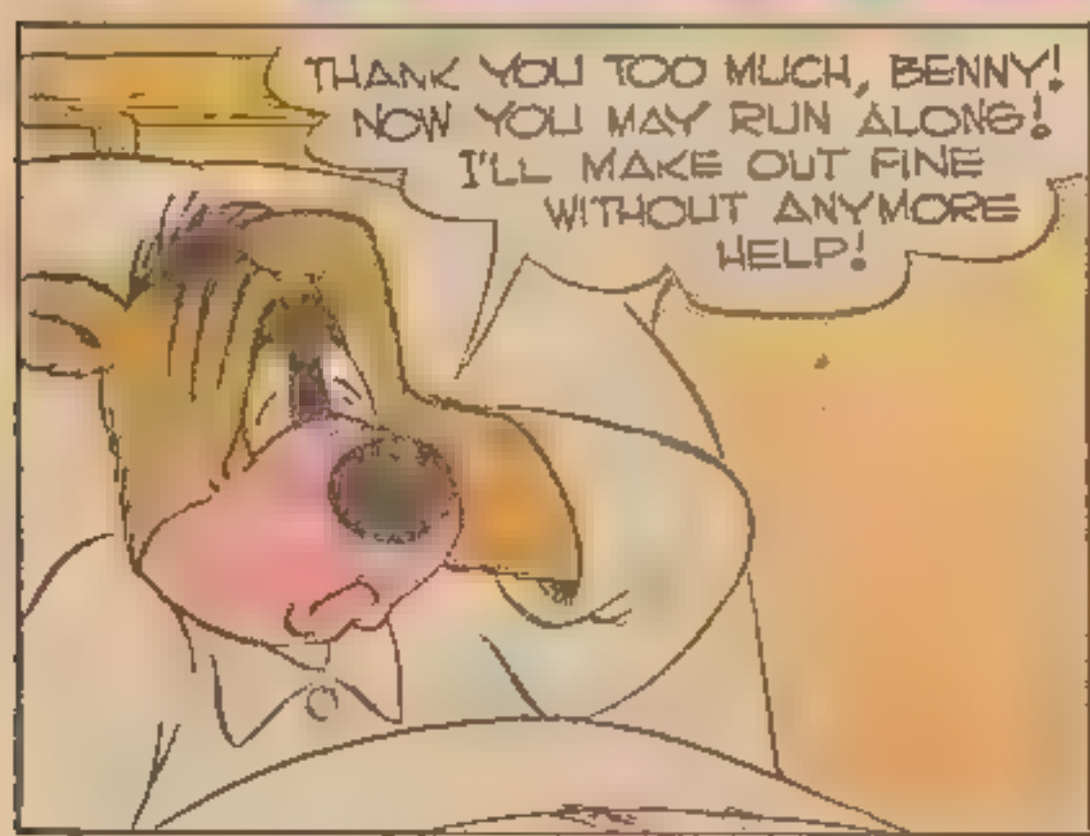

CLOMP!
THUMP!
THUD!
OOOH!

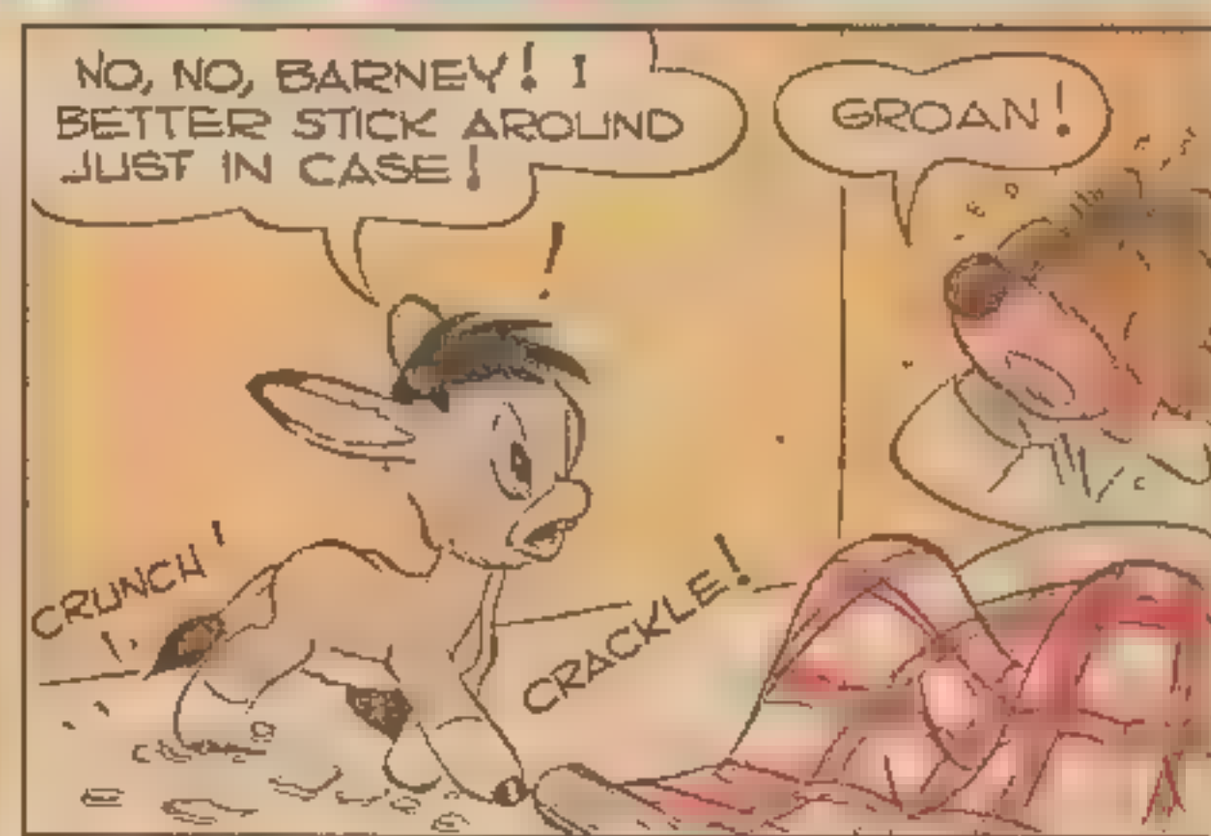

OH, OH! I SLIPPED!
THUD!

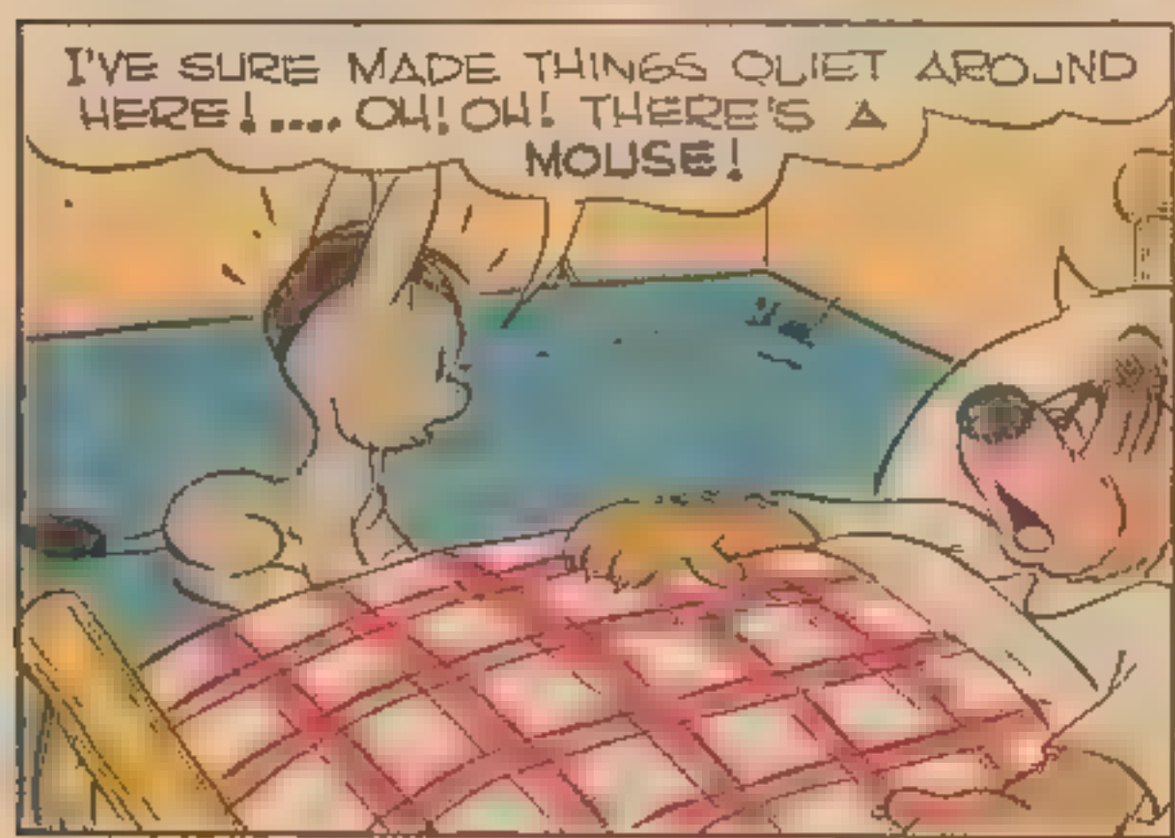

CRASH!
TINKLE!

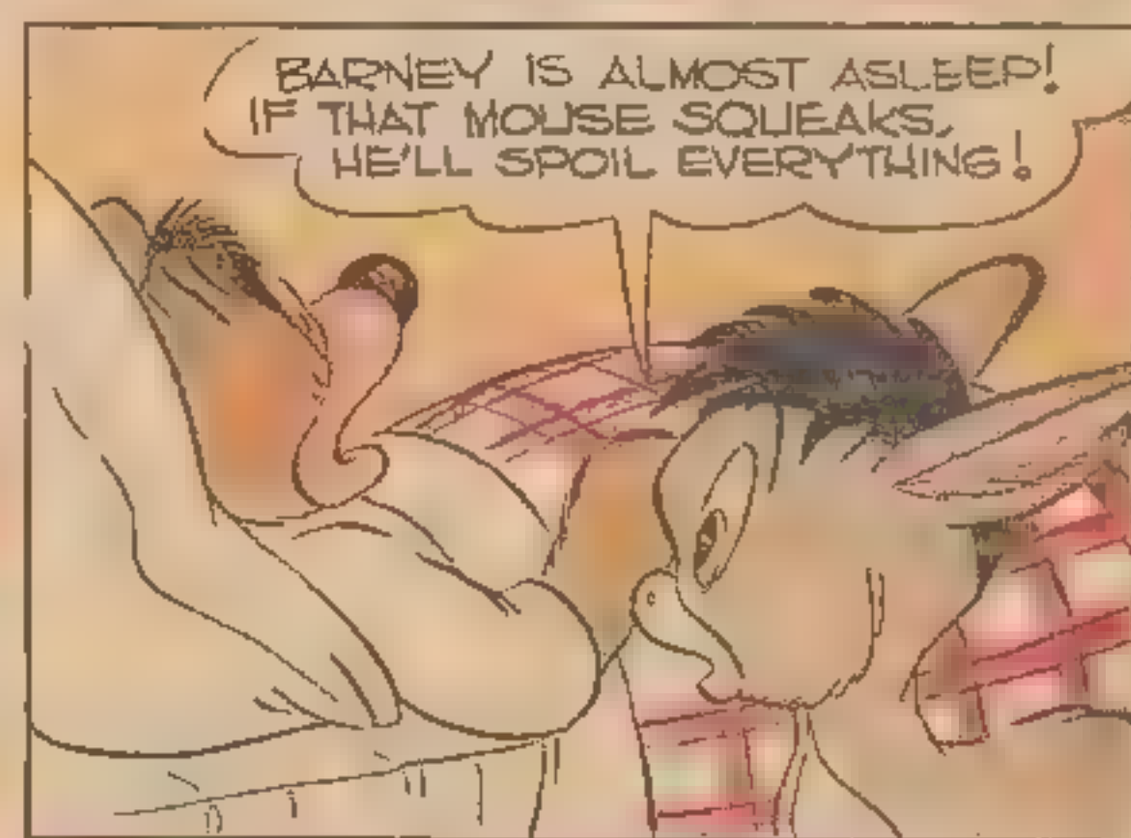

WHAT COULD BE MORE AWFUL?
CLATTER!

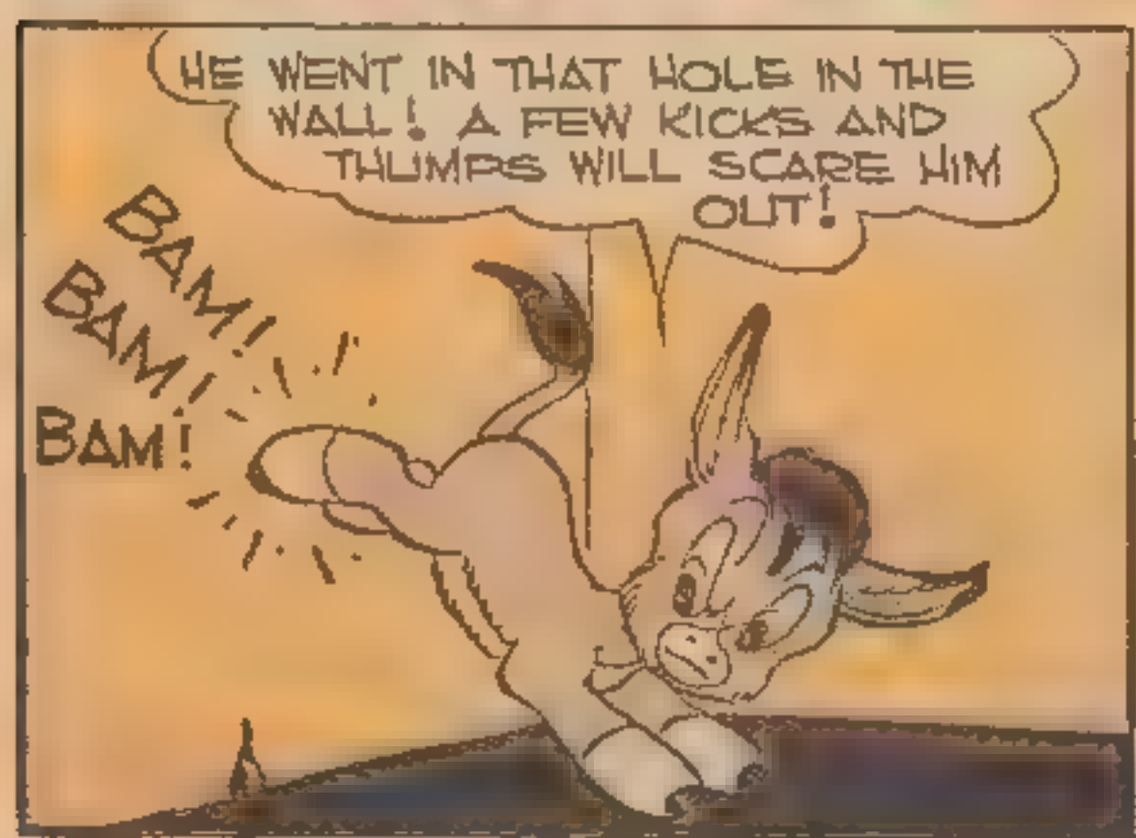

I GOT RID OF THOSE BIRDS FOR YOU!

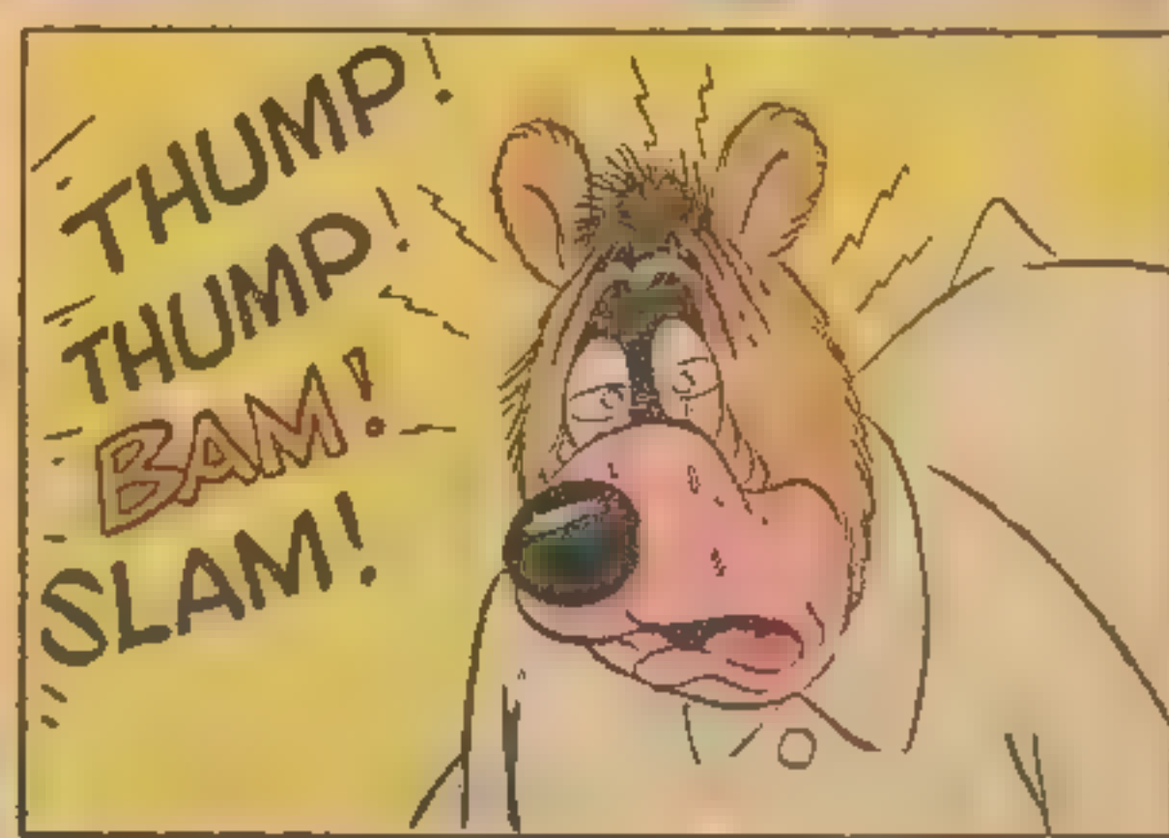

THANK YOU TOO MUCH, BENNY! NOW YOU MAY RUN ALONG! I'LL MAKE OUT FINE WITHOUT ANYMORE HELP!

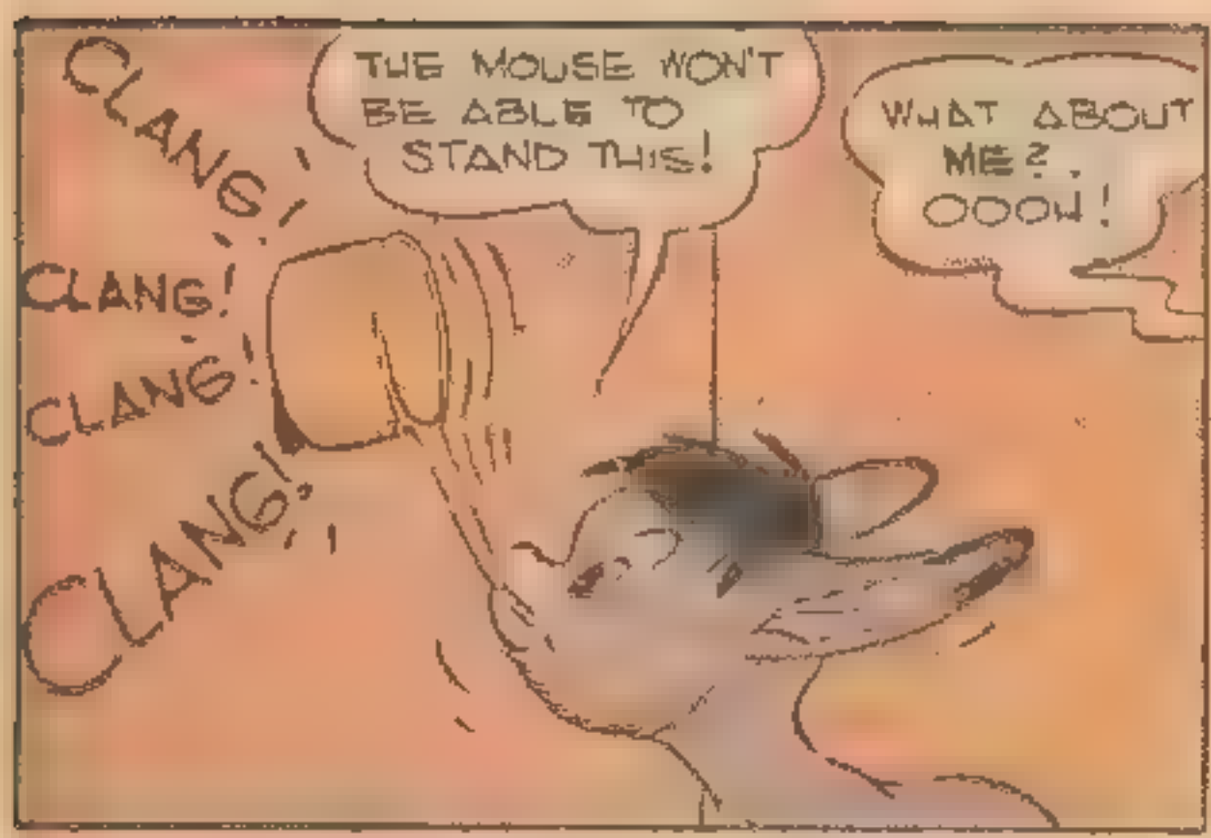

NO, NO, BARNEY! I BETTER STICK AROUND JUST IN CASE!
GROAN!
CRUNCH!
CRACKLE!

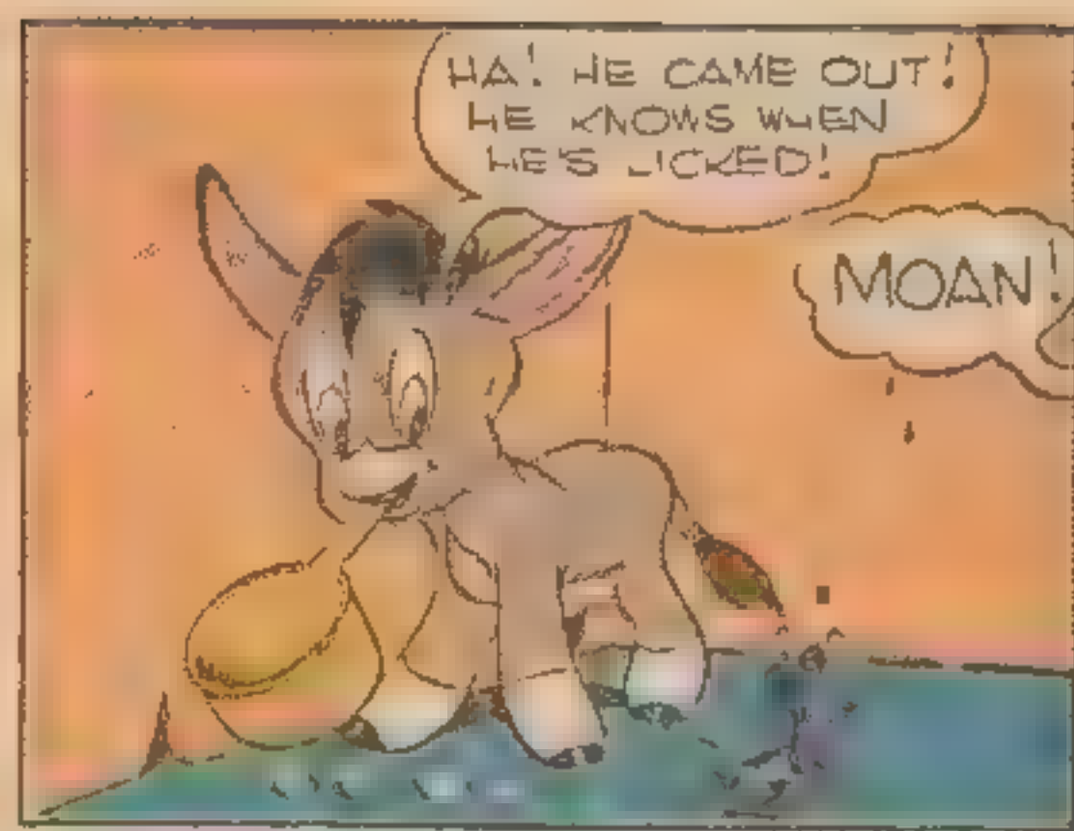

I'VE SURE MADE THINGS QUIET AROUND HERE!.... OH! OH! THERE'S A MOUSE!

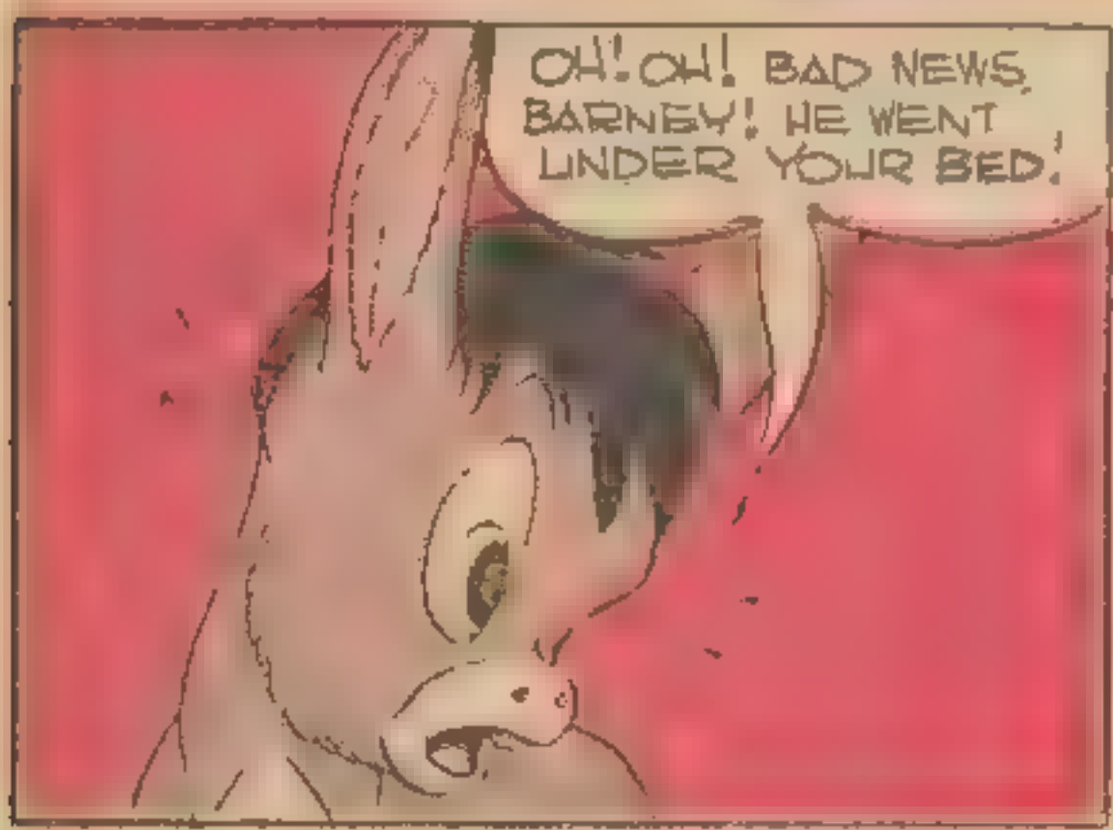

BARNEY IS ALMOST ASLEEP! IF THAT MOUSE SQUEAKS, HE'LL SPOIL EVERYTHING!


HE WENT IN THAT HOLE IN THE WALL! A FEW KICKS AND THUMPS WILL SCARE HIM OUT!
BAM!
BAM!
BAM!

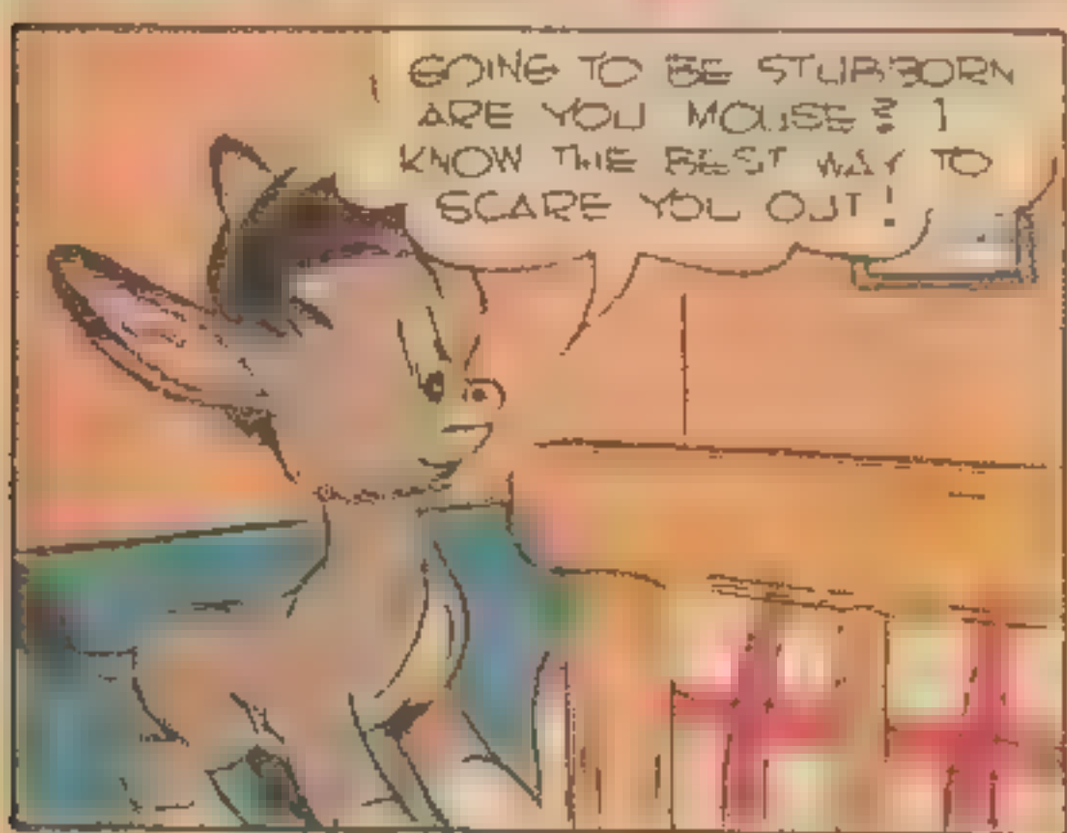

THUMP!
THUMP!
BAM!
SLAM!


CLANG!
CLANG!
CLANG!
CLANG!
THE MOUSE WON'T BE ABLE TO STAND THIS!
WHAT ABOUT ME? OOOH!

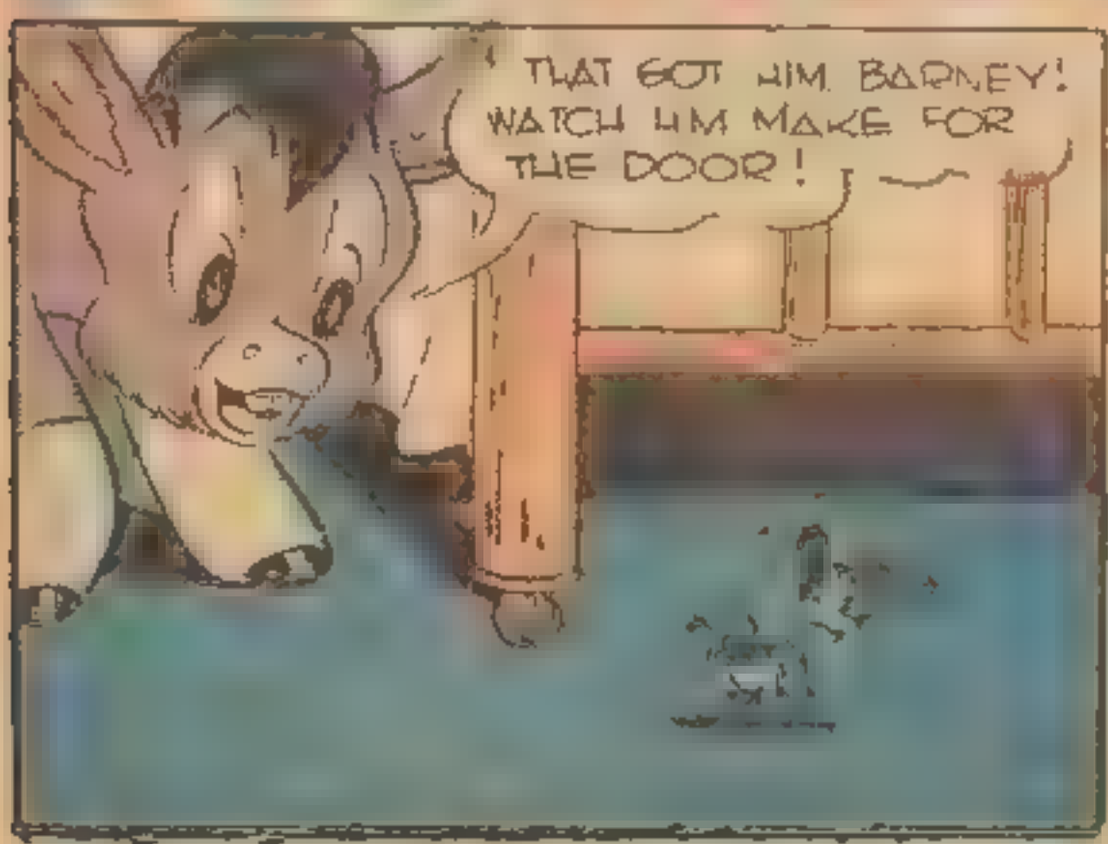

HA! HE CAME OUT! HE KNOWS WHEN HE'S LICKED!
MOAN!

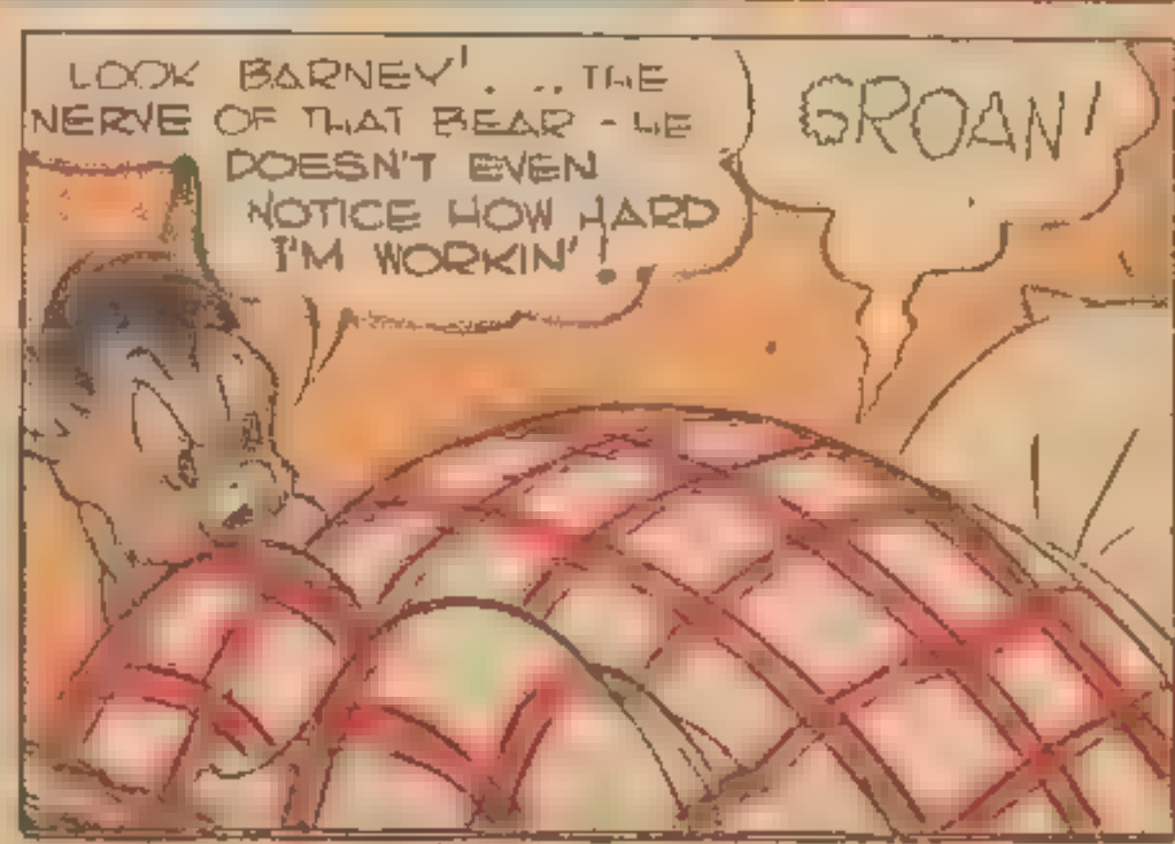

OH! OH! BAD NEWS, BARNEY! HE WENT UNDER YOUR BED!

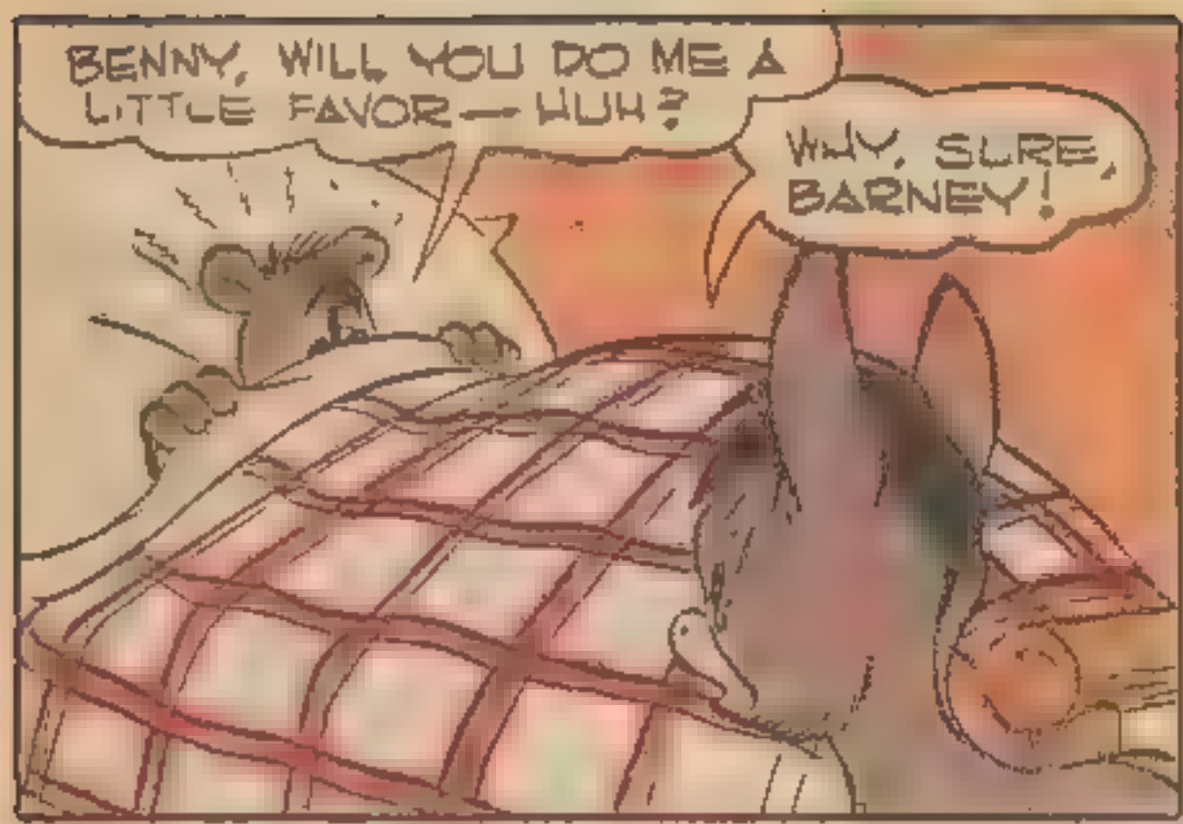
GET OUT OF THERE, YOU NOISY PEST!
CLANG
CLANG

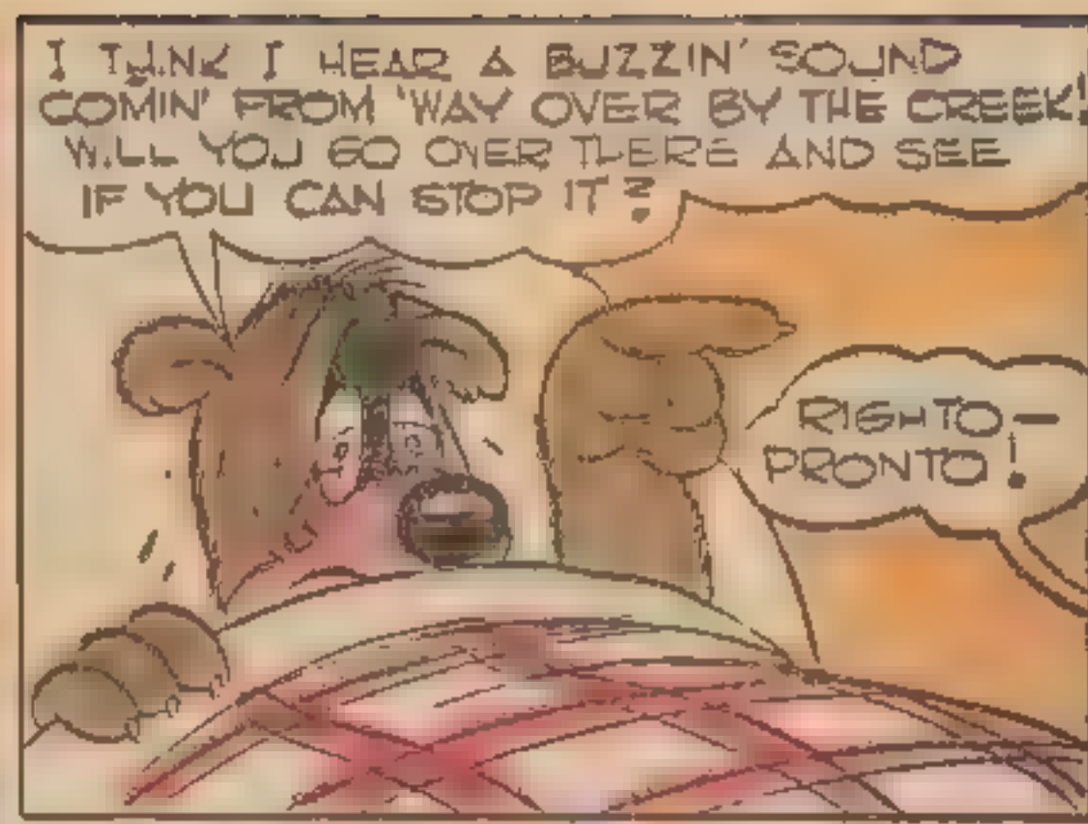

GOING TO BE STUBBORN ARE YOU MOUSE? I KNOW THE BEST WAY TO SCARE YOU OUT!

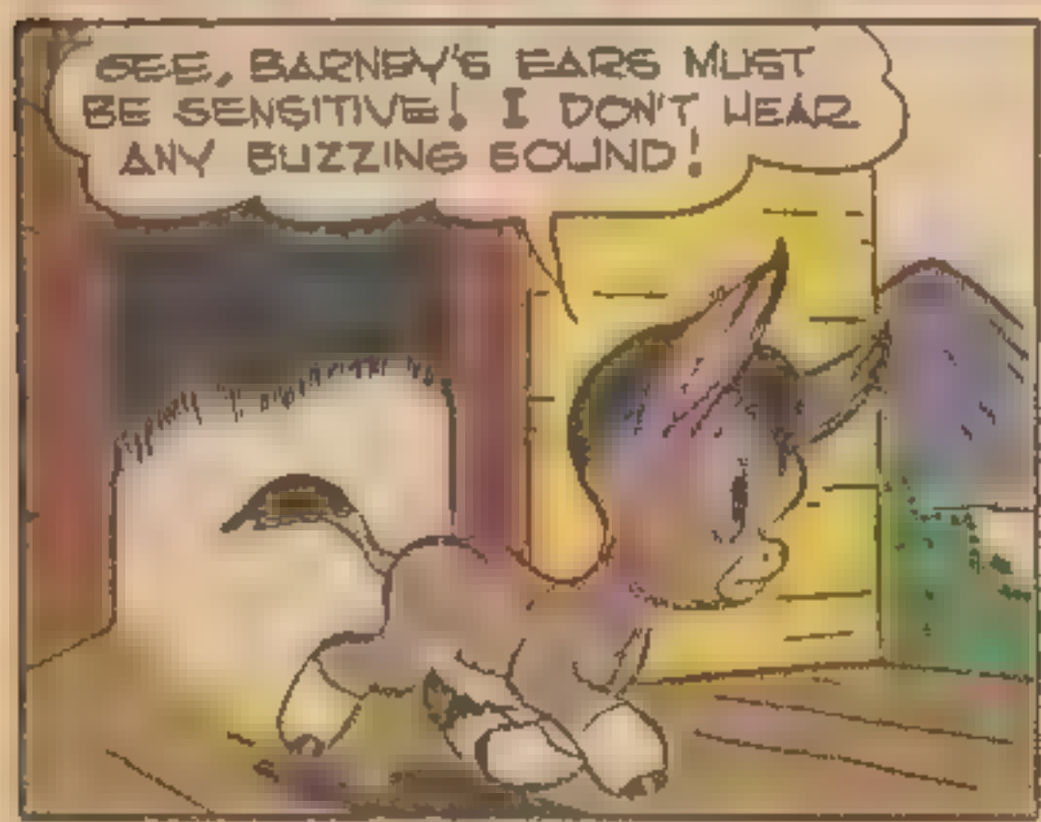
HEE HAW!

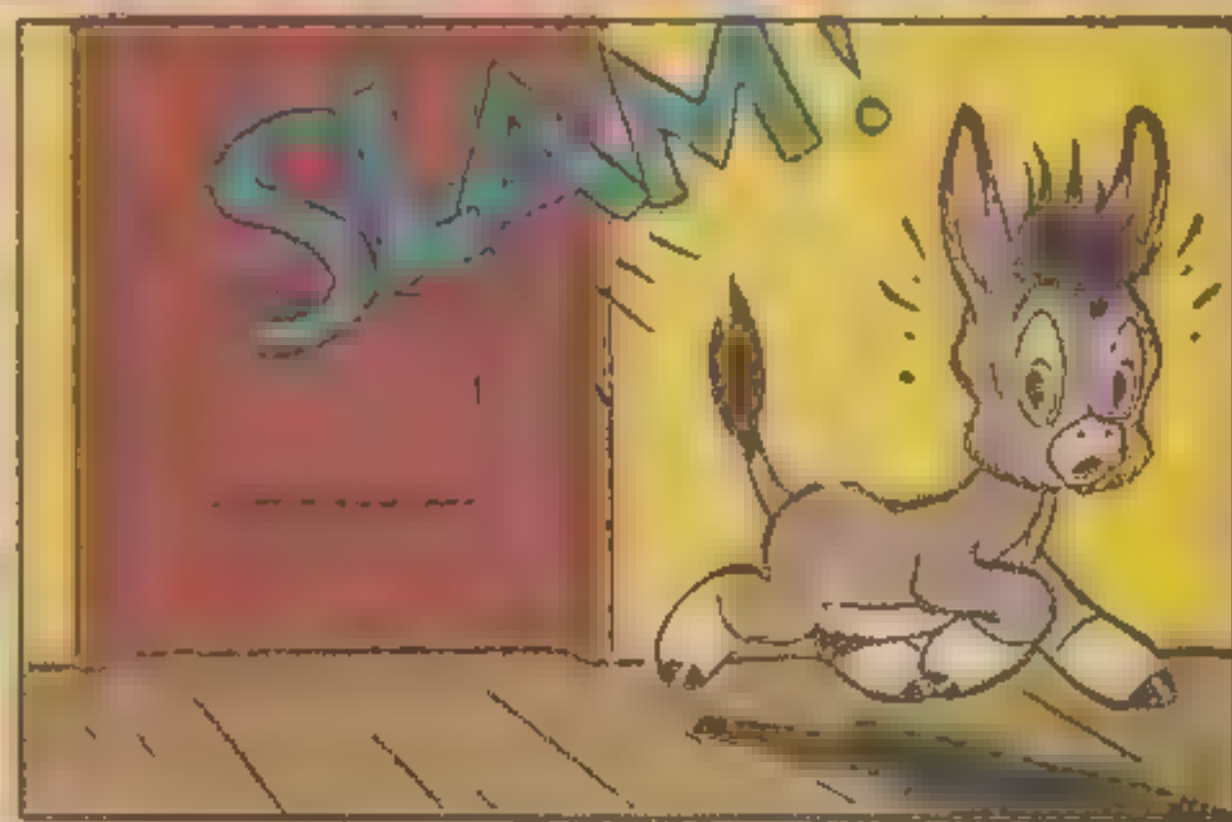

THAT GOT HIM BARNEY! WATCH HIM MAKE FOR THE DOOR!

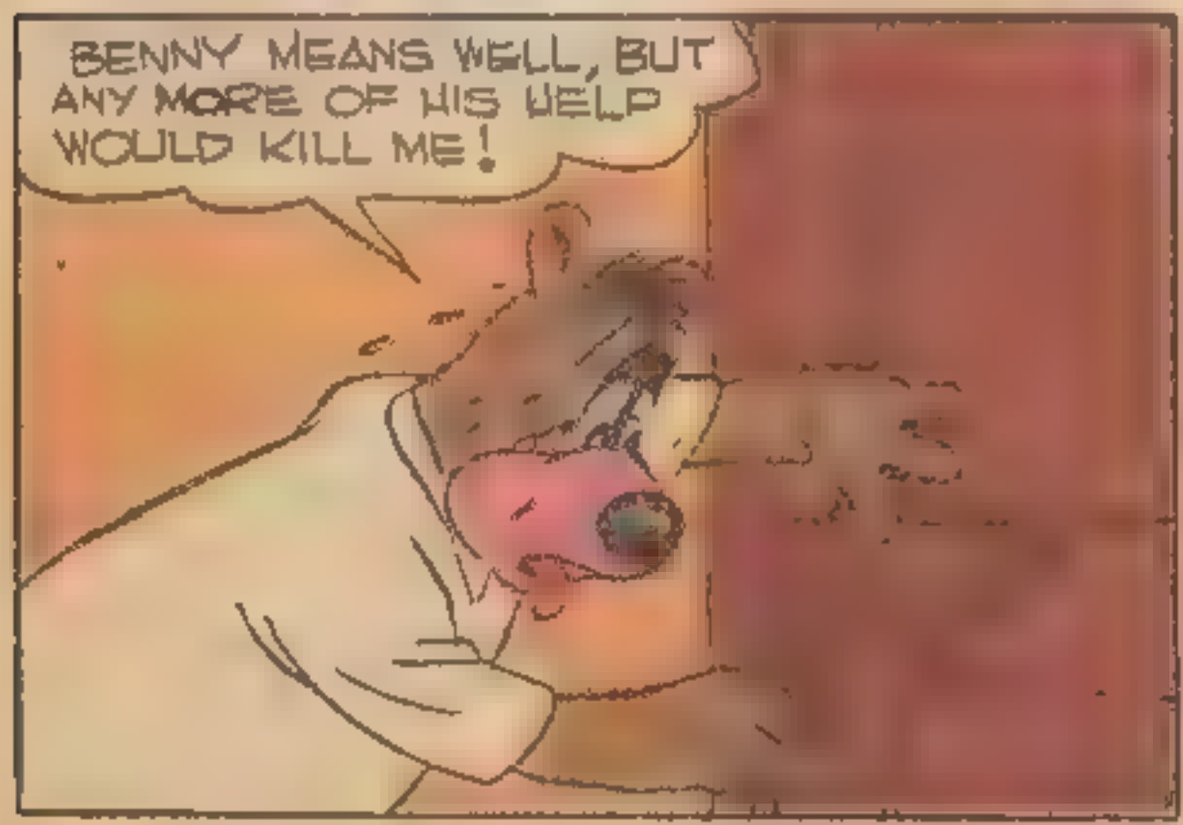

LOOK BARNEY! ... THE NERVE OF THAT BEAR - HE DOESN'T EVEN NOTICE HOW HARD I'M WORKIN'!
GROAN!

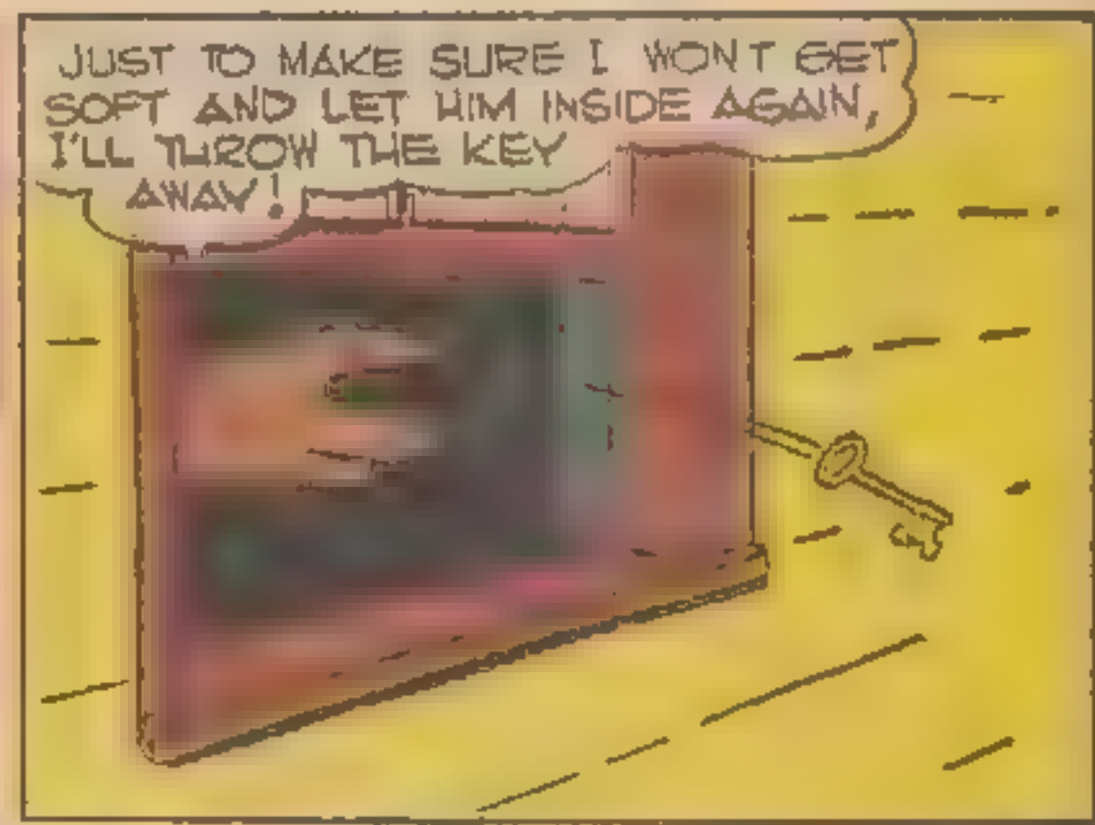

BENNY, WILL YOU DO ME A LITTLE FAVOR — HUH?
WHY, SURE, BARNEY!

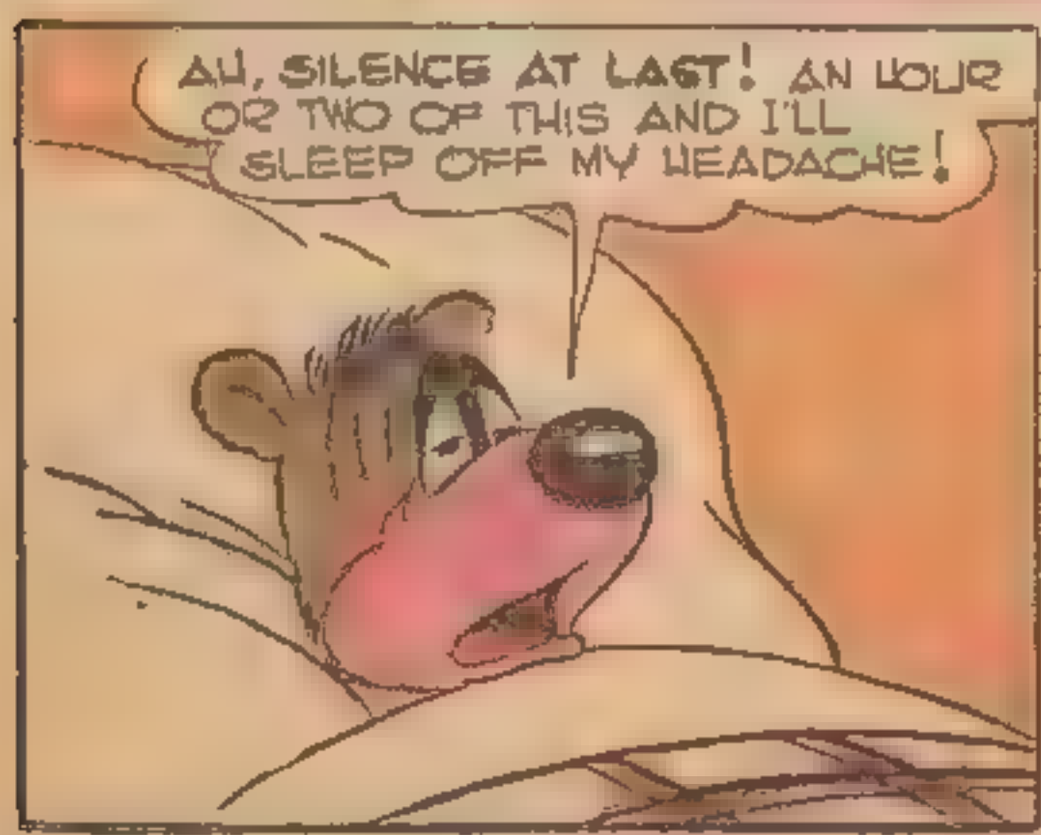

I THINK I HEAR A BUZZIN' SOUND COMIN' FROM 'WAY OVER BY THE CREEK! WILL YOU GO OVER THERE AND SEE IF YOU CAN STOP IT?
RIGHTO — PRONTO!

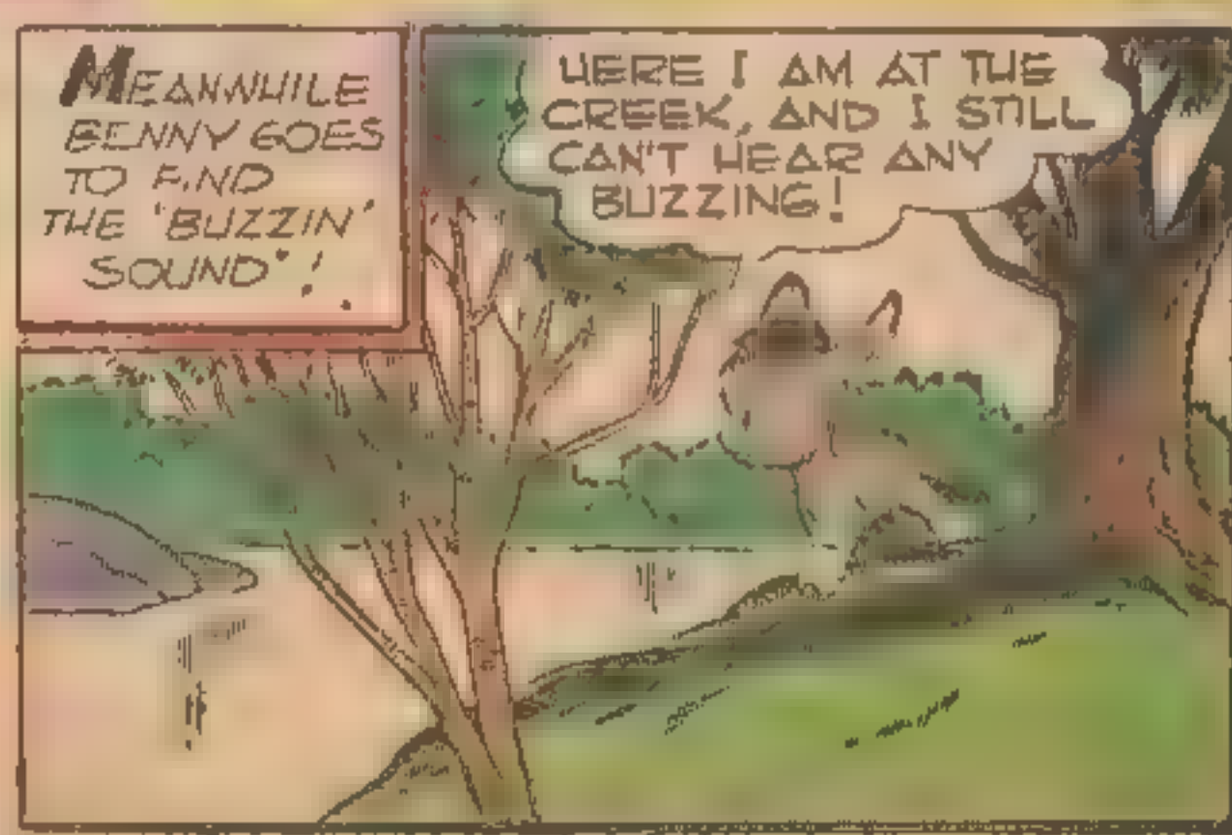

GEE, BARNEY'S EARS MUST BE SENSITIVE! I DON'T HEAR ANY BUZZING SOUND!

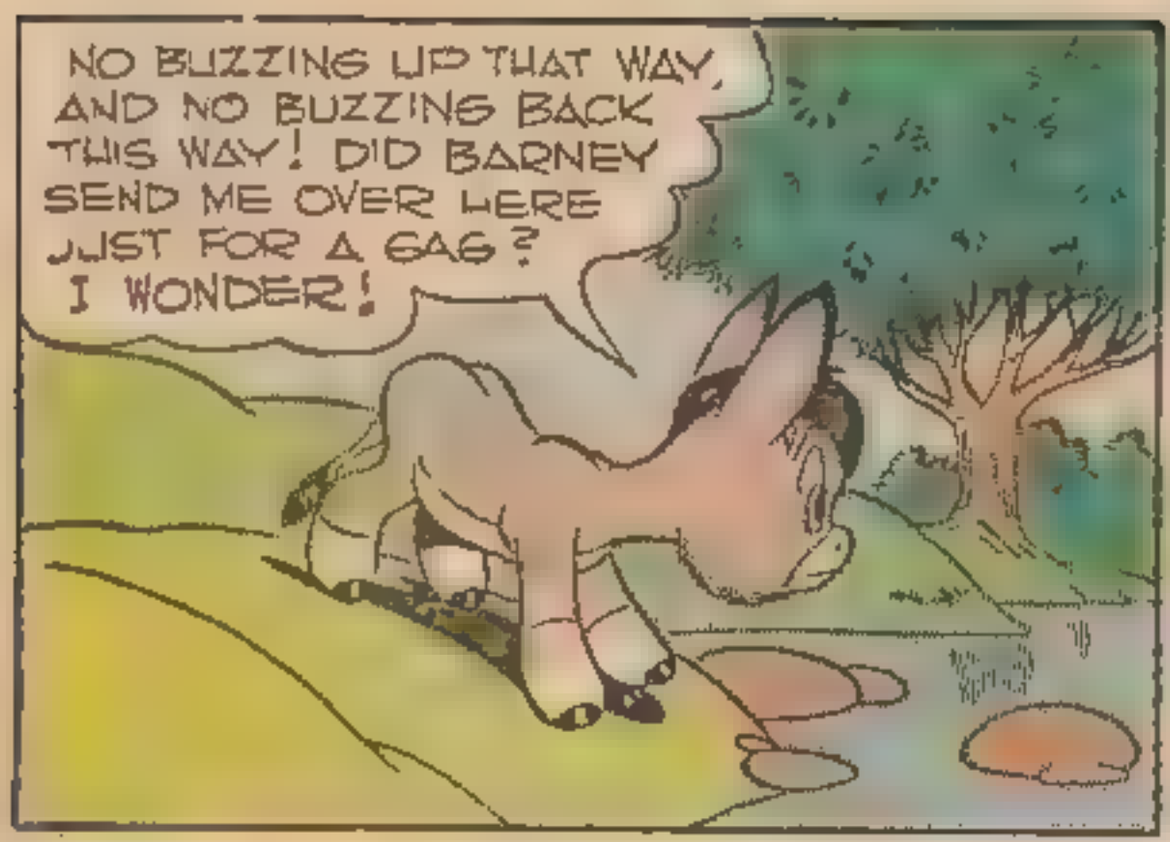

SLAM!

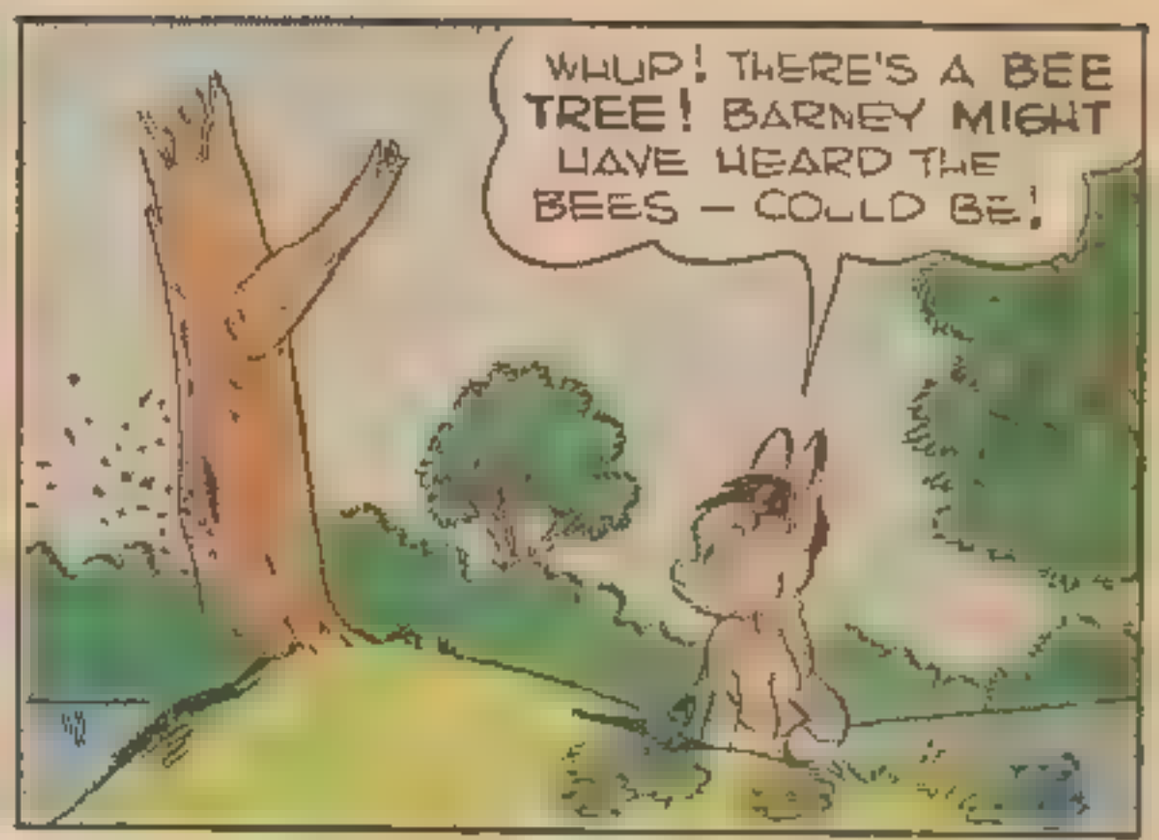

BENNY MEANS WELL, BUT ANY MORE OF HIS HELP WOULD KILL ME!

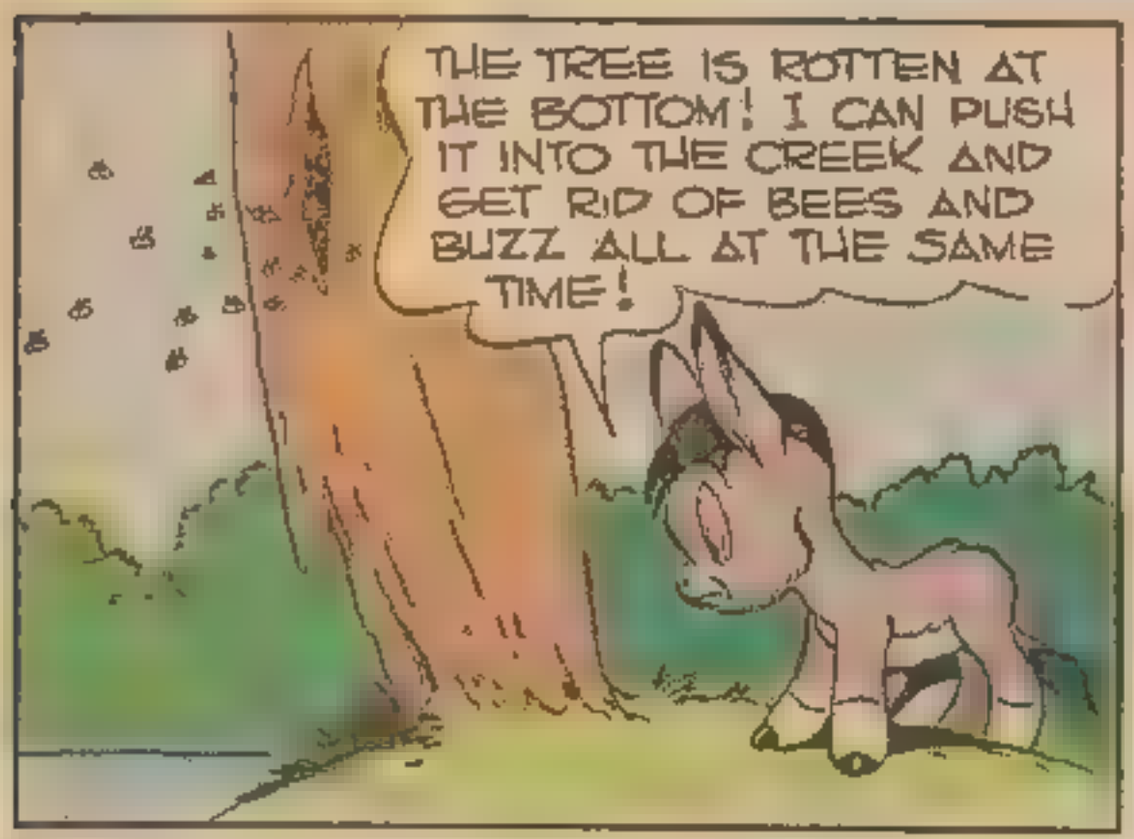

JUST TO MAKE SURE I WON'T GET SOFT AND LET HIM INSIDE AGAIN, I'LL THROW THE KEY AWAY!

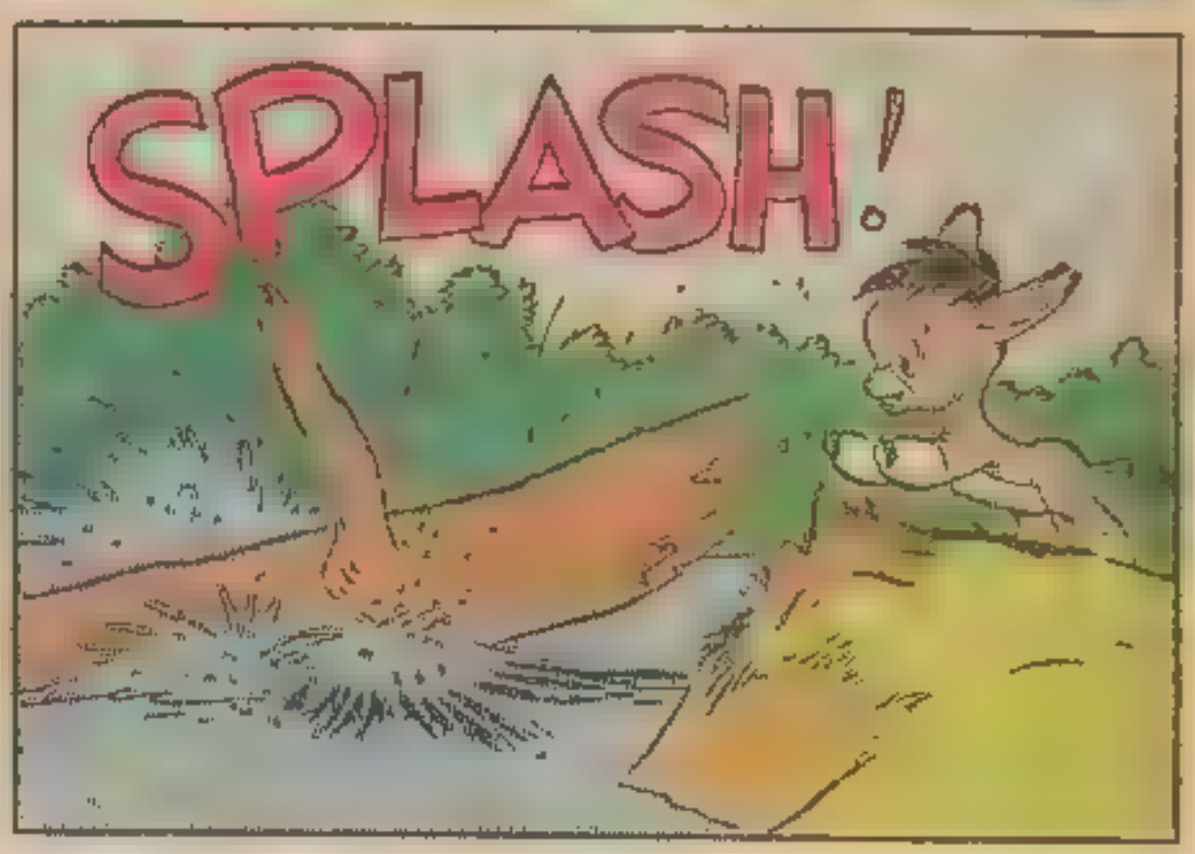

AH, SILENCE AT LAST! AN HOUR OR TWO OF THIS AND I'LL SLEEP OFF MY HEADACHE!

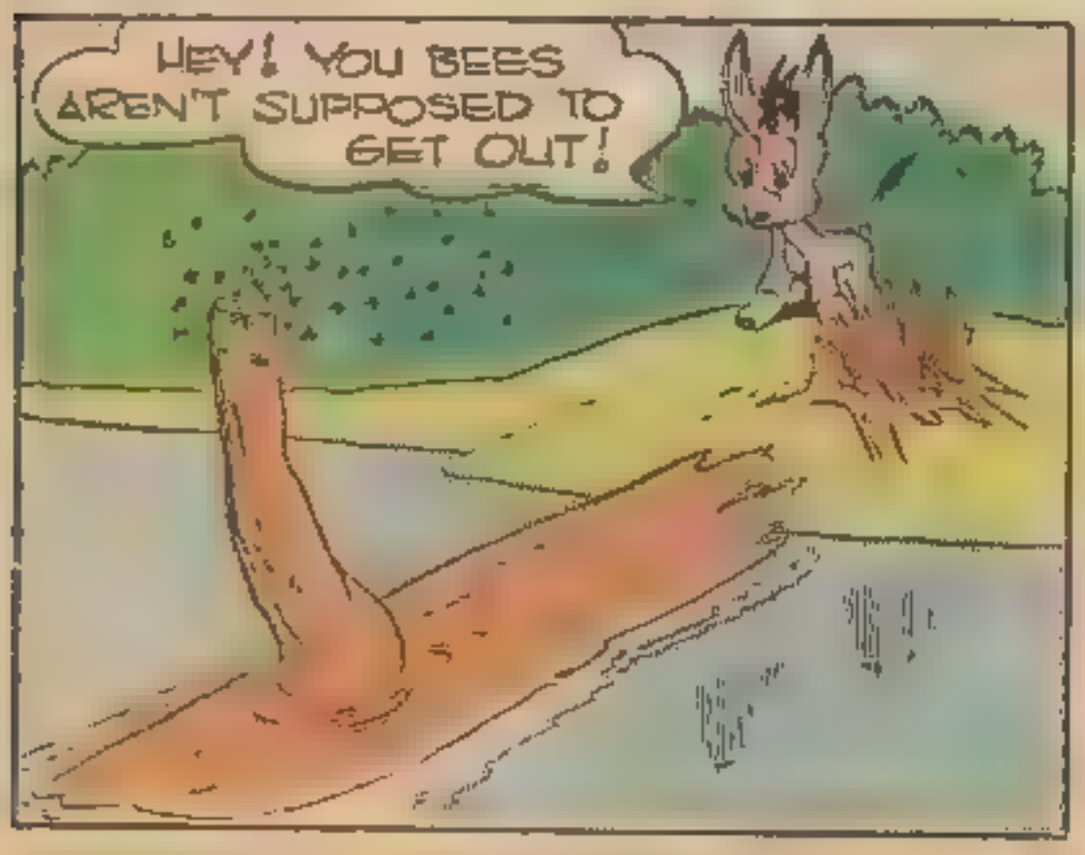

MEANWHILE BENNY GOES TO FIND THE 'BUZZIN' SOUND'!
HERE I AM AT THE CREEK, AND I STILL CAN'T HEAR ANY BUZZING!

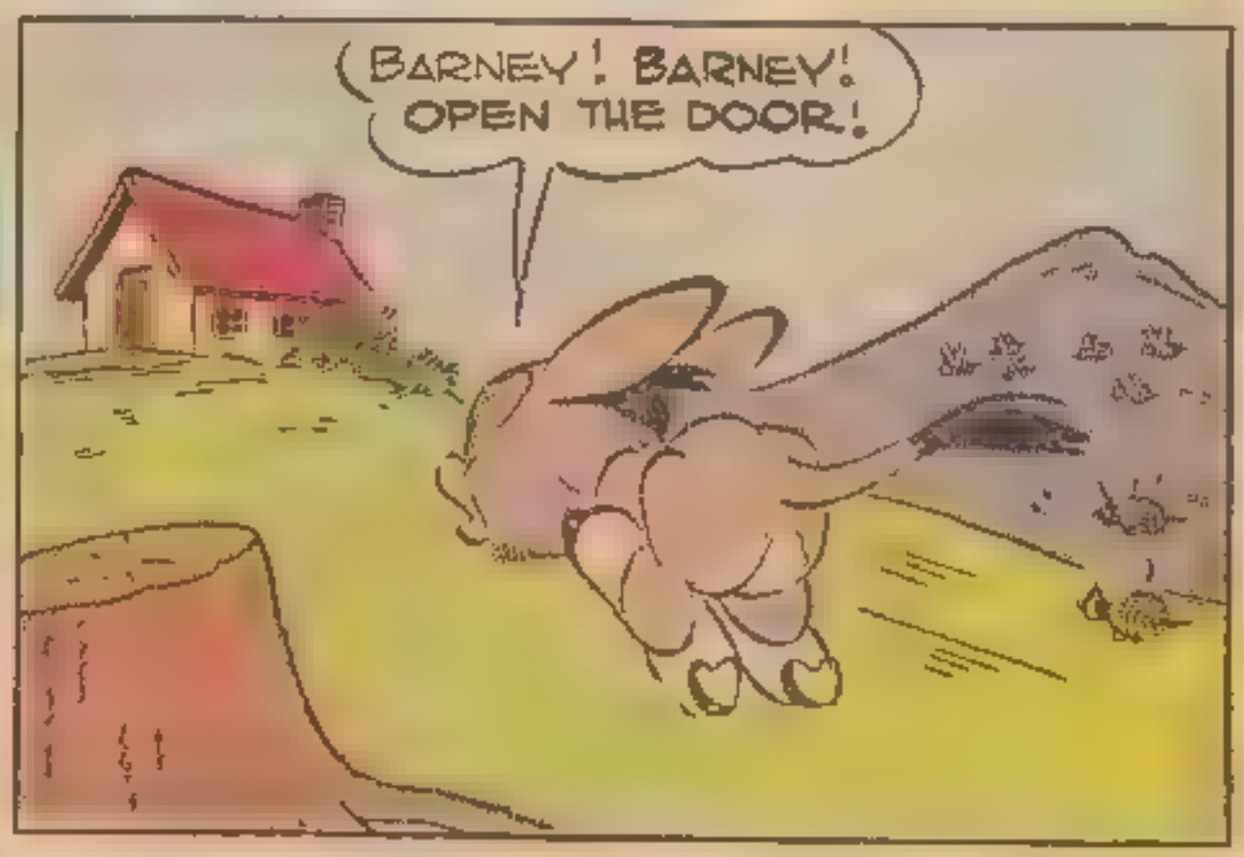

NO BUZZING UP THAT WAY, AND NO BUZZING BACK THIS WAY! DID BARNEY SEND ME OVER HERE JUST FOR A GAG? I WONDER!

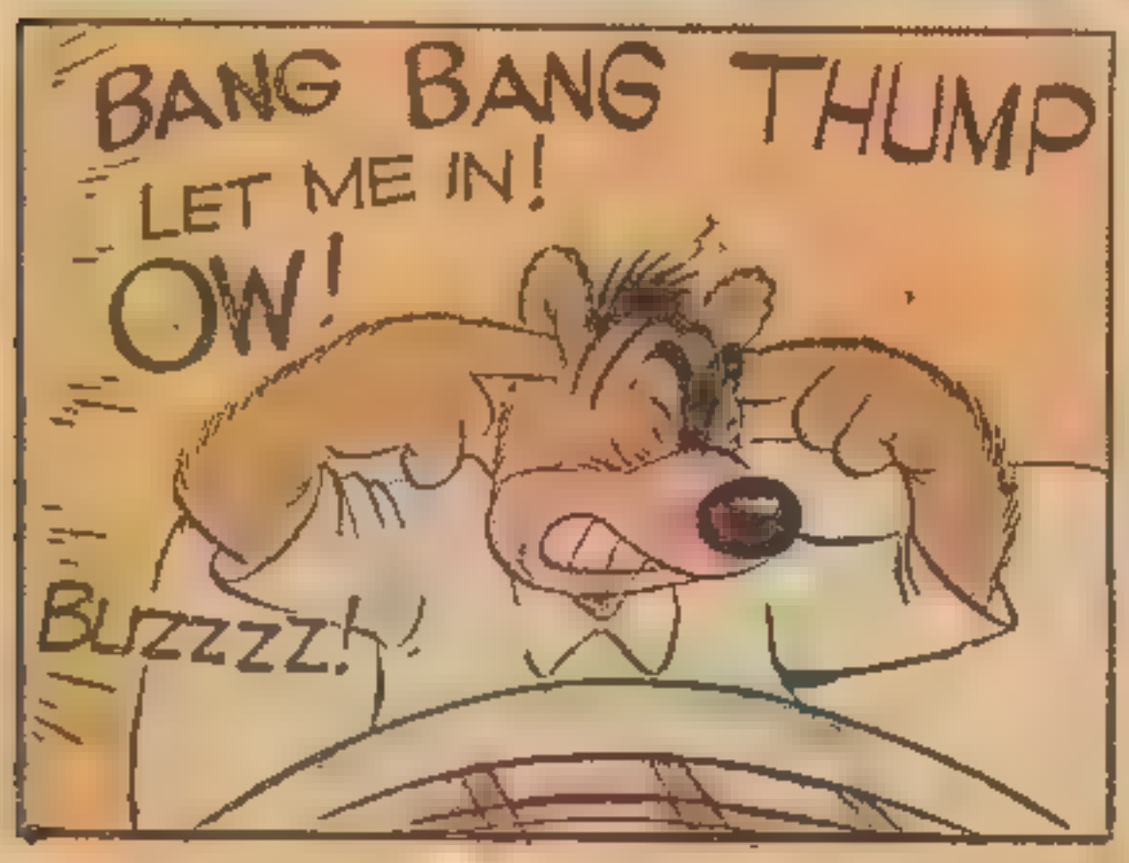

WHUP! THERE'S A BEE TREE! BARNEY MIGHT HAVE HEARD THE BEES — COULD BE!

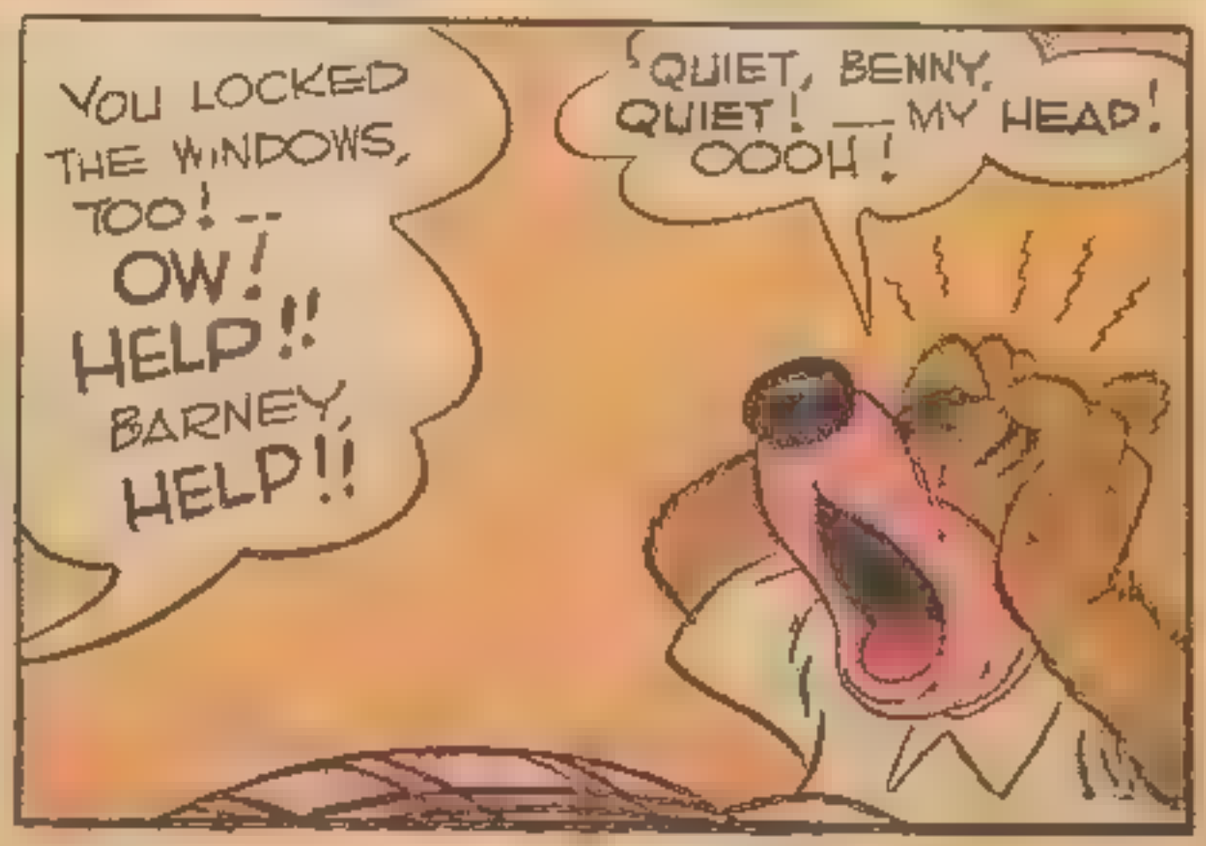

THE TREE IS ROTTEN AT THE BOTTOM! I CAN PUSH IT INTO THE CREEK AND GET RID OF BEES AND BUZZ ALL AT THE SAME TIME!

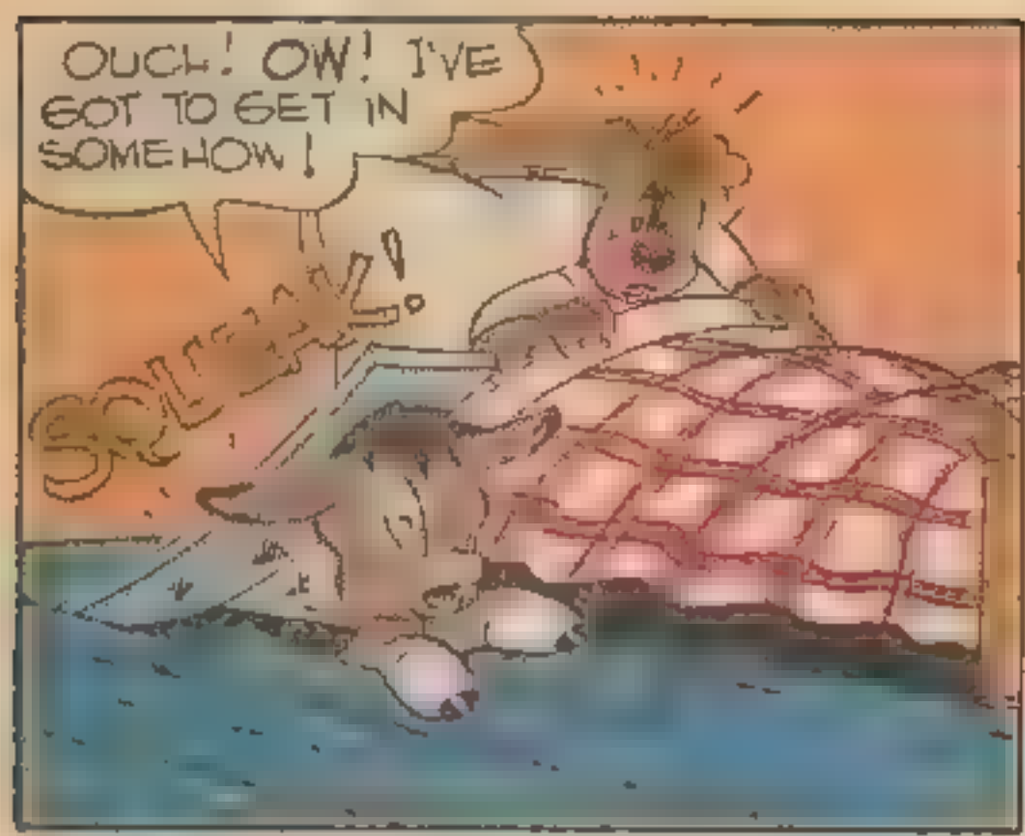

SPLASH!

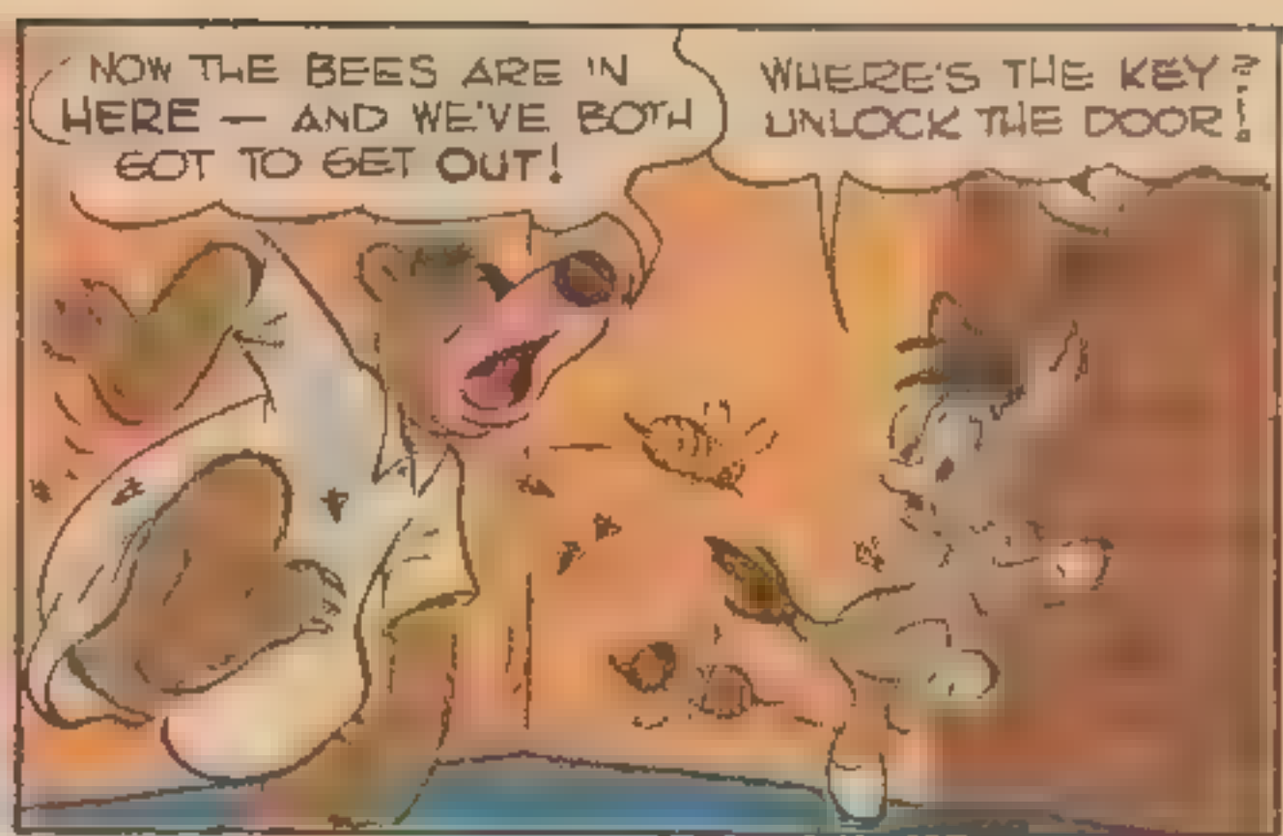

HEY! YOU BEES AREN'T SUPPOSED TO GET OUT!

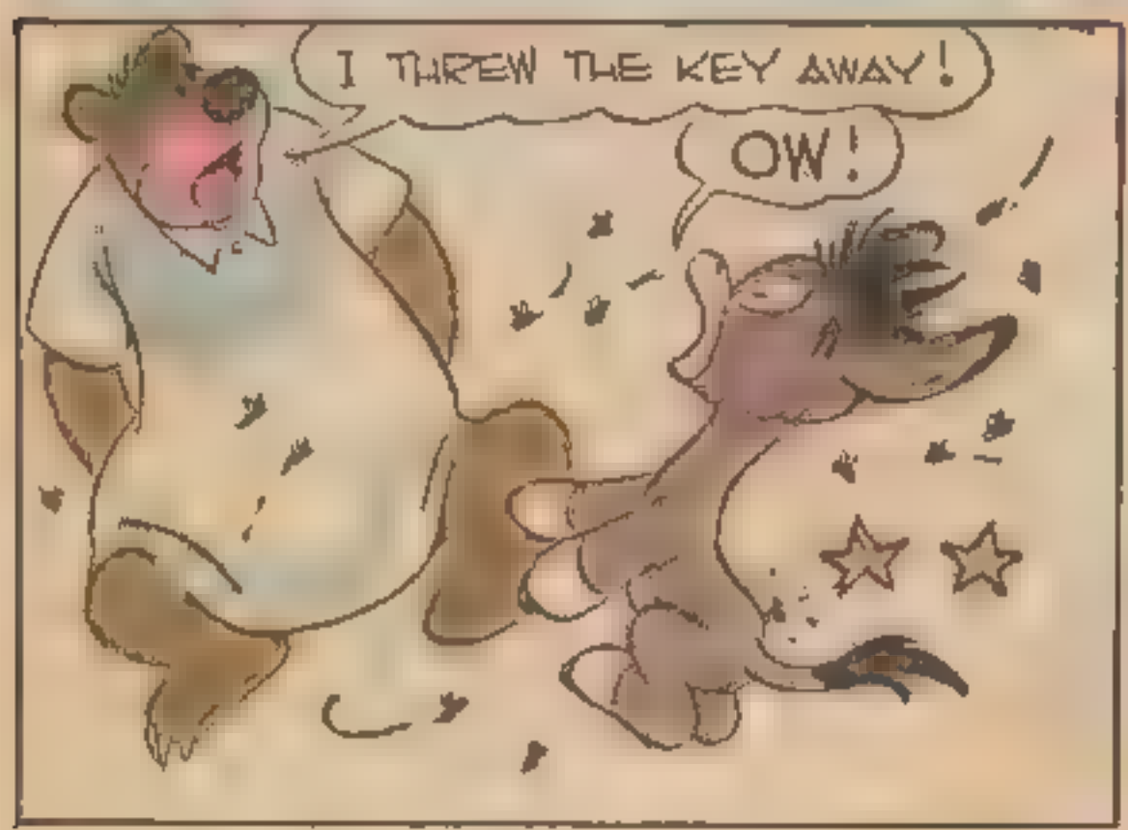

BARNEY! BARNEY! OPEN THE DOOR!

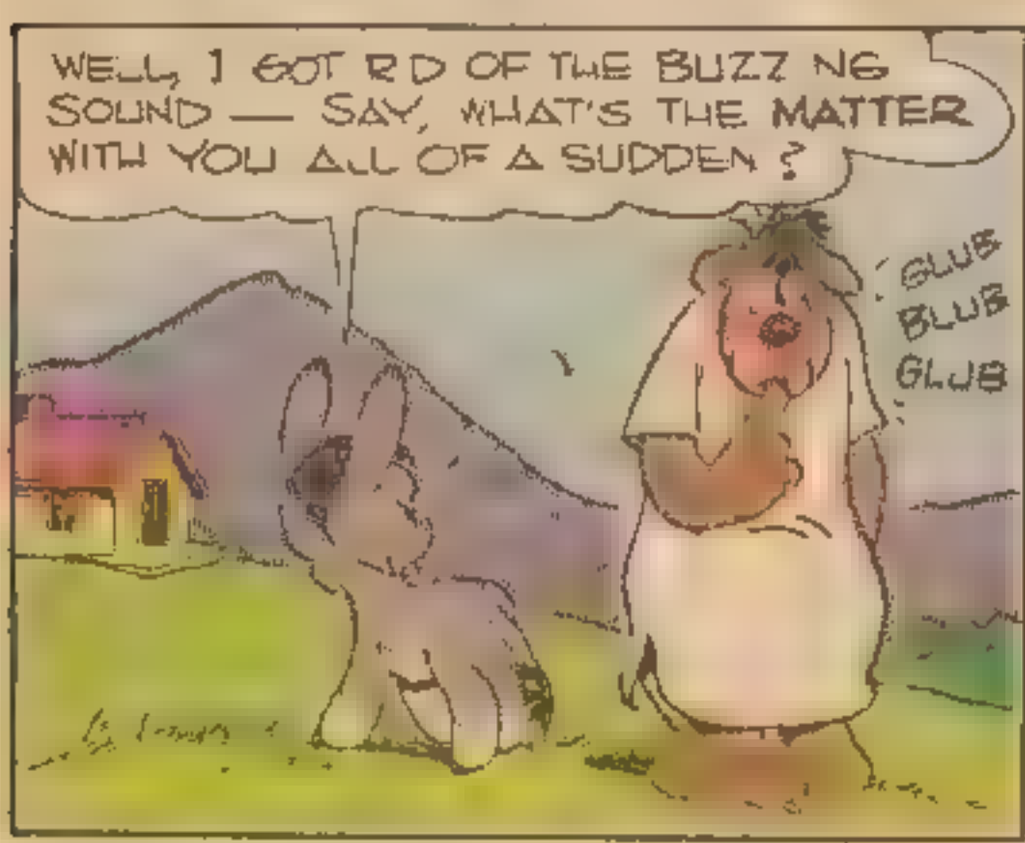

BANG BANG THUMP
LET ME IN!
OW!
BUZZZZ!

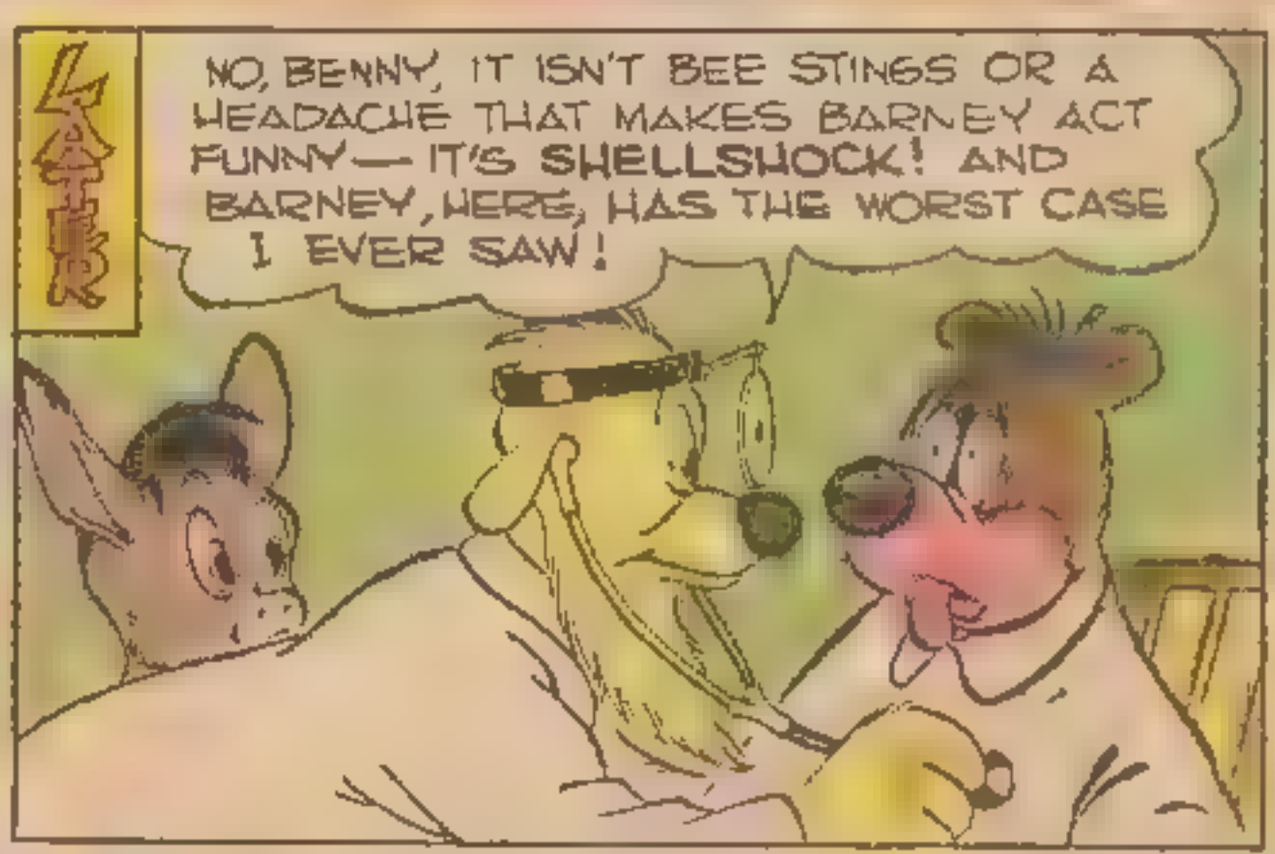

YOU LOCKED THE WINDOWS, TOO! -- OW! HELP!! BARNEY, HELP!!
QUIET, BENNY, QUIET! — MY HEAD! OOOH!

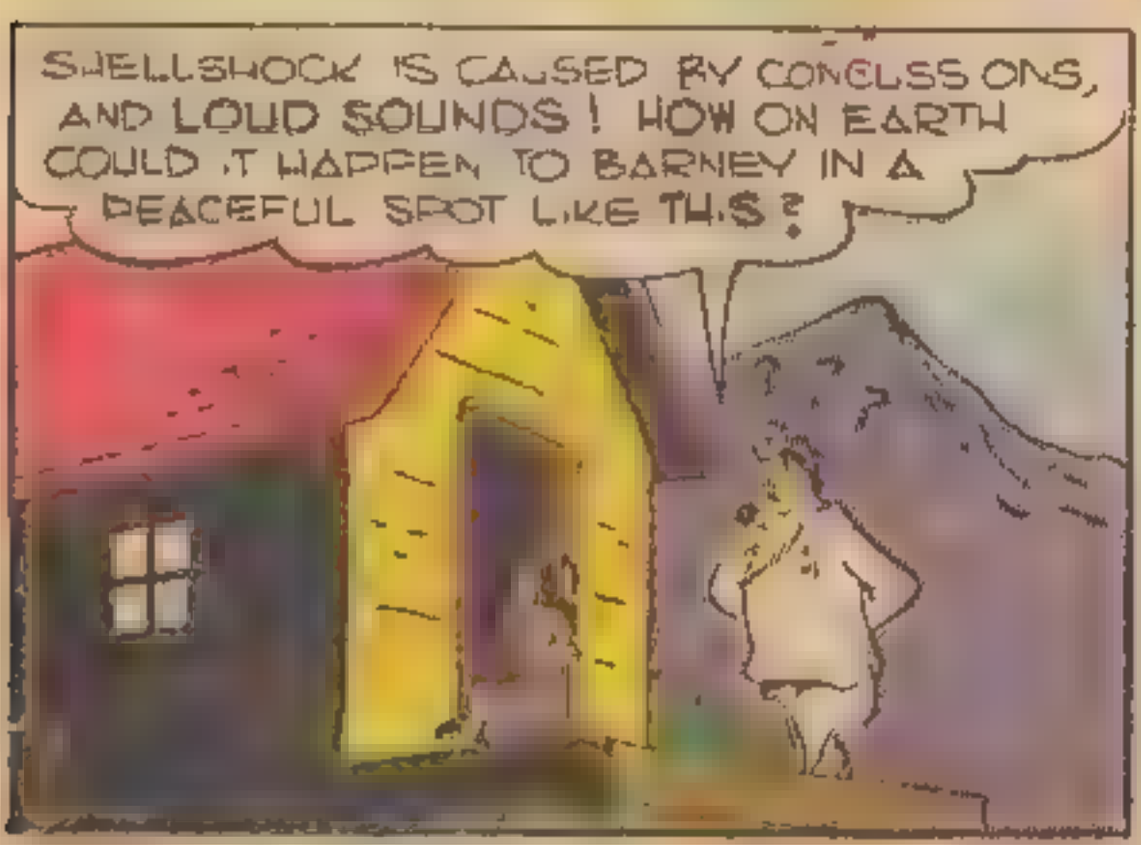


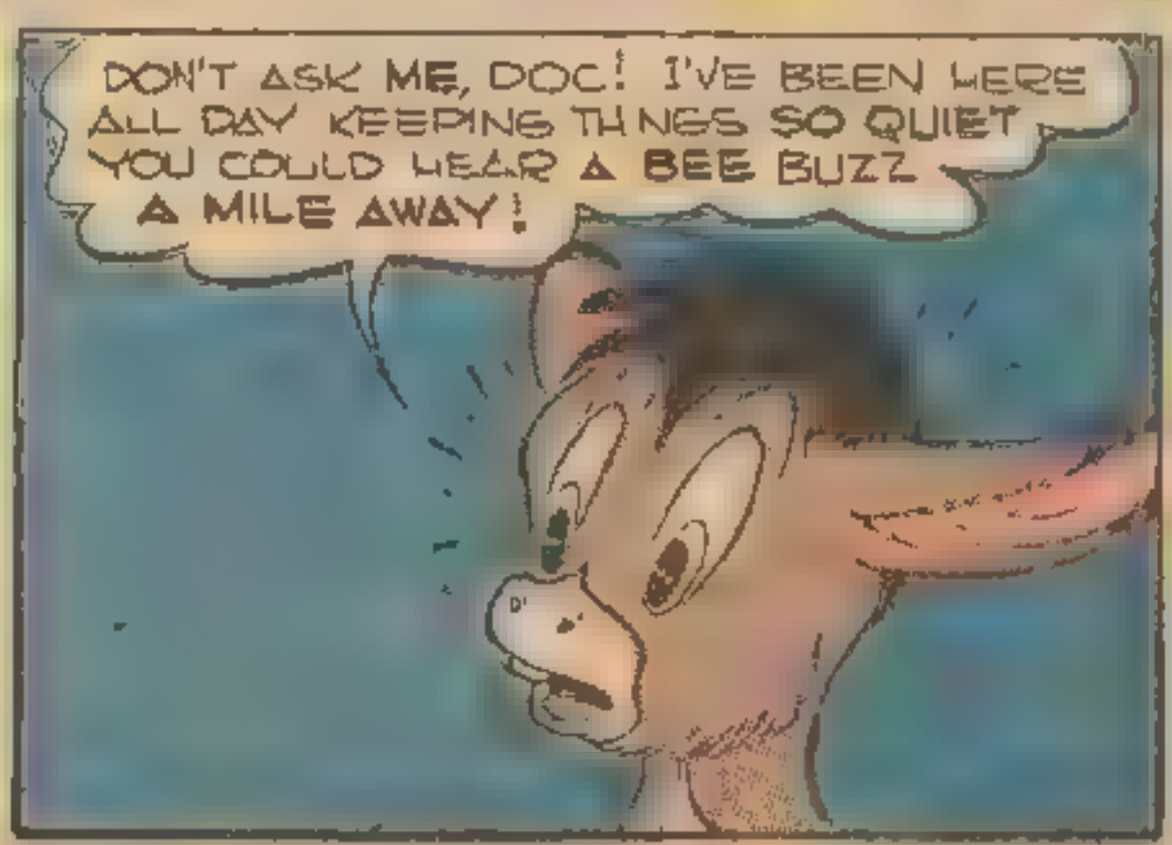






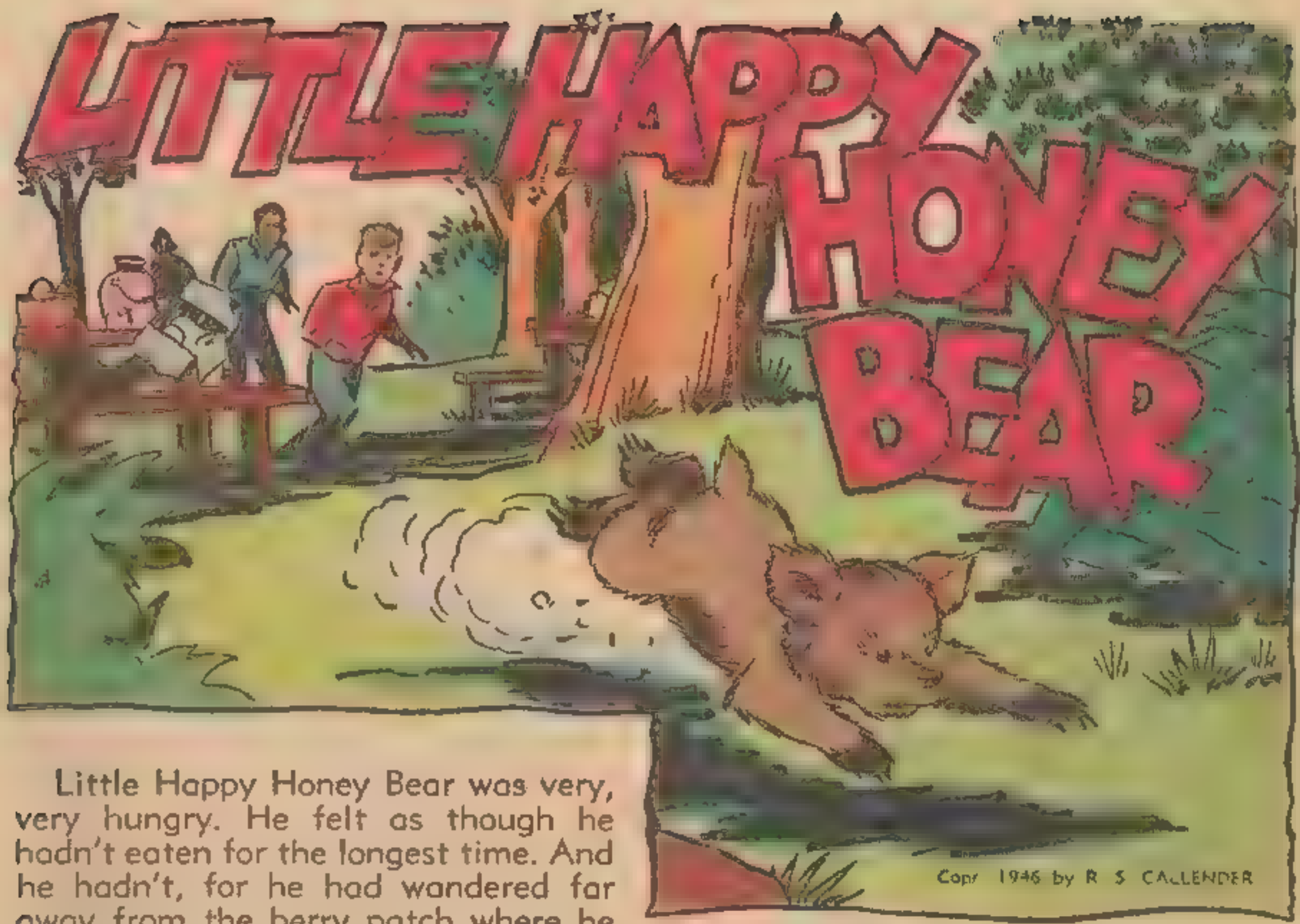






BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures

LITTLE HAPPY HONEY BEAR



Little Happy Honey Bear was very, very hungry. He felt as though he hadn't eaten for the longest time. And he hadn't, for he had wandered far away from the berry patch where he usually got his meals, and there was no one to tell him what else to eat, because he was an orphan.

"Maybe I could eat some roots," he thought. So he tried a few roots, but they were very bitter. They didn't taste good at all. "Gosh, they're awful," he said and started looking for a brook so he could get the bitterness out of his mouth. When he came to the brook there was Curly Cinnamon Bear nibbling on some bushes.

"These must be good to eat," said Happy. He picked out a very appetizing looking plant and started to nibble But almost as soon as he had started Curly Cinnamon Bear looked up and saw him.

"Here! What are you doing in my cinnamon patch?" he demanded.

Happy Honey Bear was so surprised that he stopped at once. "I'm hungry. I saw you eating here so I thought these bushes must be good for bears to eat."

"These are cinnamon sticks and they're for Cinnamon Bears. You don't look like a Cinnamon Bear."

"Oh, I'm not," said Happy. "I'm a Honey Bear, and my name is Happy Honey Bear."

Curly Cinnamon Bear almost doubled up with laughter. "Ha-ha! Imagine that . . a Honey Bear eating cinnamon sticks." Then he stopped laughing and pointed a paw very sternly at Happy. "Don't you know better than to waste cinnamon sticks? If you're a Honey Bear, go eat honey Now, scoot, and don't let me catch you in the cinnamon patch again."

Off Happy ran just as fast as he could and he didn't stop until he was far away from Curly. "My, what a cross old bear," he thought, when he finally sat down to rest, "but at least I know what to eat now. I wonder where I can find some honey." Then he remembered the picnic grounds. "Now why didn't I think of that before," he said. "The other animals all find lovely things to eat there."

So Happy hurried off, just as fast as

he could make his feet go to the big clearing his friends had told him about. There were lots of tables about and on one of them a big lunch was all spread out, and not a soul was about it.

"My that looks good," said Happy, and he walked right over and helped himself. First he had some potato salad and a baloney sandwich; then he reached for a hardboiled egg, but before he had a chance to taste it, the picnickers came back to the table. When they saw a bear at their table, they screamed and yelled so much that Happy got frightened and ran away

The little bear ran and ran. In fact, he didn't stop until wham! he bumped right into Willy Woodchuck and knocked him right over

"I am sorry," said Happy as he helped Willy up, "but you see I was just out looking for some honey and . . "

"I'm not interested in your troubles," interrupted Willy. "The honey is in the hollow log behind you." And he stalked off into the bushes.

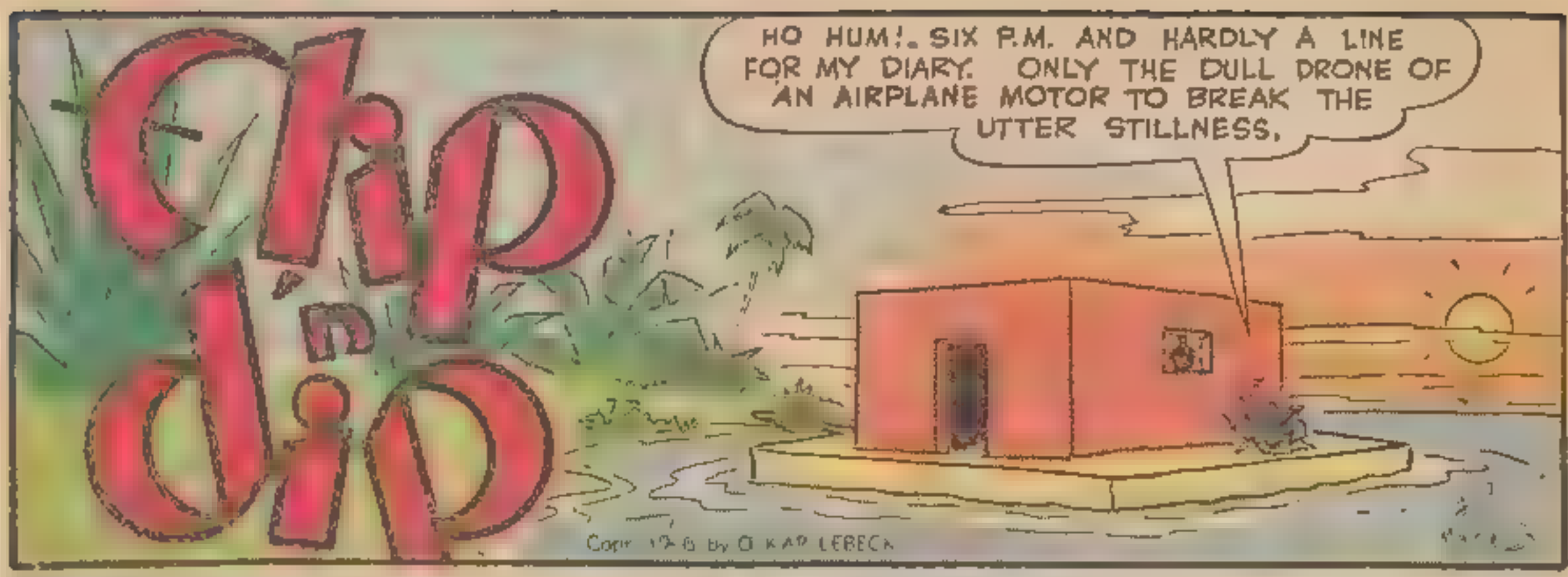
"So that's where it is," said Happy and he poked his head into the hollow of the log. Sniff, sniff, he went and smelled the nicest sweet smell. Then, suddenly, there were a lot of bzzz bzzz bzzz sounds. Happy felt a sharp pain in his nose and another in his ear. He pulled his head out of the hole as fast as he could and the whole logful of bees swarmed out after him and began stinging him all over.

All Happy could think about was getting into a pool of cool water so he raced away to the brook and plunged in right over his head, and he stayed there so long the bees got tired waiting and went back to their log.

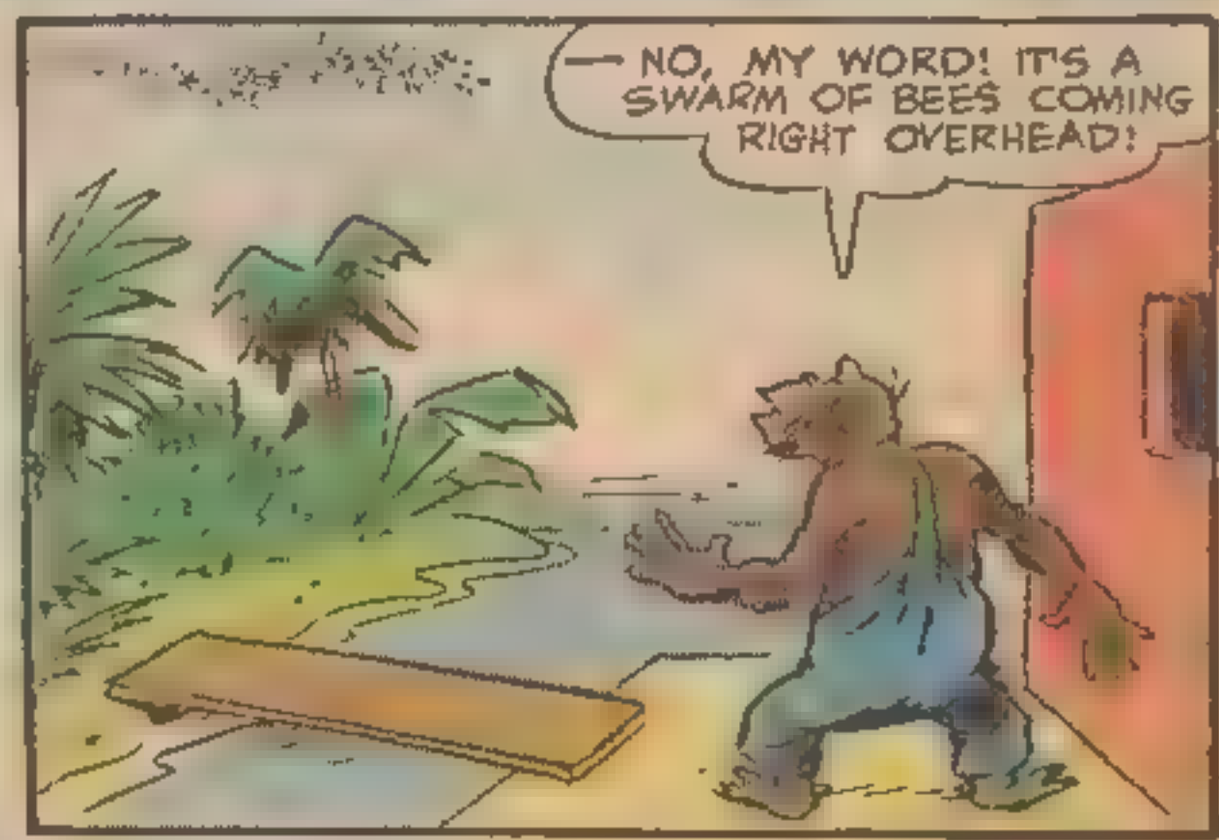
When finally Happy started for shore, there on the bank stood a full-grown. Honey Bear holding his sides and laughing just as hard as he could.

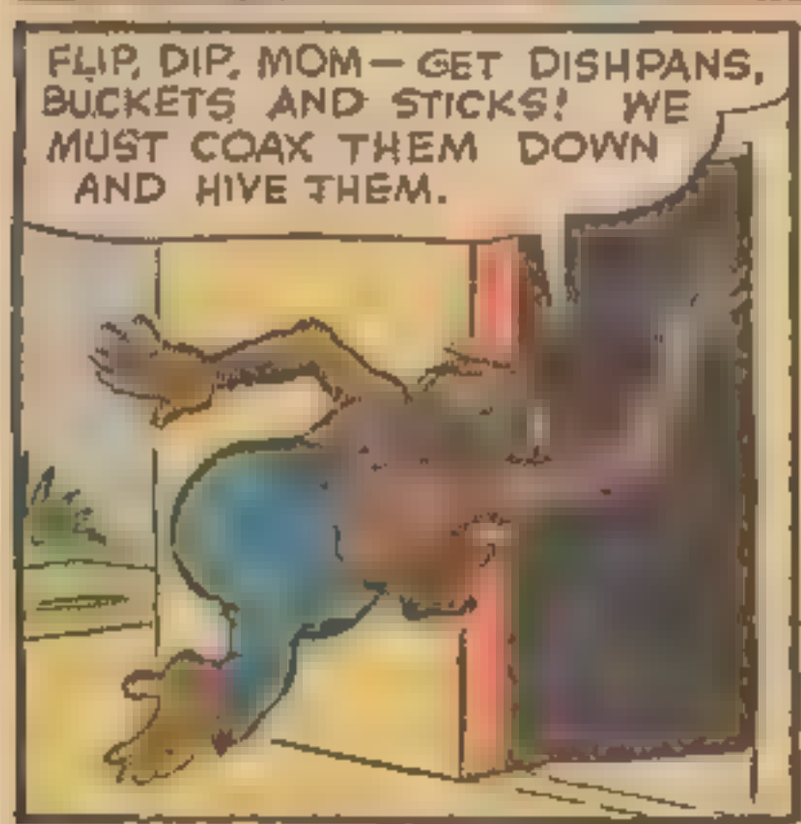
"Ho ho ho! So you tried to steal some honey?" laughed the big bear. "Well, now that you've had your first lesson, I'll show you how to go about it in the right way."

"No thank you," said Happy, shaking himself. "I'm going to find my berry patch again, if it takes me a week! And if I don't find it, I'm going to be a Cinnamon Bear and live on cinnamon sticks!"

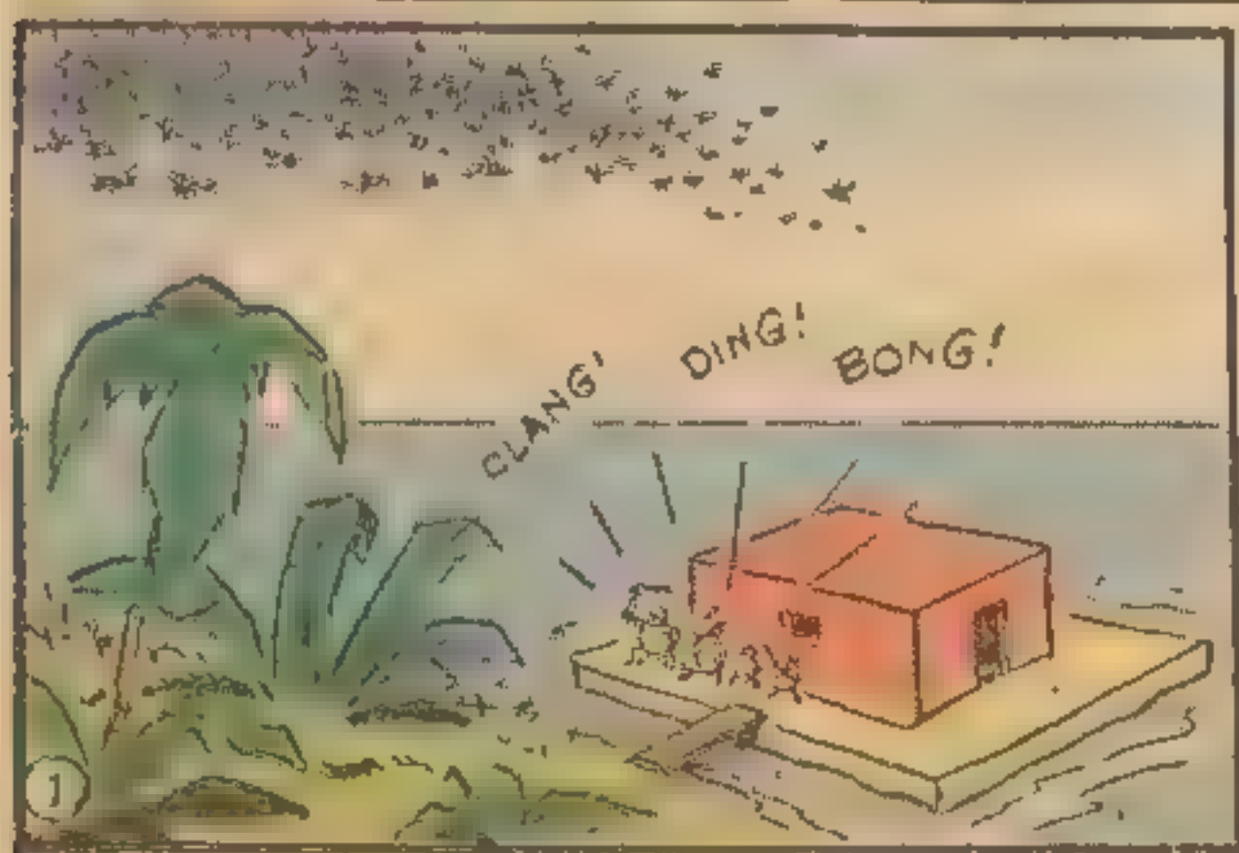

Flip n' Dip
HO HUM!. SIX P.M. AND HARDLY A LINE FOR MY DIARY. ONLY THE DULL DRONE OF AN AIRPLANE MOTOR TO BREAK THE UTTER STILLNESS.

—OR IS IT AN ARPLANE?


—NO, MY WORD! IT'S A SWARM OF BEES COMING RIGHT OVERHEAD!

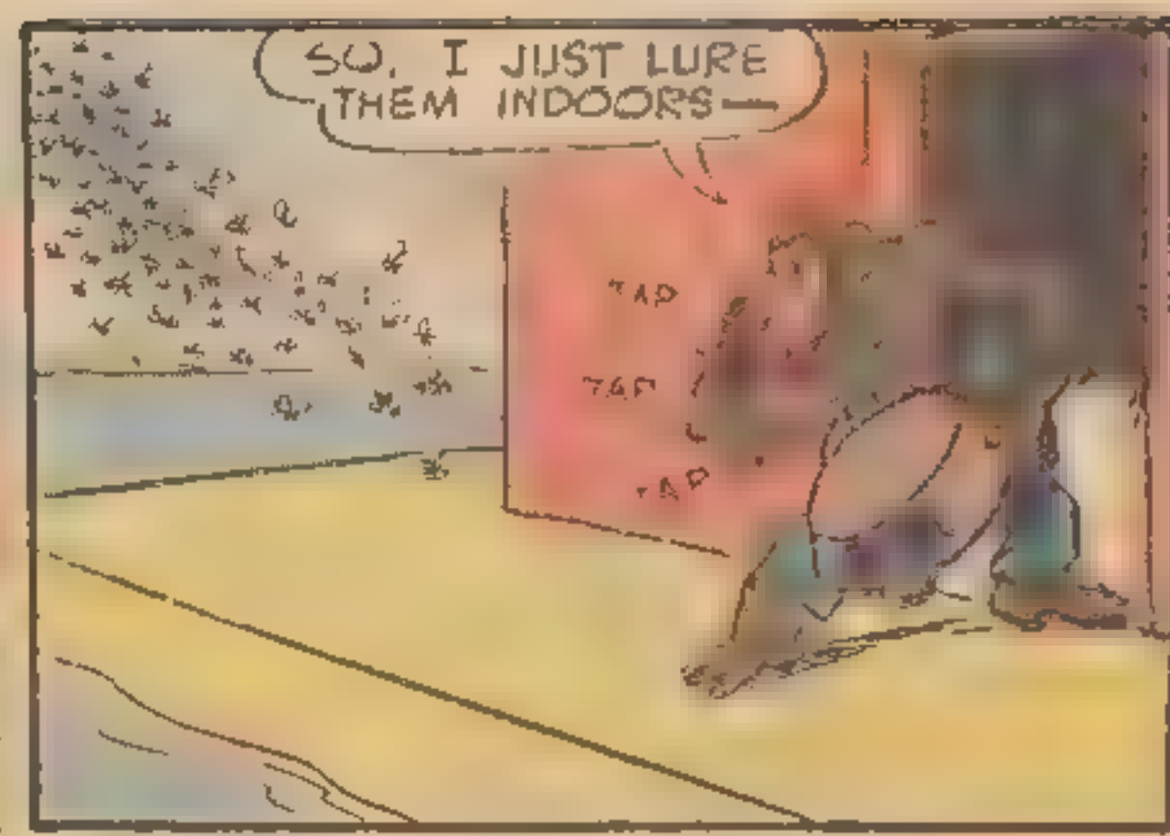

FLIP, DIP, MOM—GET DISHPANS, BUCKETS AND STICKS! WE MUST COAX THEM DOWN AND HIVE THEM.

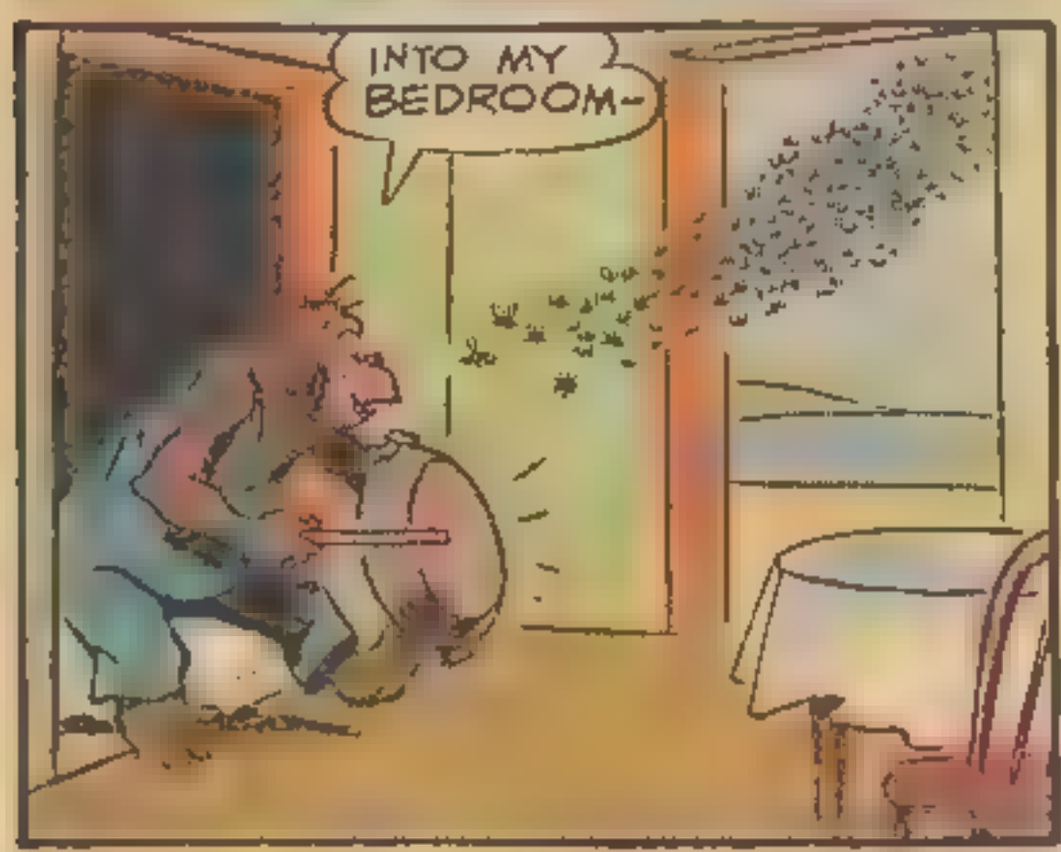
WHAM! BANG! CLANG!
—THEN WE'LL HAVE HONEY ALL YEAR AROUND.

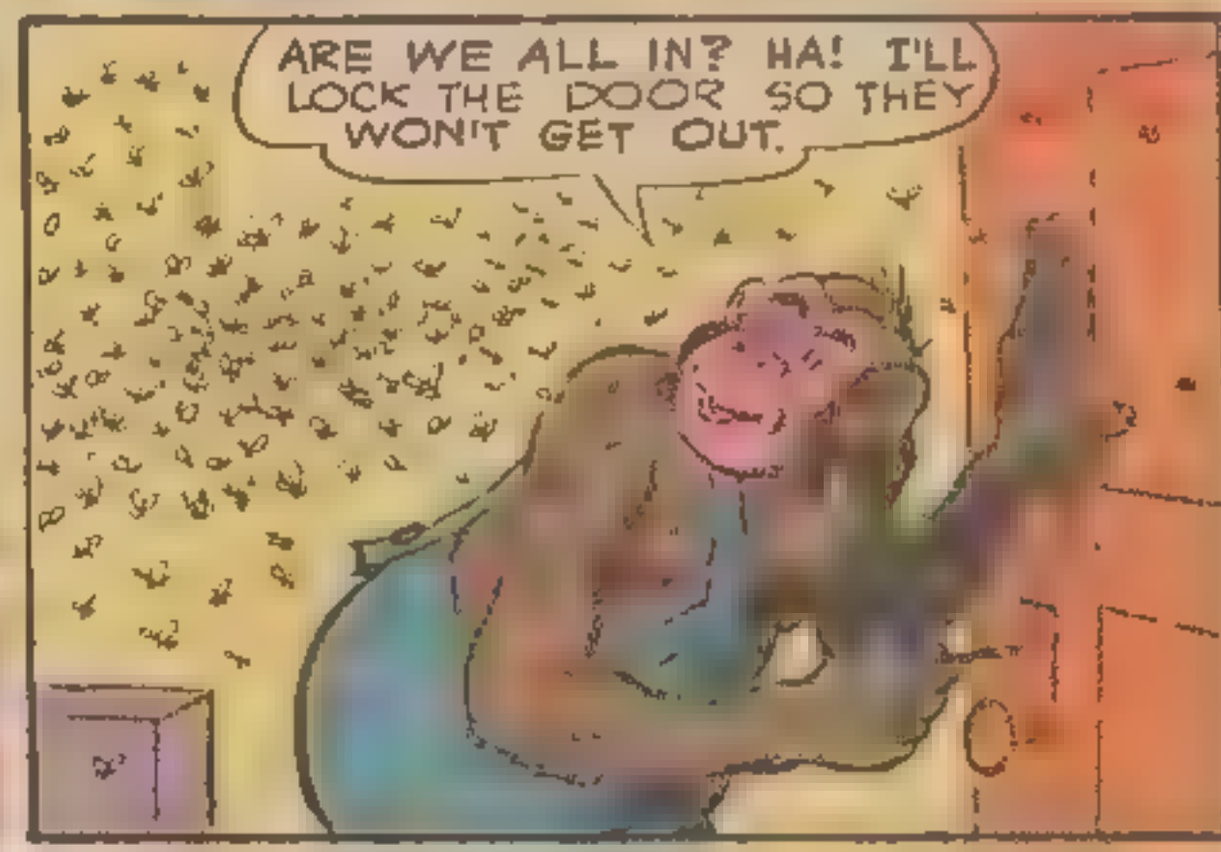

CLANG! DING! BONG!
1

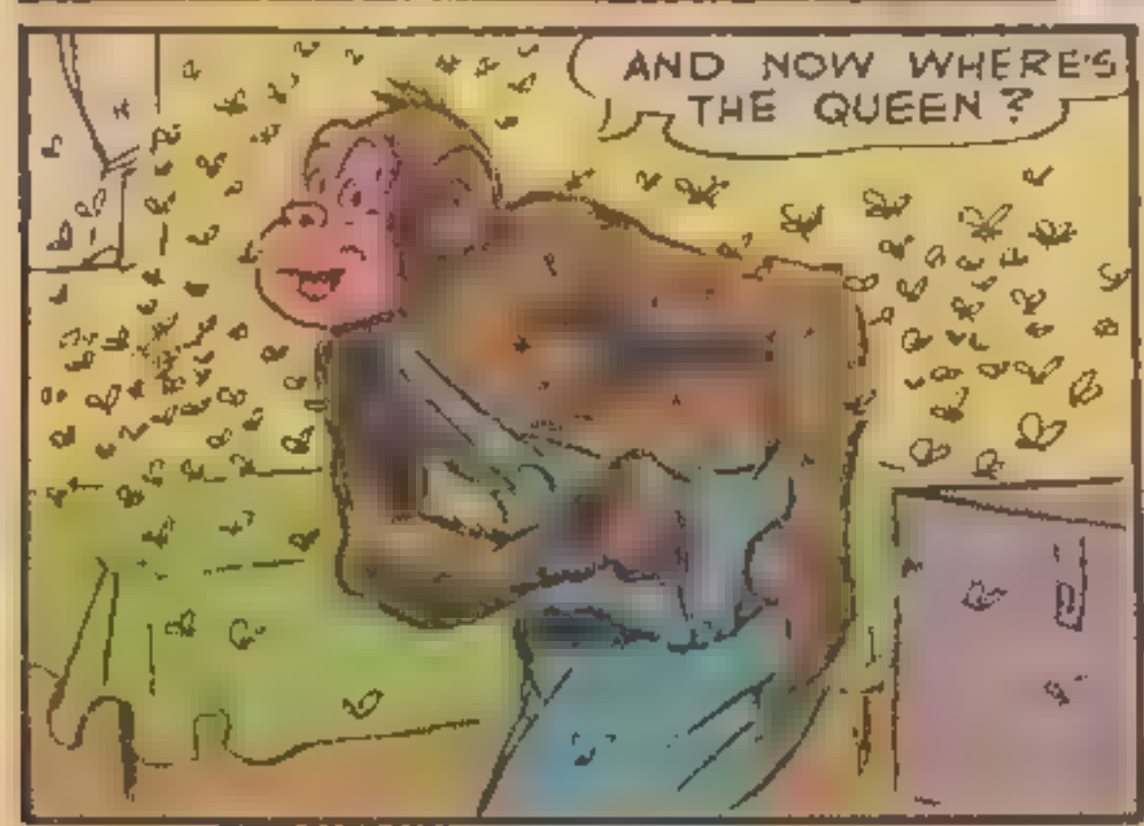
HARK, GANG! I NEVER MISTAKE A DINNER BELL! YOUR QUEEN BIDS YOU DESCEND FOR REFRESHMENTS!

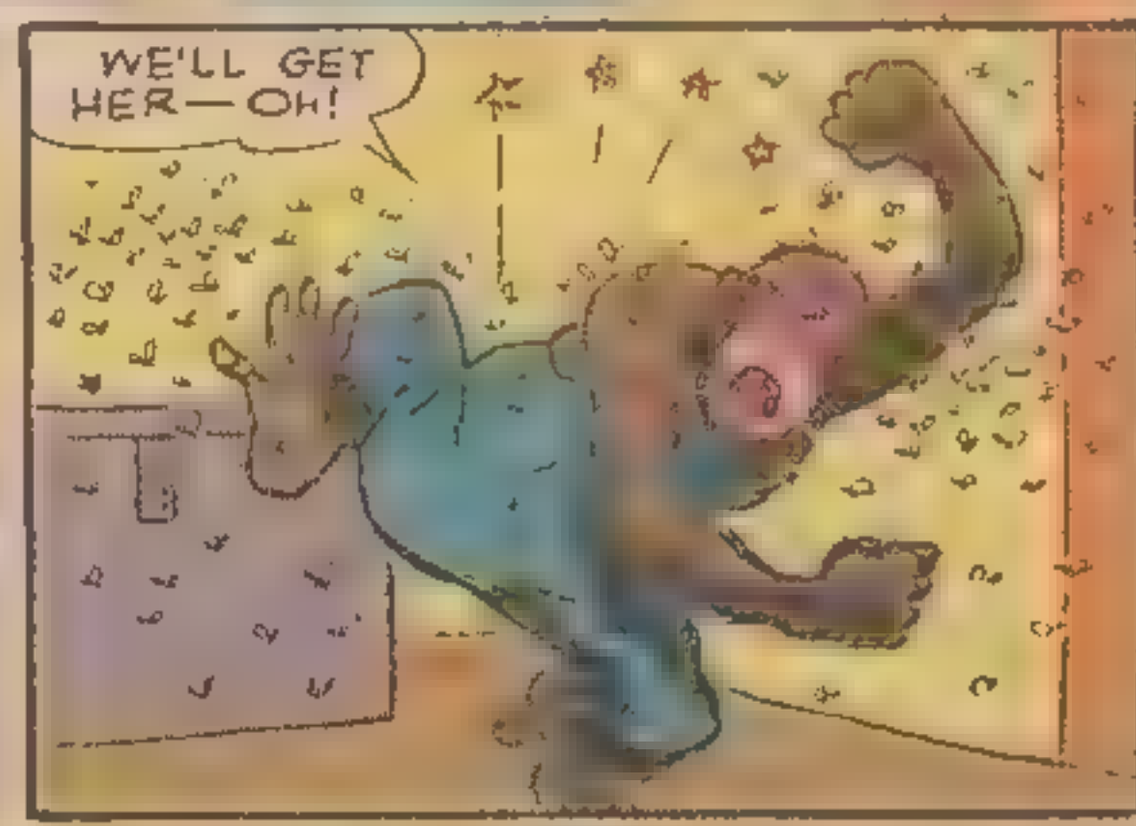
AH HERE THEY COME! STAND ASIDE NOW SO I CAN DEPLOY THEM INTO A TRAP

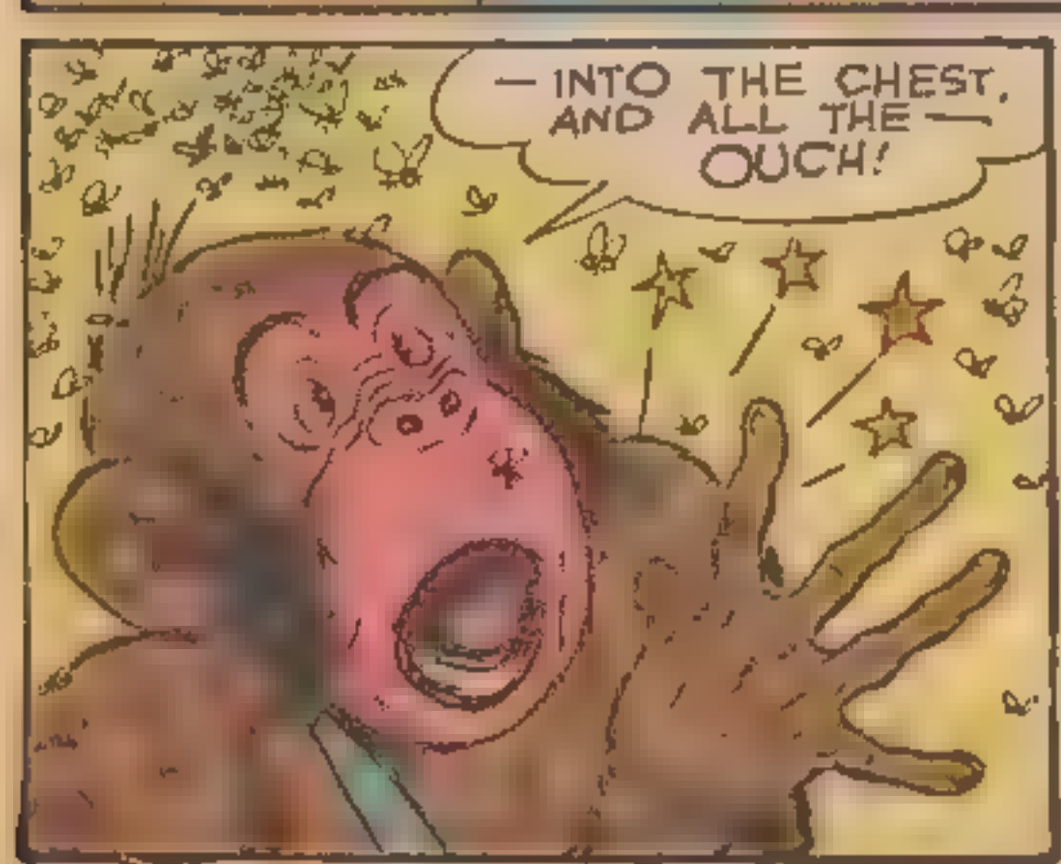

SO, I JUST LURE THEM INDOORS—
TAP
TAP
TAP

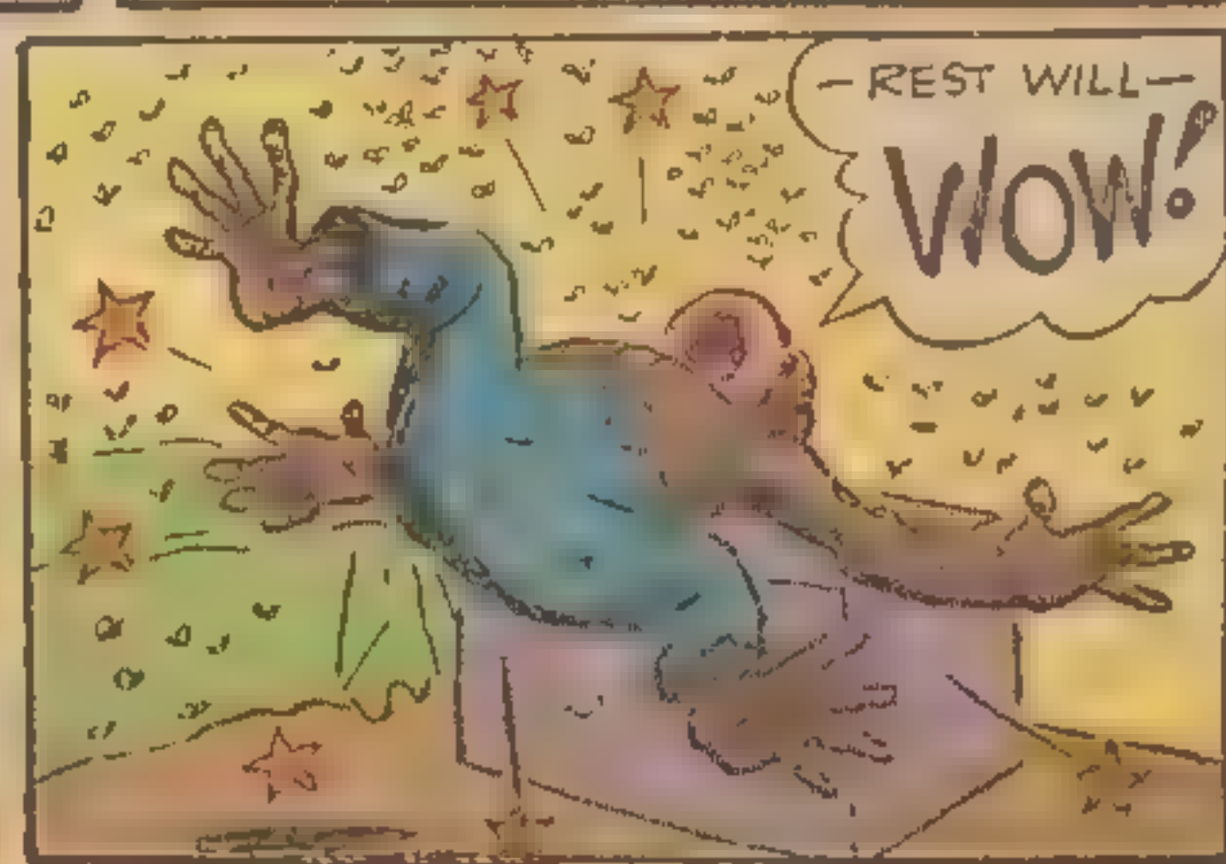

INTO MY BEDROOM-

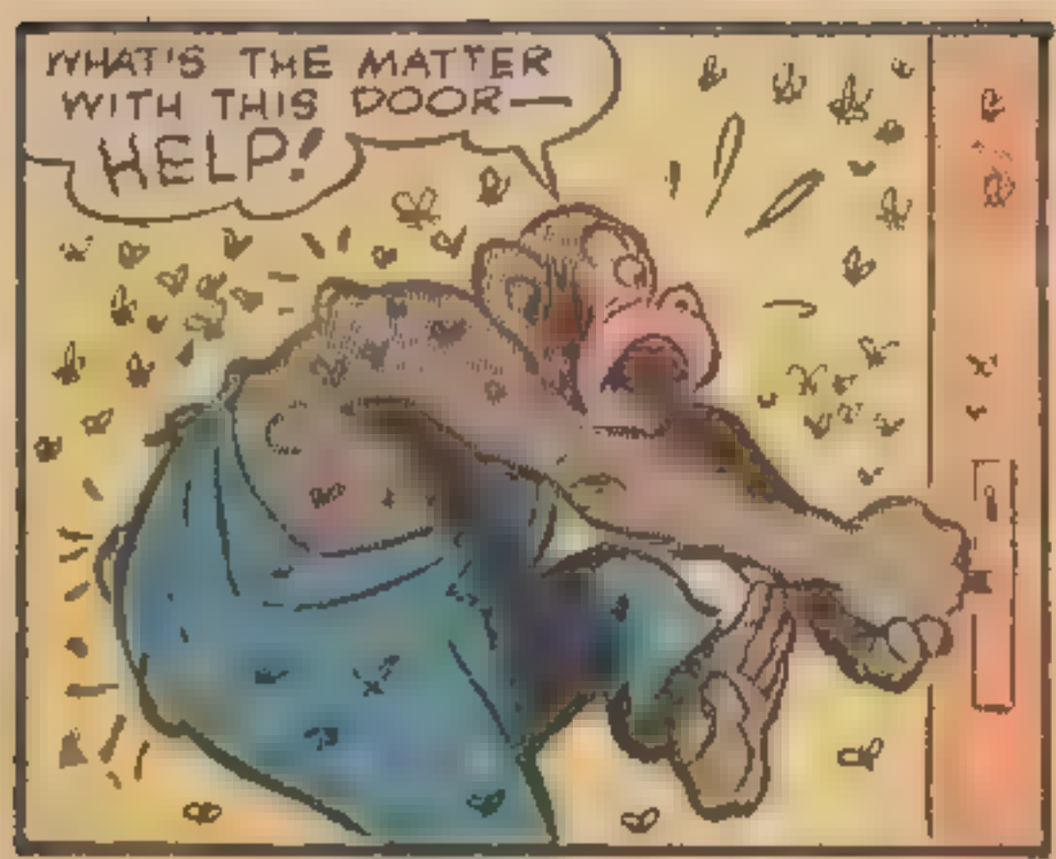

ARE WE ALL IN? HA! I'LL LOCK THE DOOR SO THEY WON'T GET OUT.

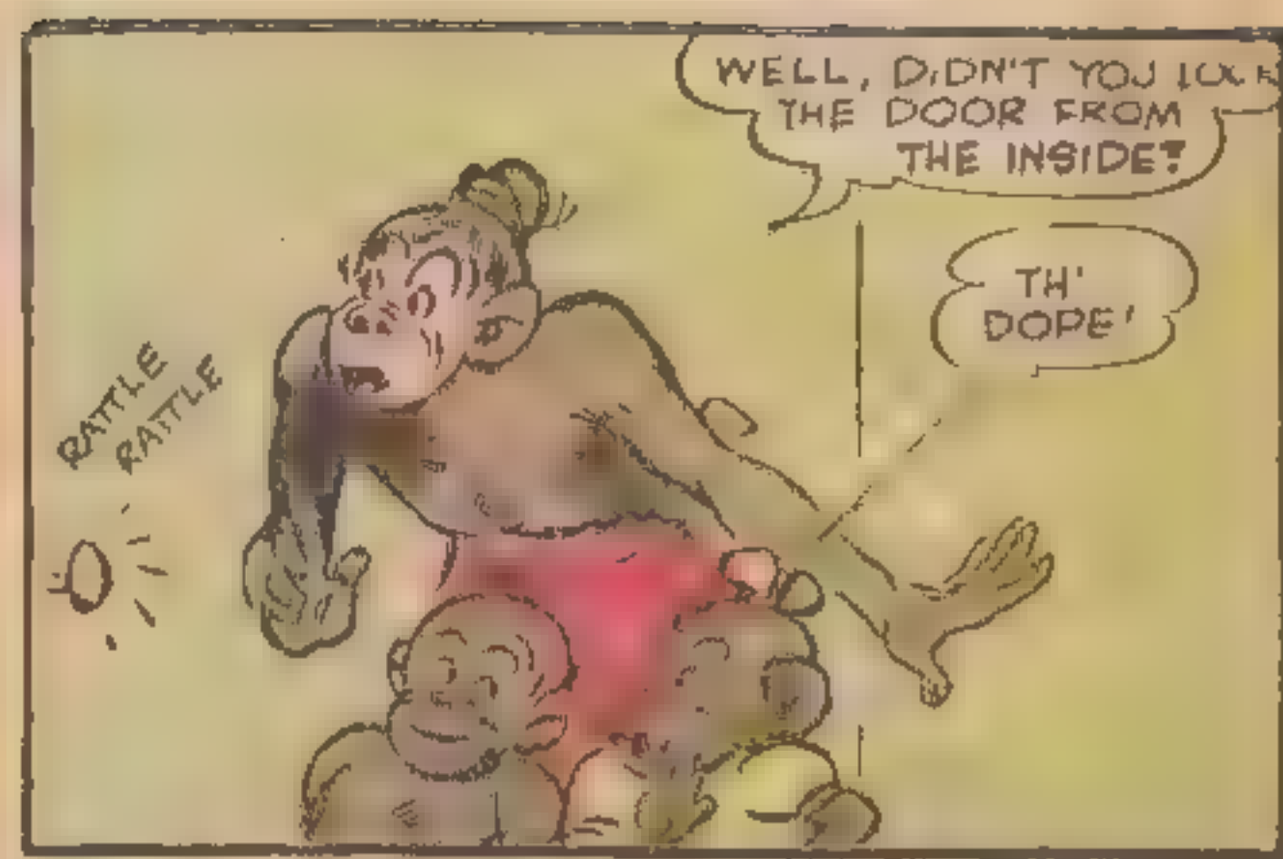

AND NOW WHERE'S THE QUEEN?

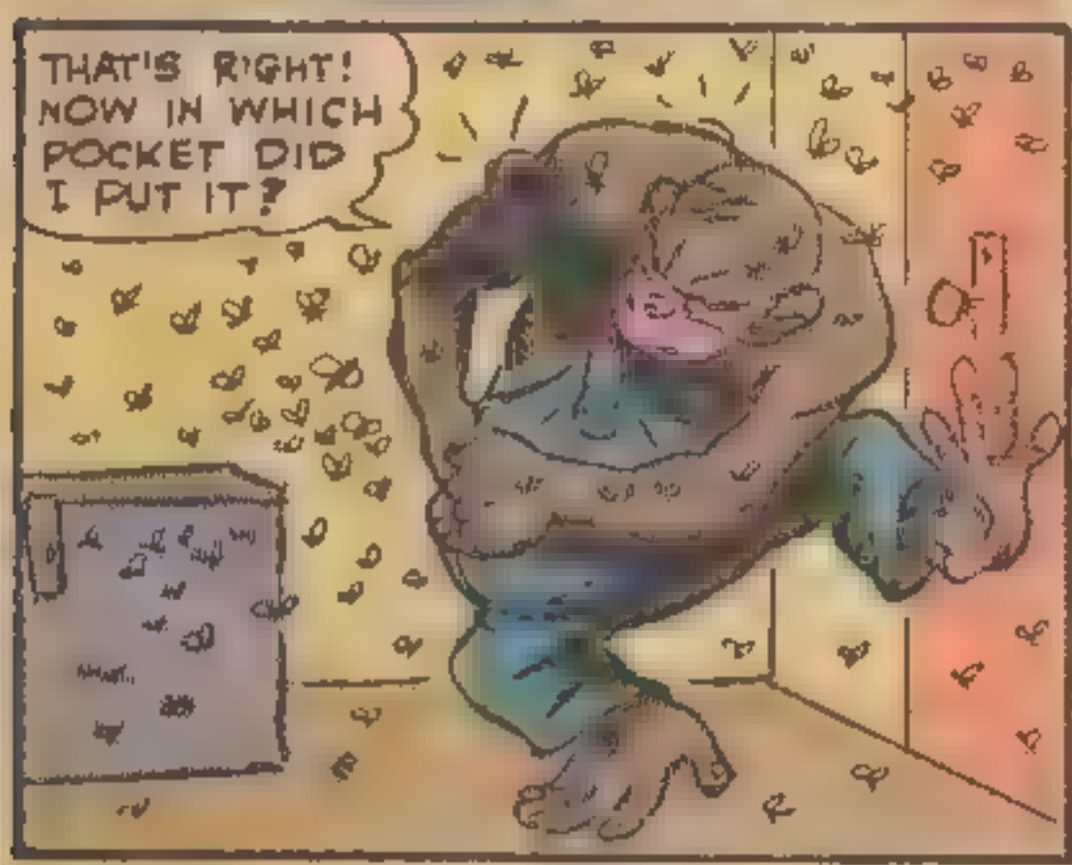

WE'LL GET HER—OH!

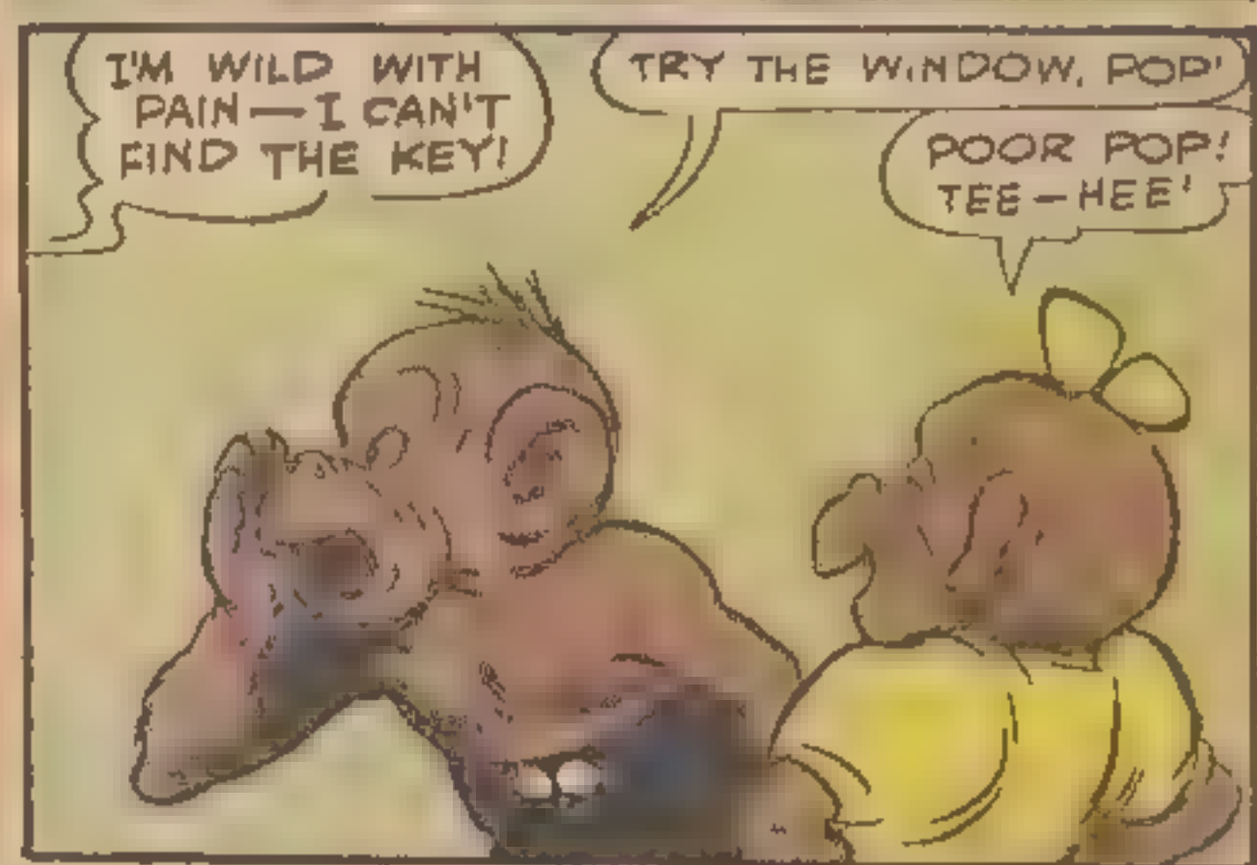

—INTO THE CHEST, AND ALL THE— OUCH!

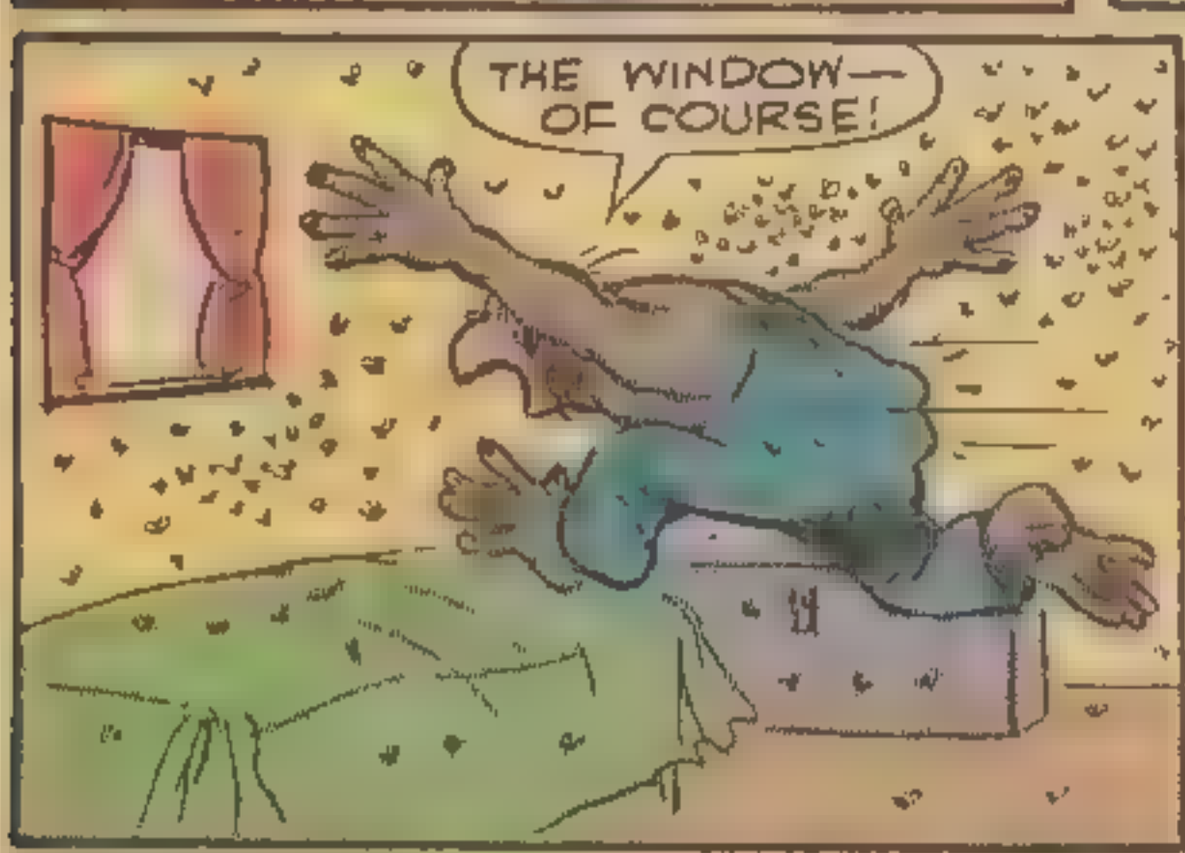

—REST WILL—
WOW!

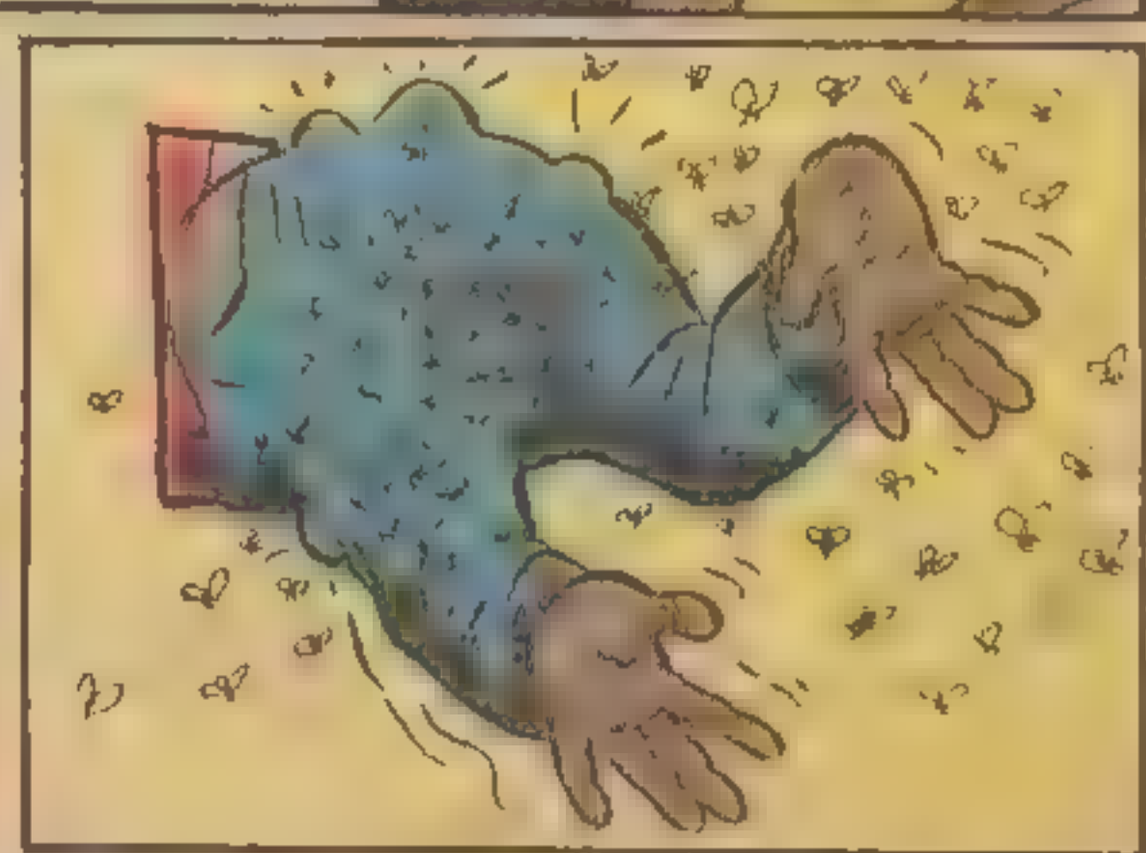

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS DOOR—
HELP!

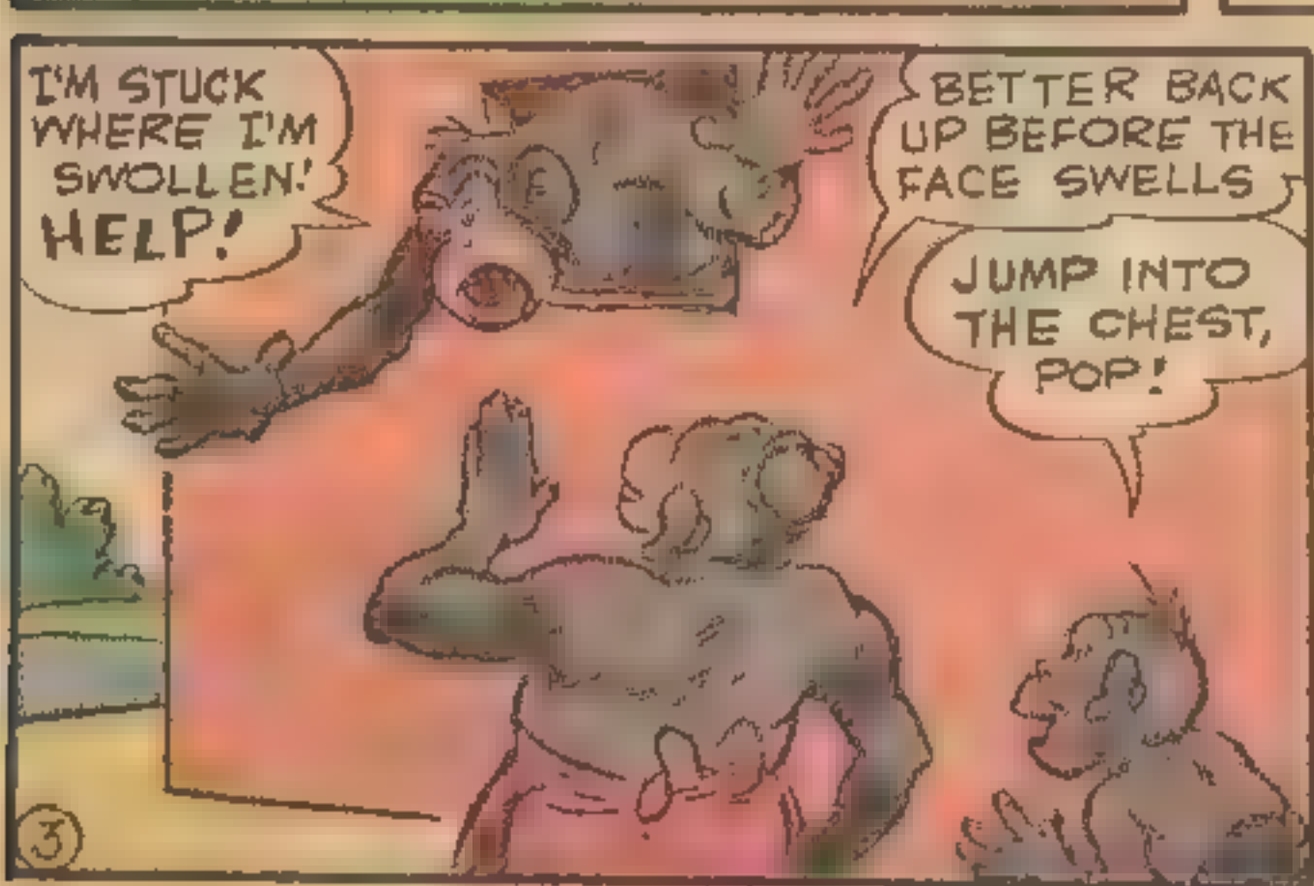

WELL, DIDN'T YOU LOCK THE DOOR FROM THE INSIDE?
TH' DOPE!
RATTLE RATTLE

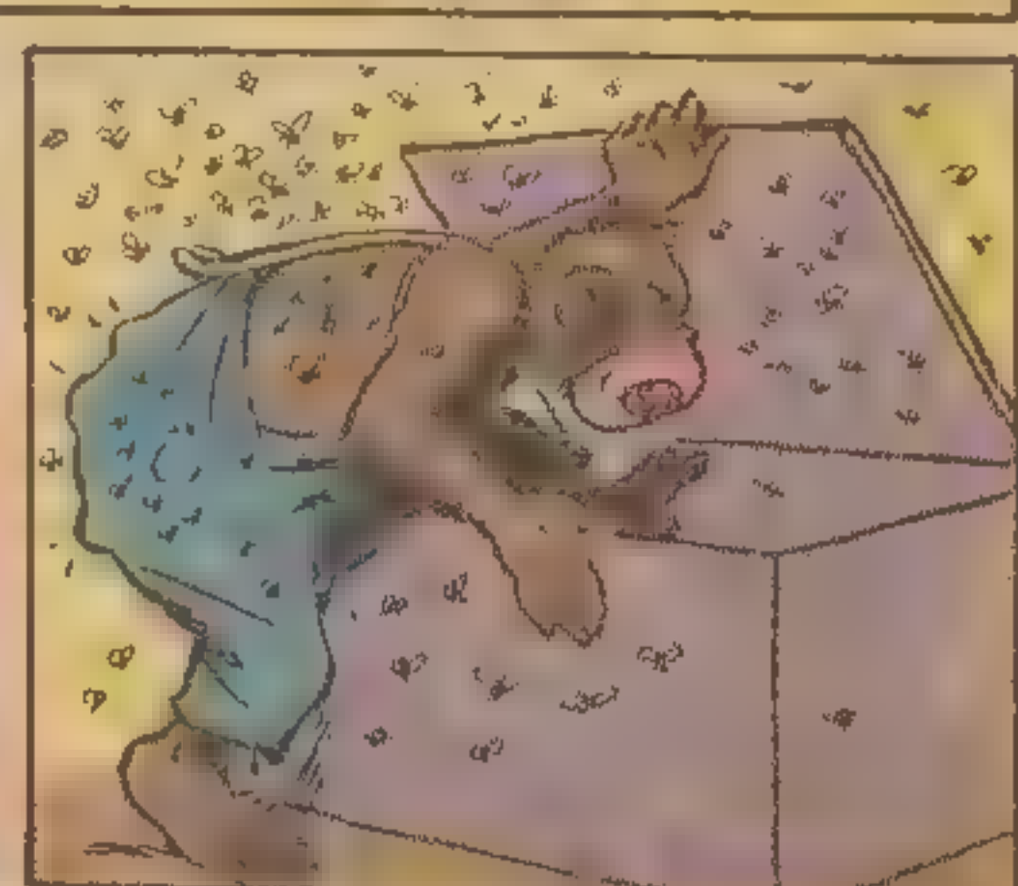

THAT'S RIGHT! NOW IN WHICH POCKET DID I PUT IT?

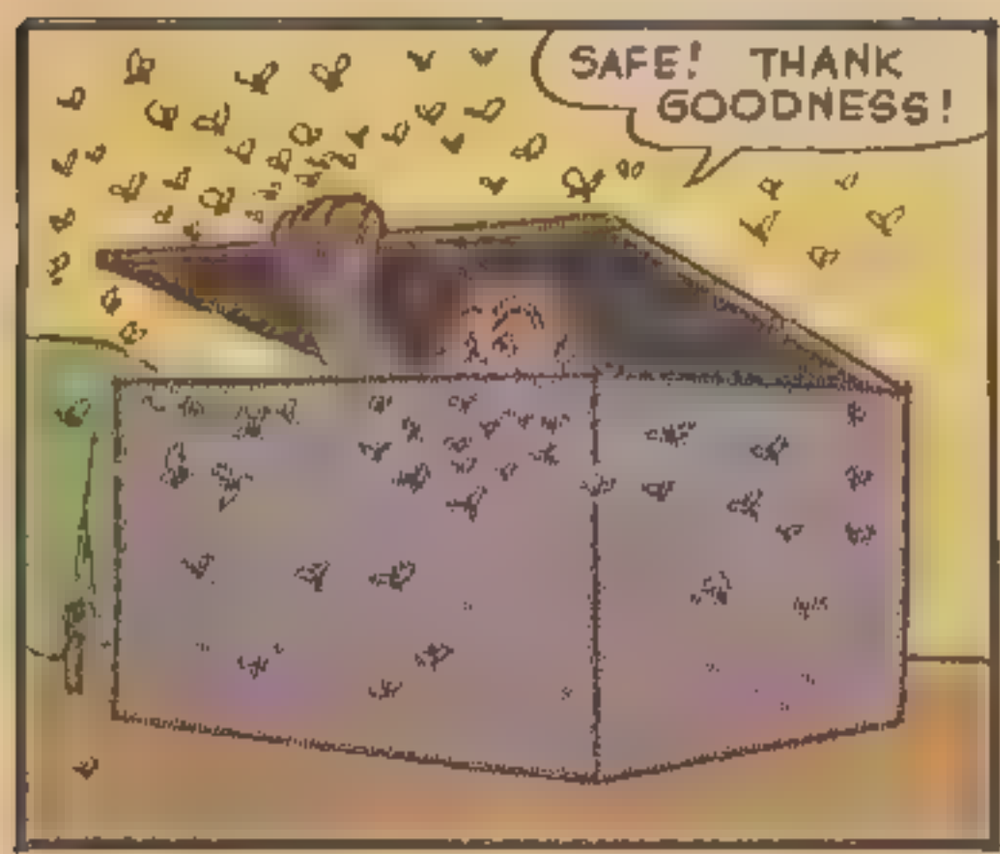

I'M WILD WITH PAIN—I CAN'T FIND THE KEY!
TRY THE WINDOW, POP!
POOR POP! TEE-HEE!


THE WINDOW—OF COURSE!

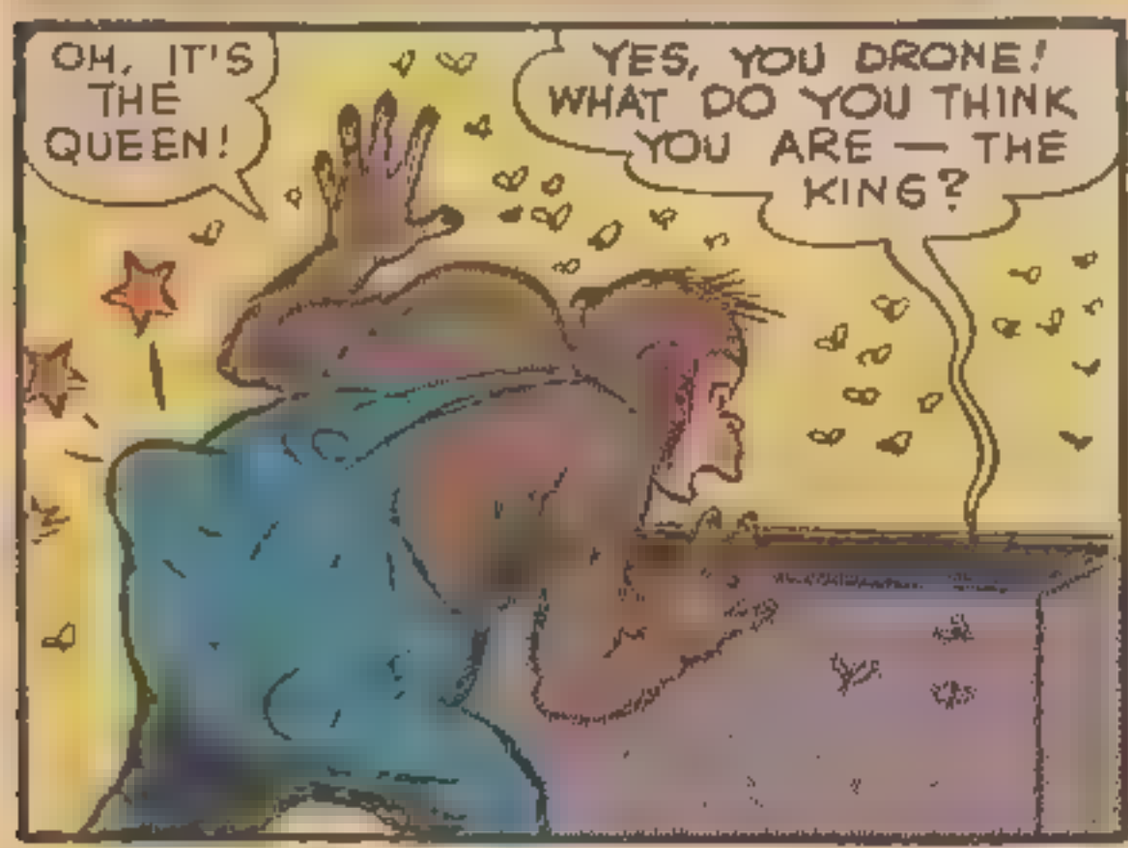


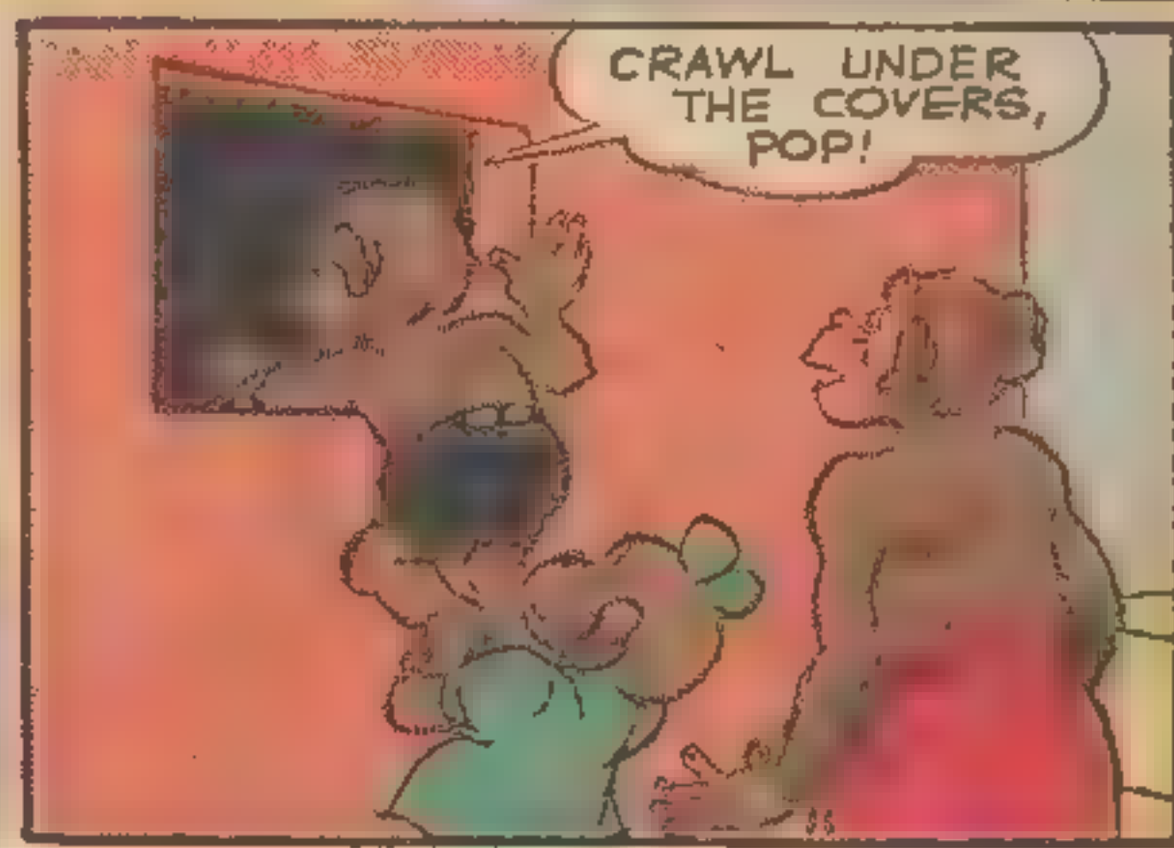

I'M STUCK WHERE I'M SWOLLEN! HELP!
BETTER BACK UP BEFORE THE FACE SWELLS
JUMP INTO THE CHEST, POP!
3

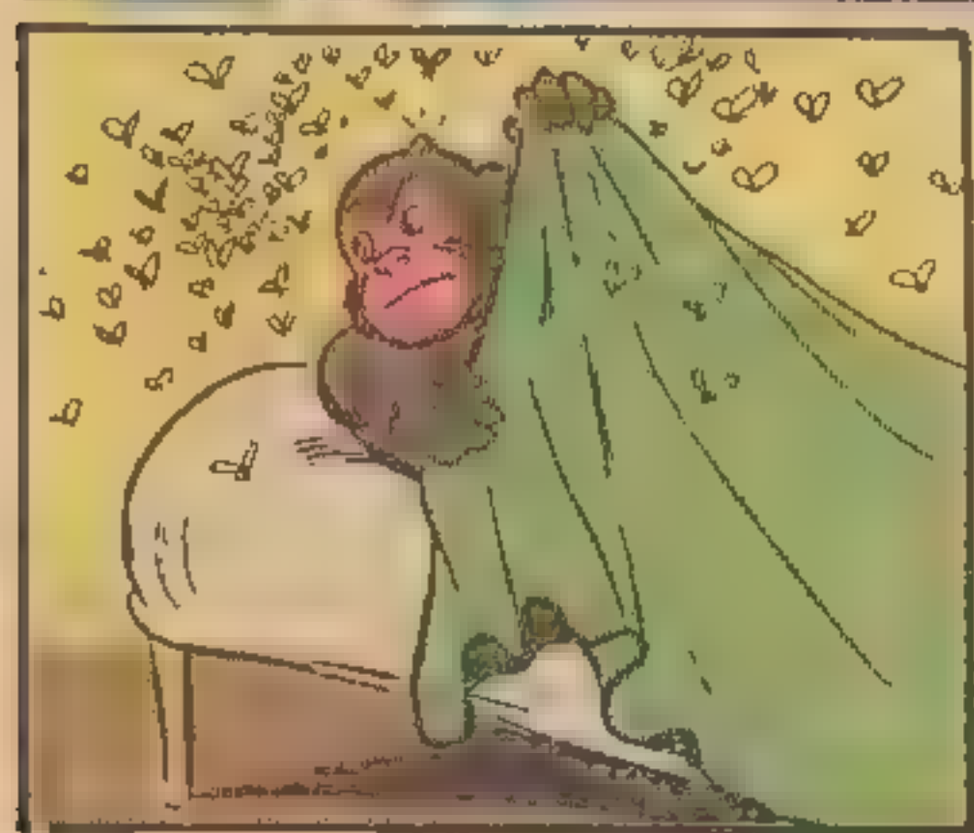


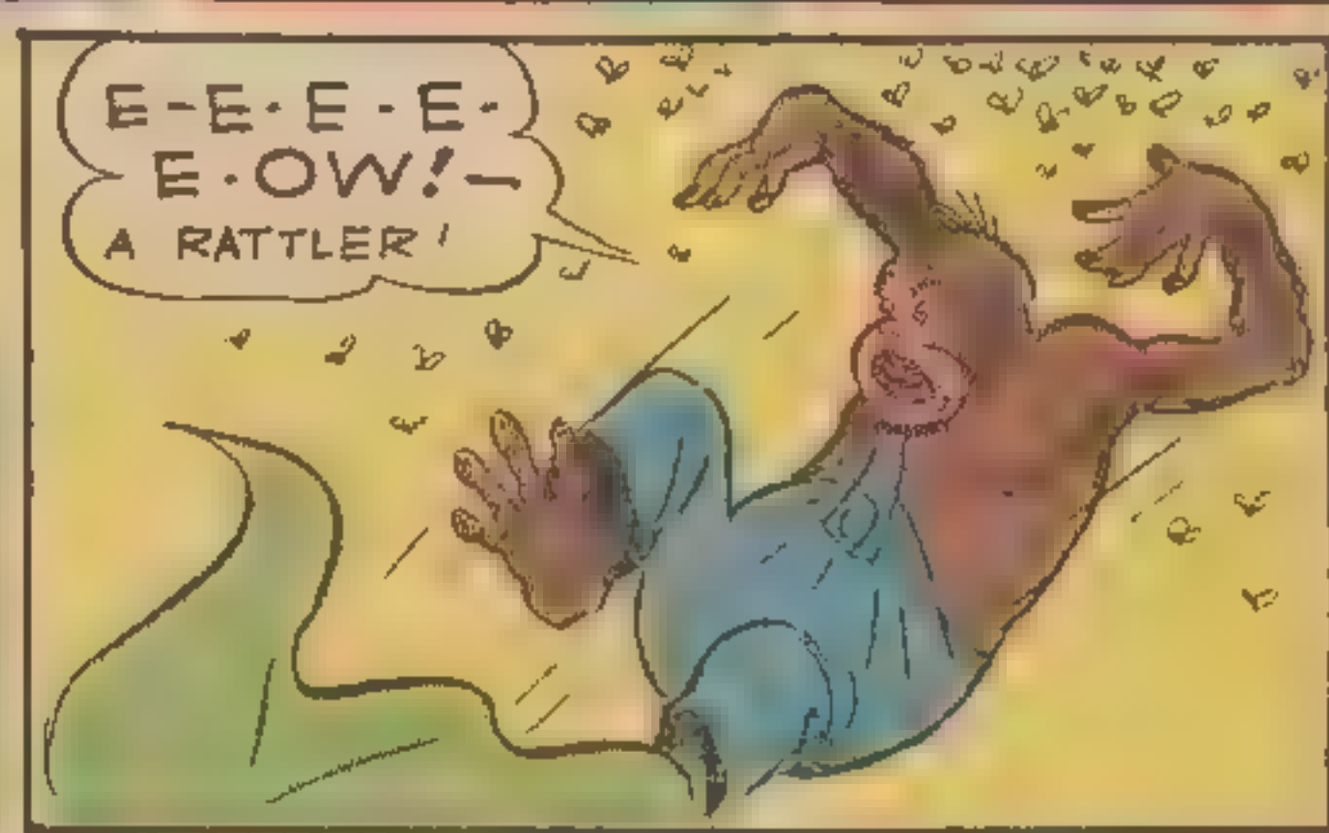

SAFE! THANK GOODNESS!

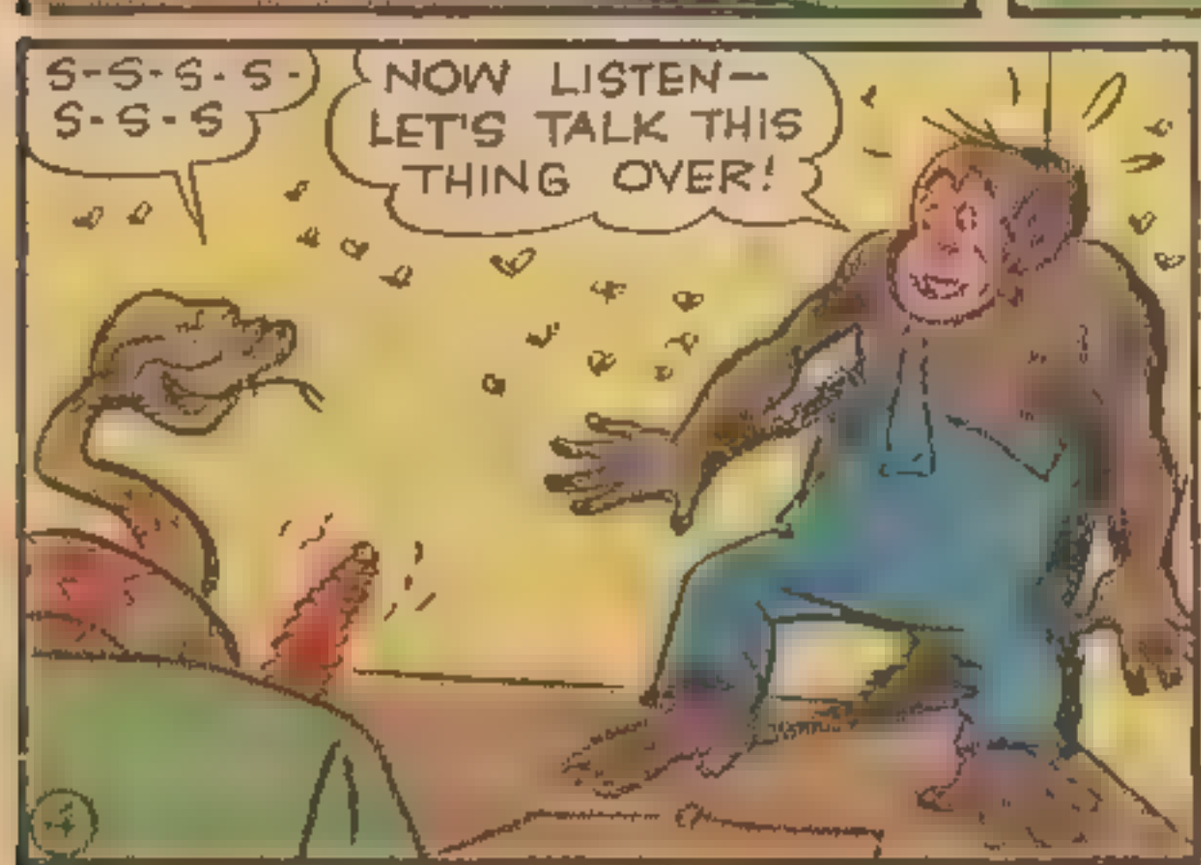
WOW!

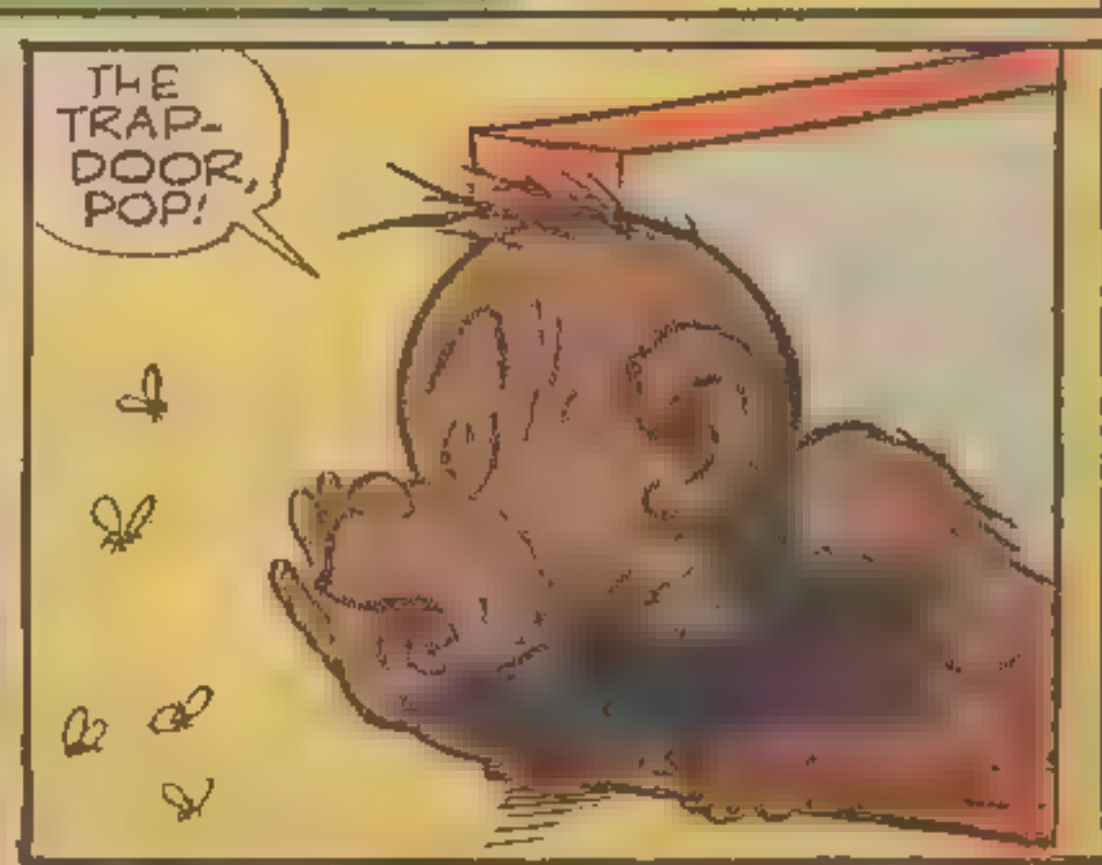

OH, IT'S THE QUEEN!
YES, YOU DRONE! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU ARE — THE KING?

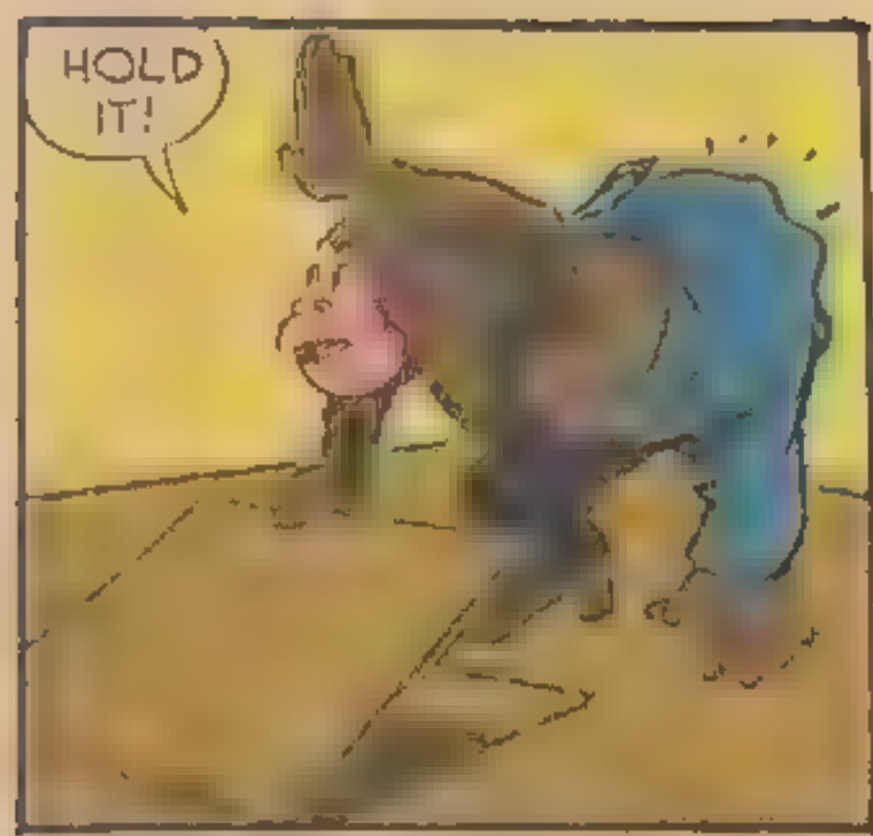

CRAWL UNDER THE COVERS, POP!

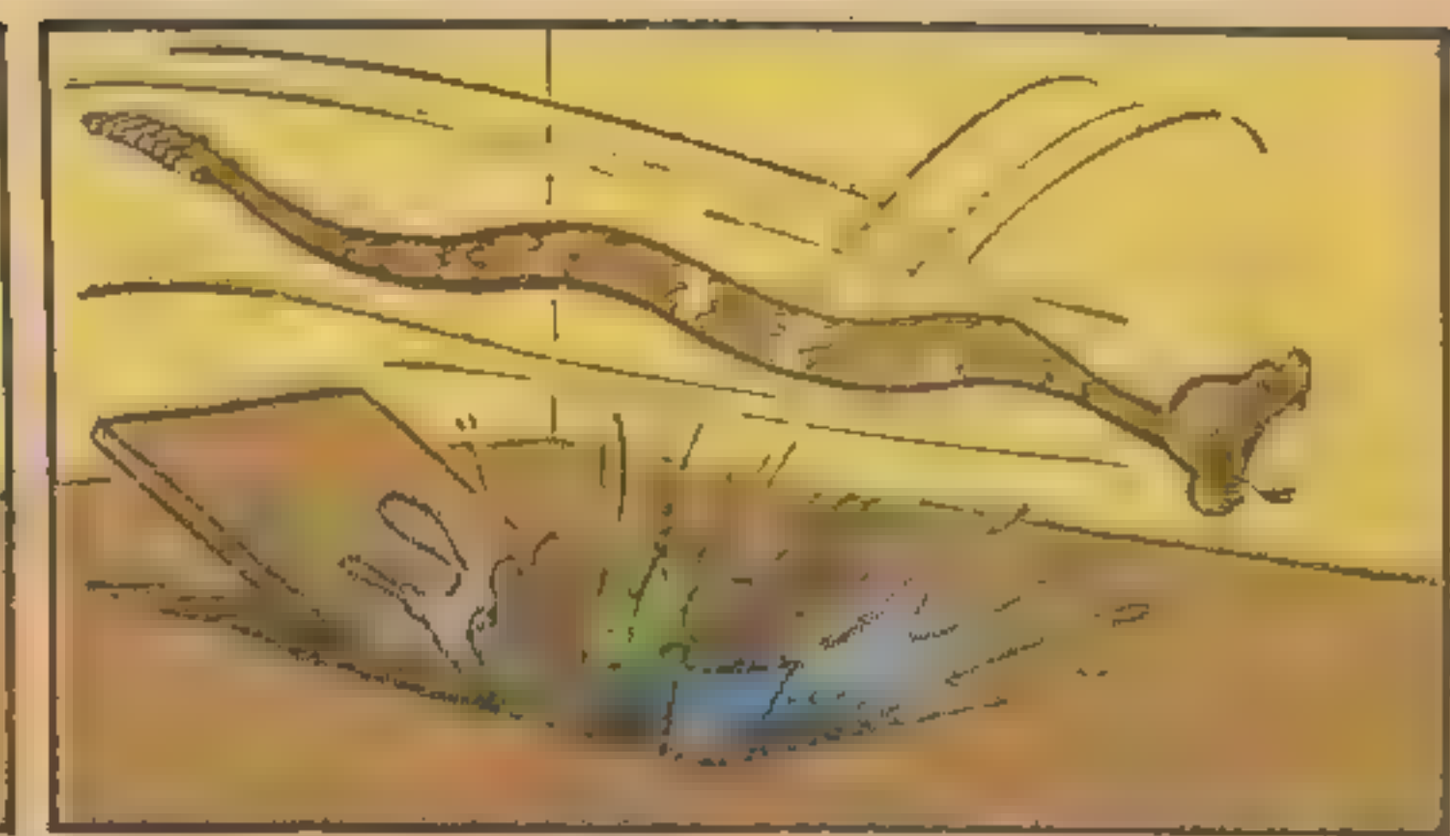



E-E-E-E-E-OW!— A RATTLER!


S-S-S-S-S-S-S
NOW LISTEN— LET'S TALK THIS THING OVER!

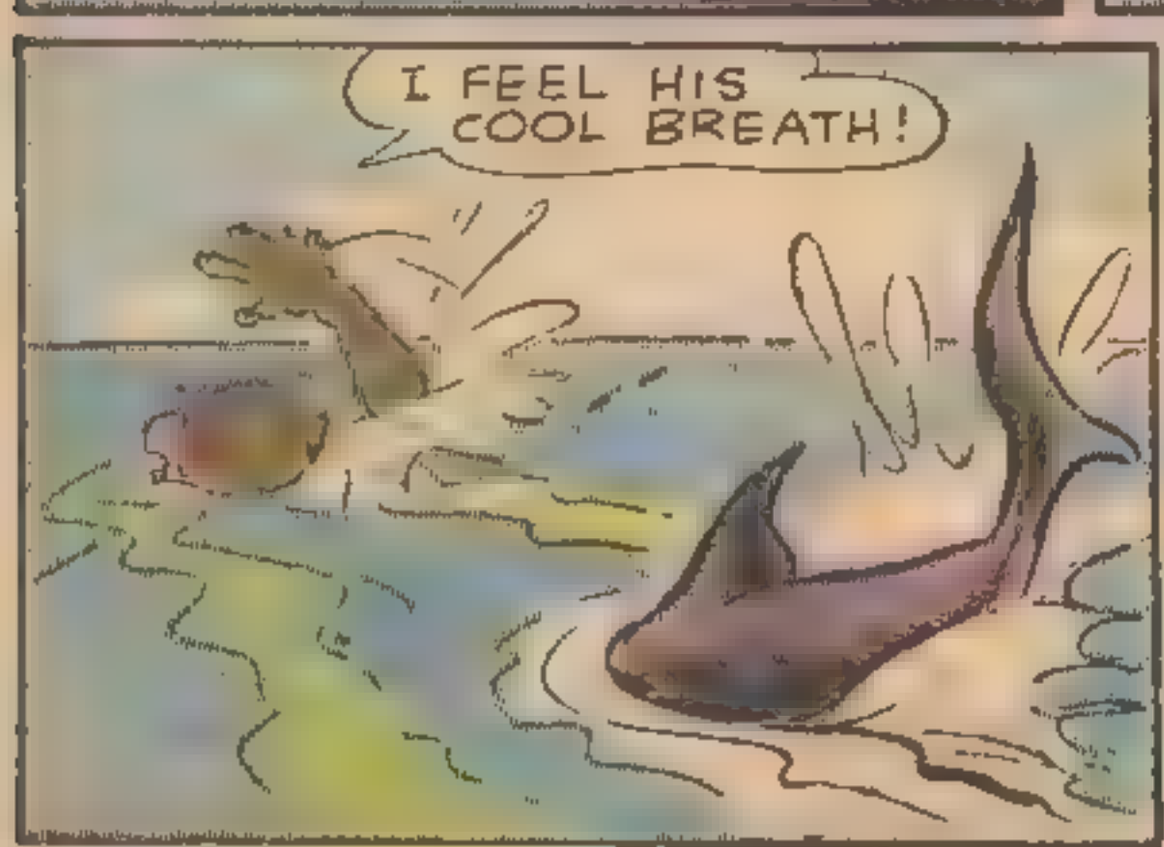

THE TRAP-DOOR, POP!

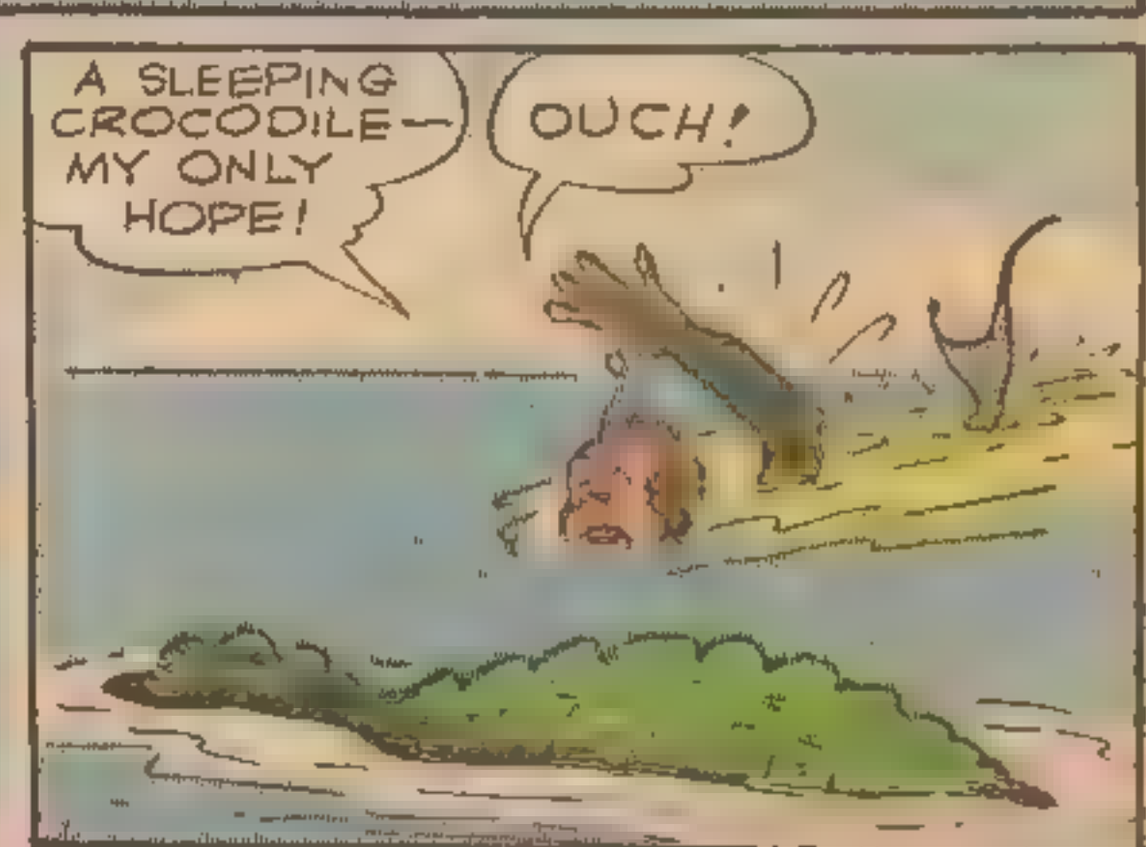

HOLD IT!



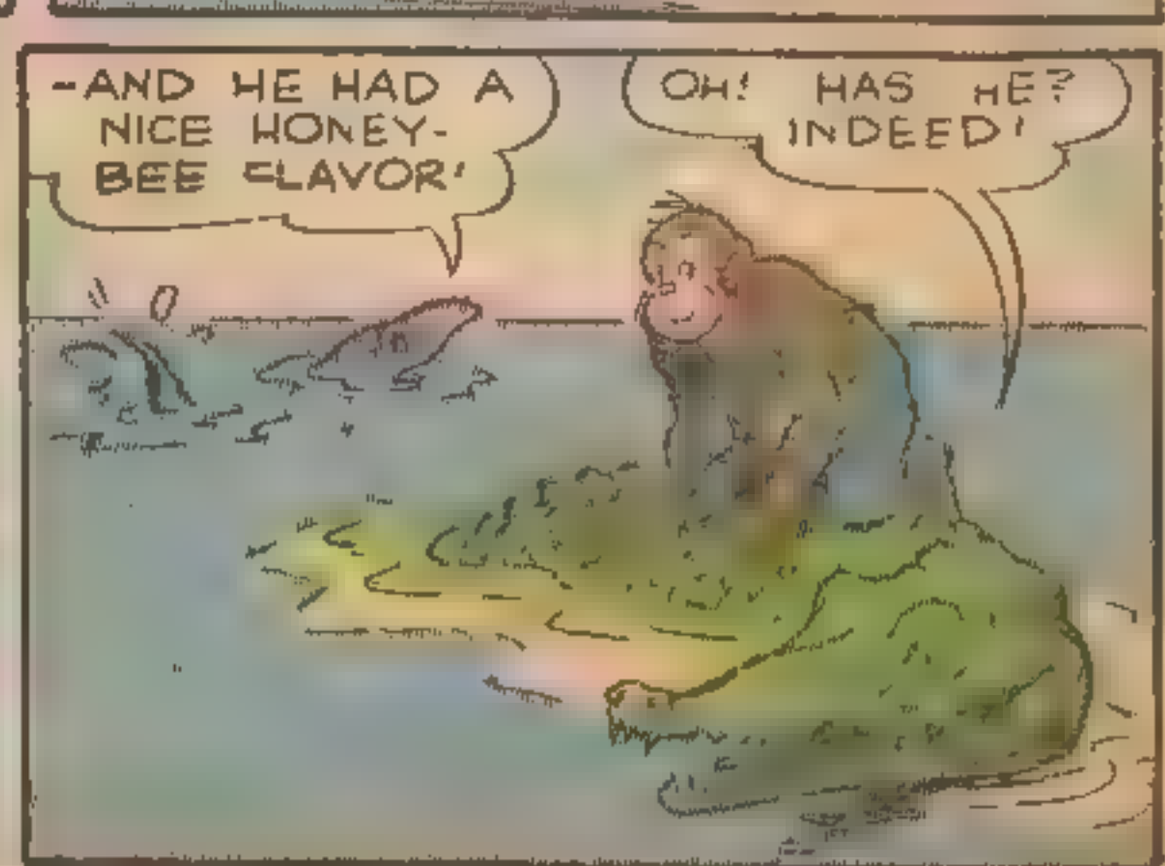
OO-O-OH! SOMETH NG COLD AND SLIMY — I MUST GET OUT OF HERE FAST!

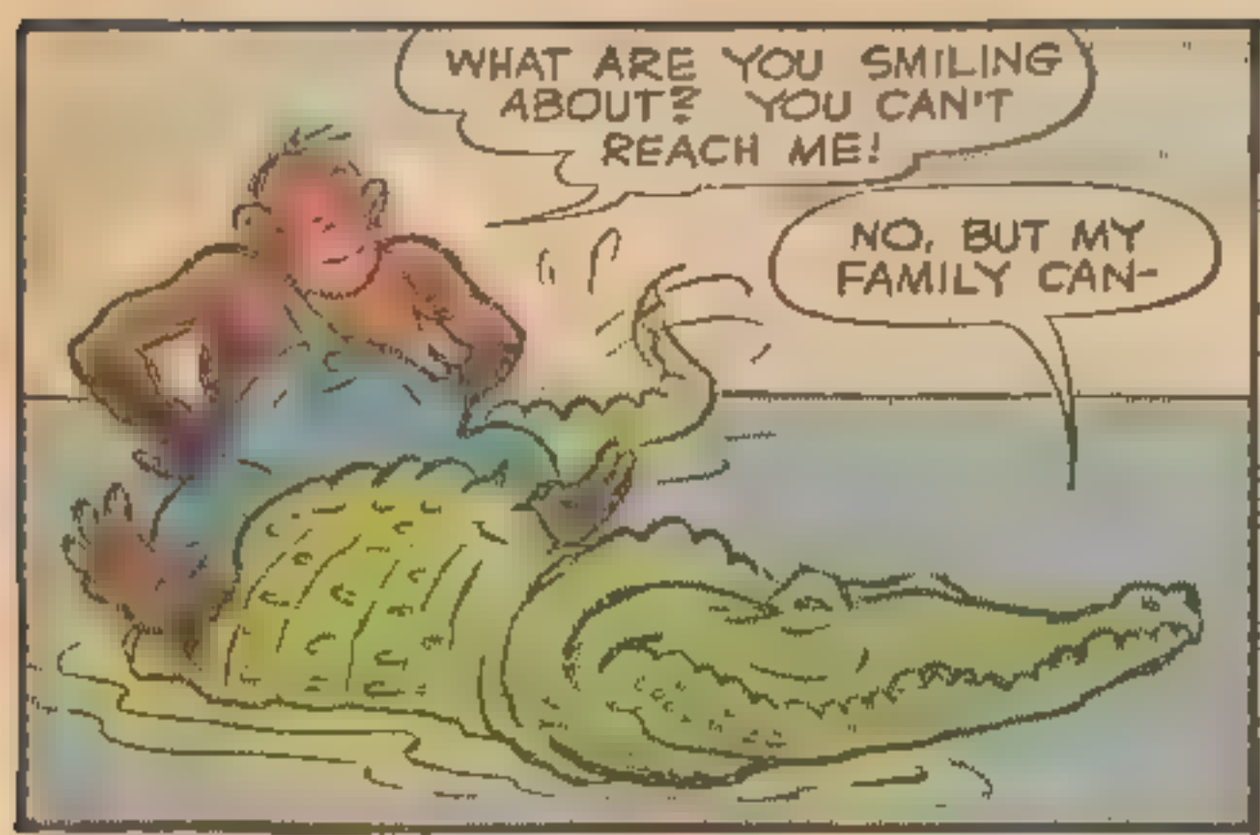
WHOOPS! A MONKEY-EATING SHARK!


I FEEL HIS COOL BREATH!

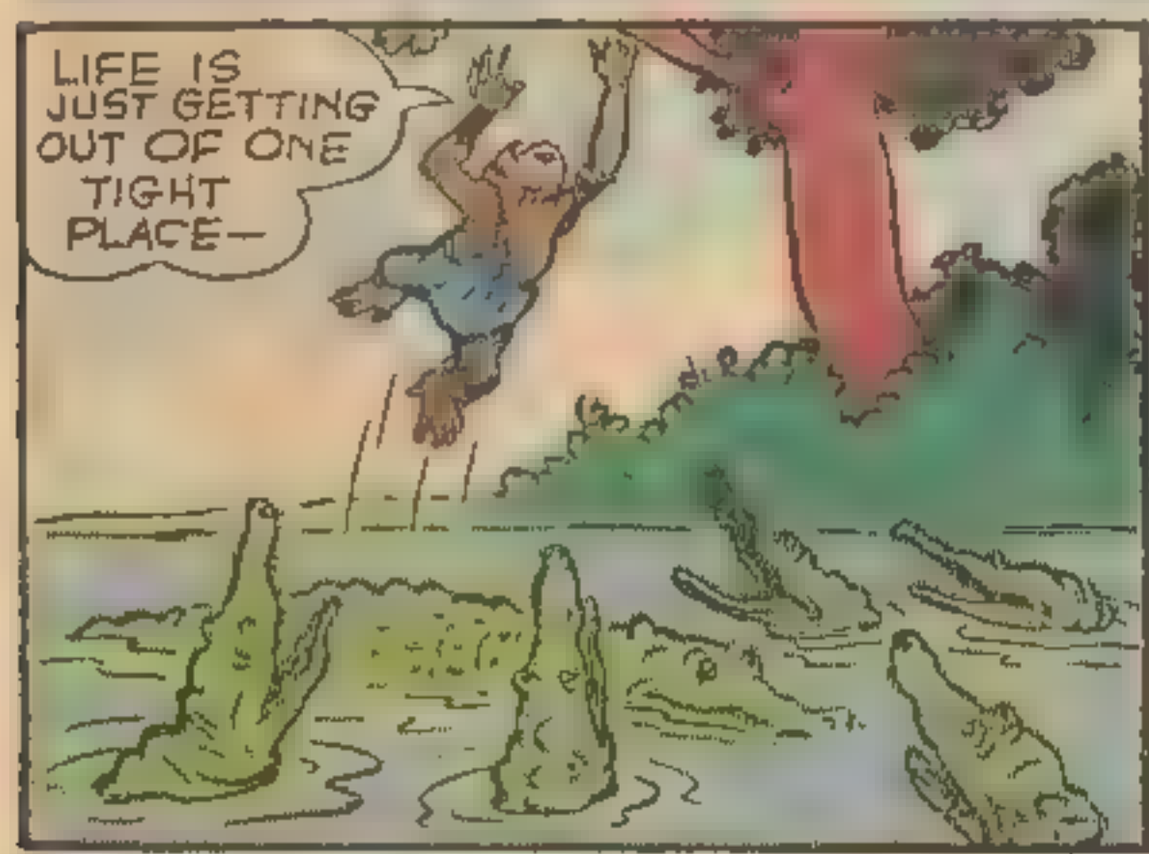

A SLEEPING CROCODILE— MY ONLY HOPE!
OUCH!

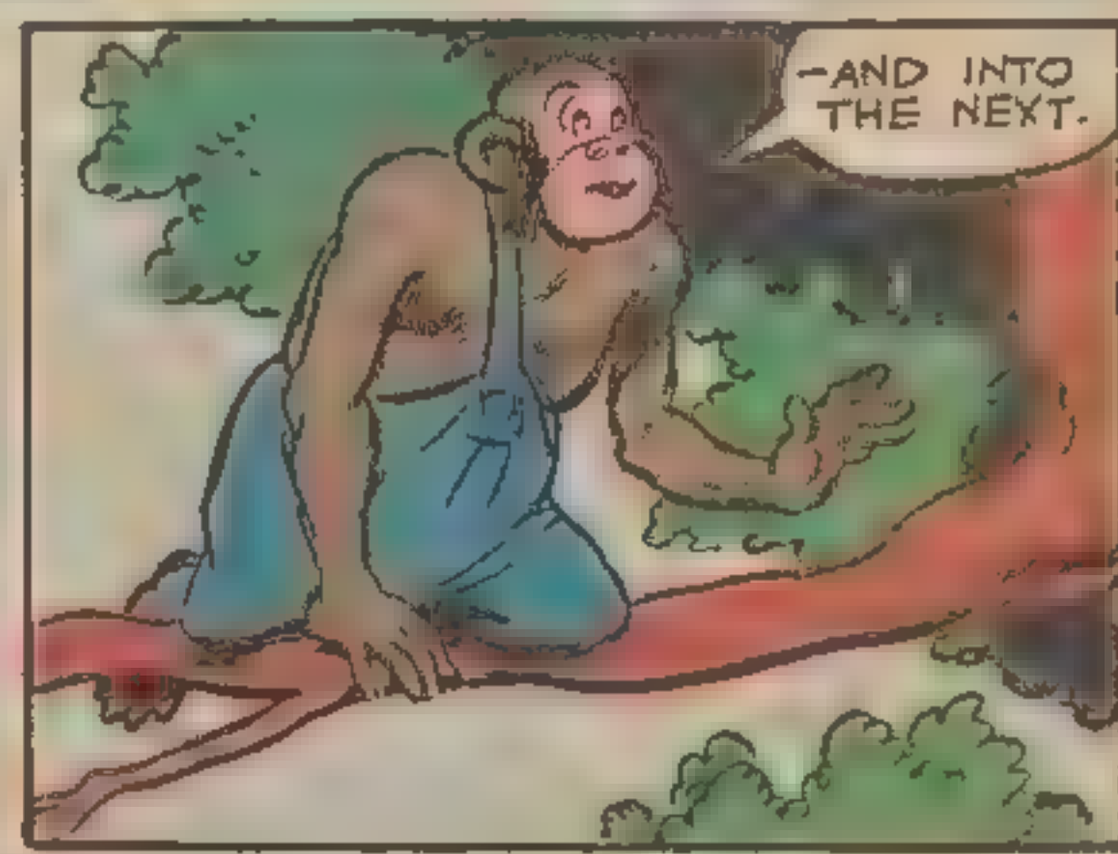
SAFE FROM THE SHARK AT LEAST!
I ONLY GOT A TASTE—
?

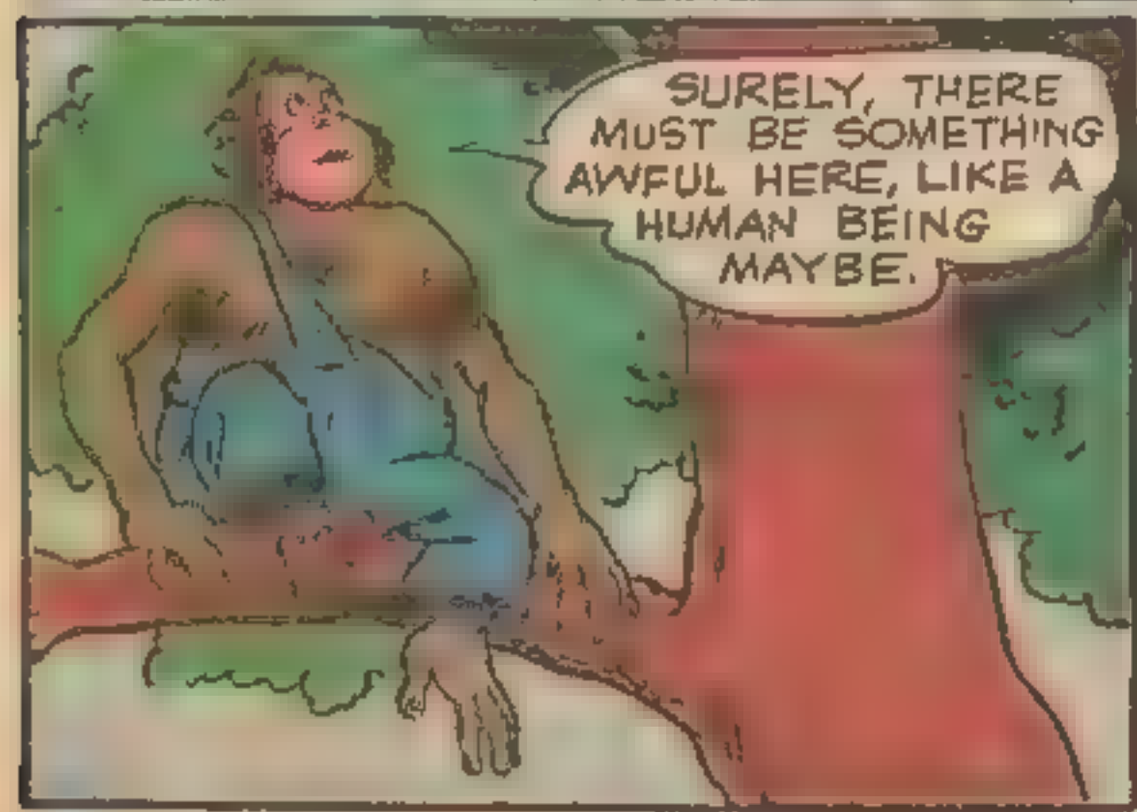

-AND HE HAD A NICE HONEY-BEE FLAVOR!
OH! HAS HE? INDEED!

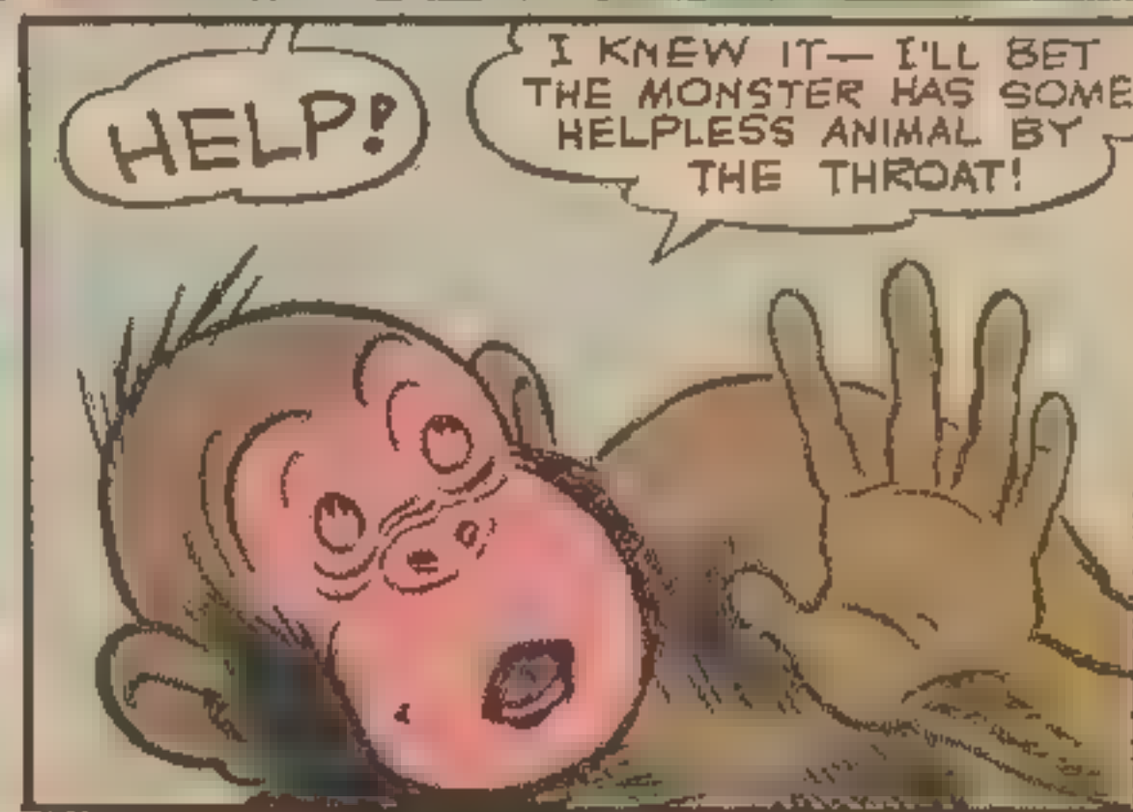

WHAT ARE YOU SMILING ABOUT? YOU CAN'T REACH ME!
NO, BUT MY FAMILY CAN-

AND HONEY-BEE FLAVORED MONKEY IS THEIR SPECIALTY.

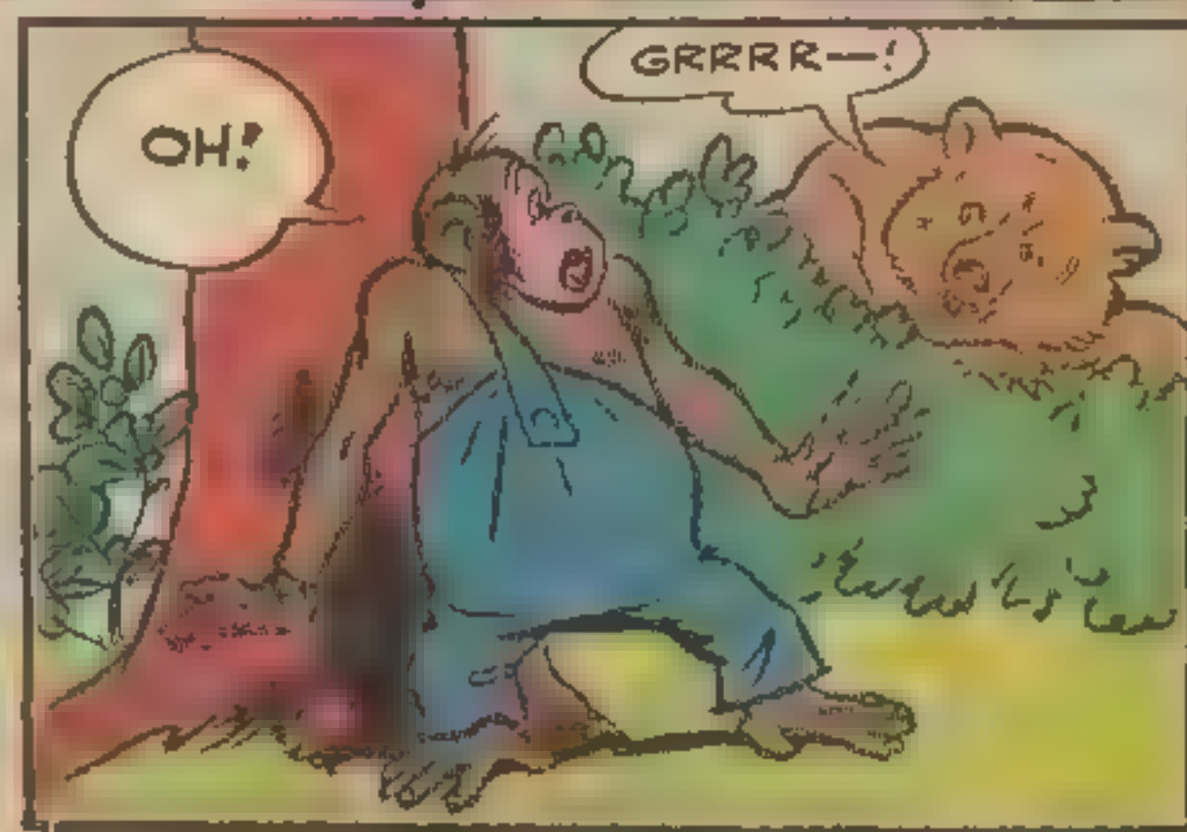

LIFE IS JUST GETTING OUT OF ONE TIGHT PLACE—


—AND INTO THE NEXT.


SURELY, THERE MUST BE SOMETHING AWFUL HERE, LIKE A HUMAN BEING MAYBE.

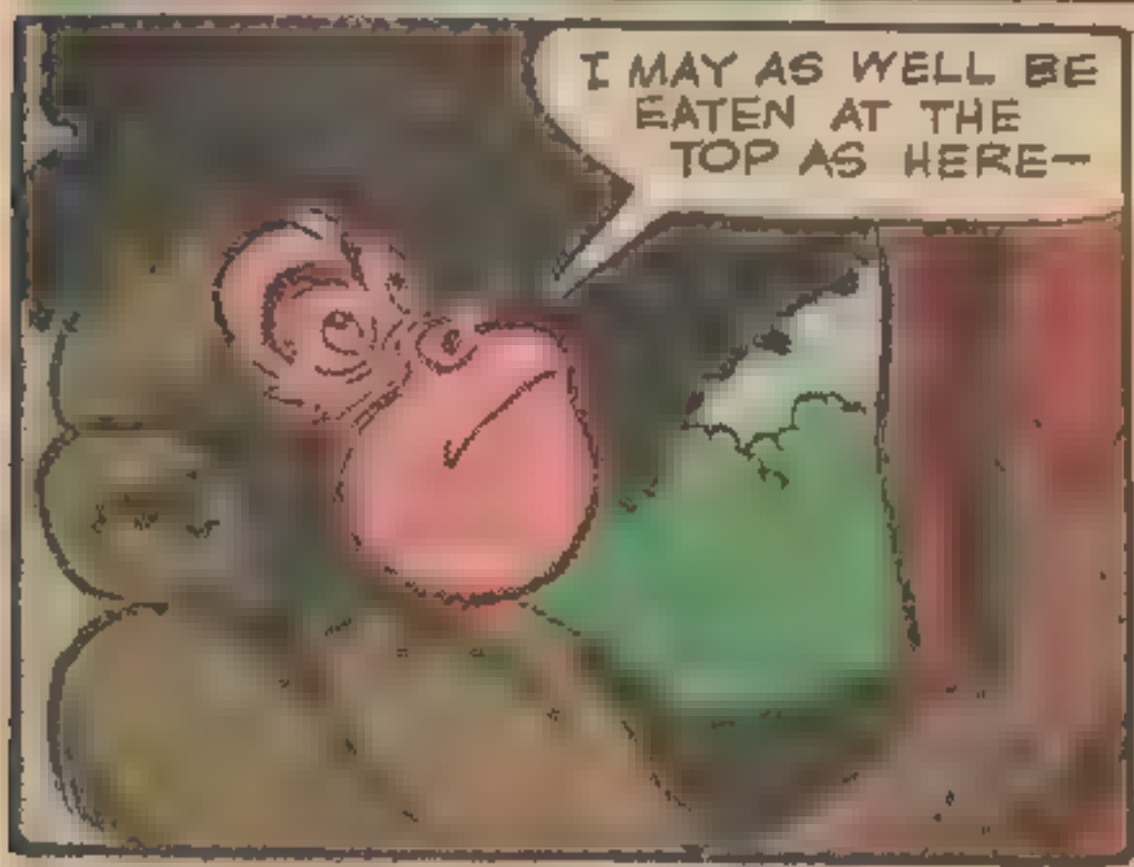

HELP!
I KNEW IT— I'LL BET THE MONSTER HAS SOME HELPLESS ANIMAL BY THE THROAT!

HELP!
I'M GETTING DOWN OUT OF HERE BEFORE HE GETS ME, TOO.

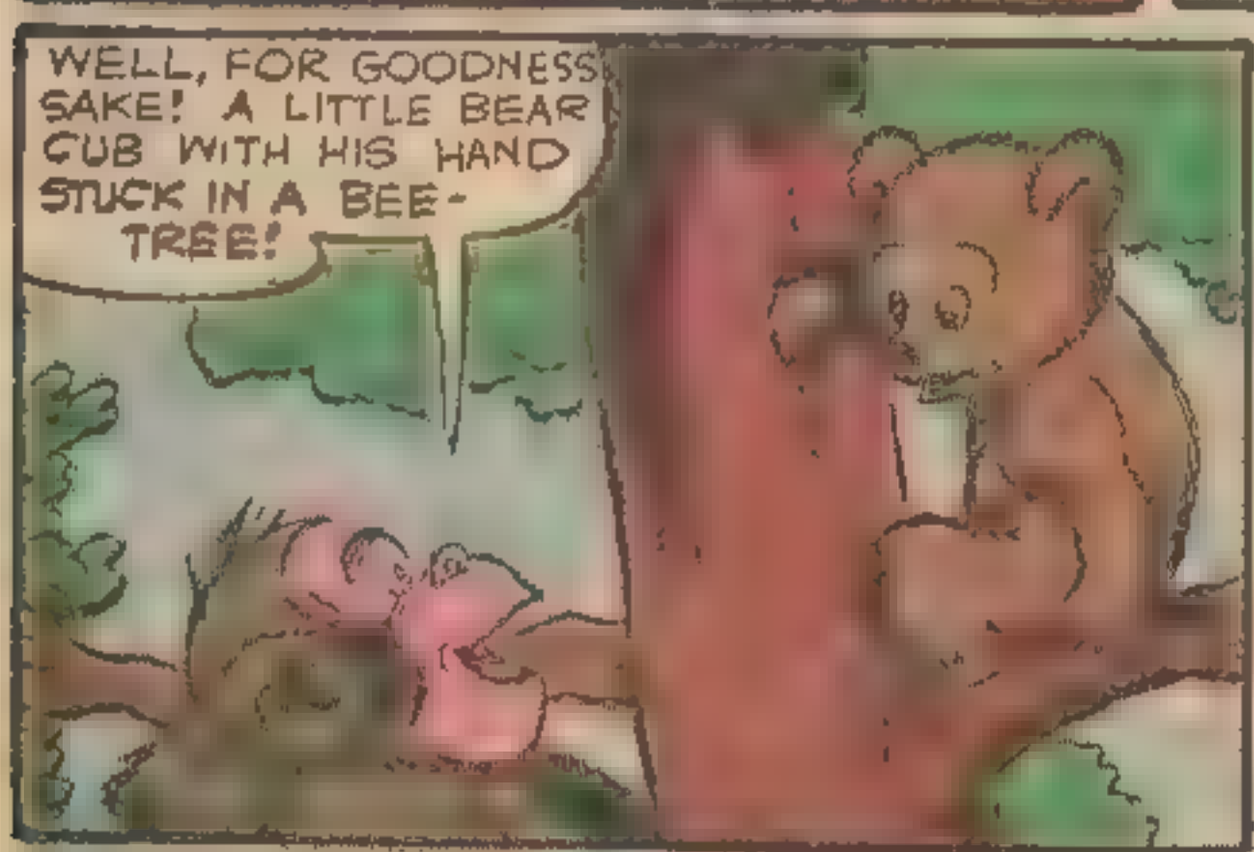

OH!
GRRRR—!

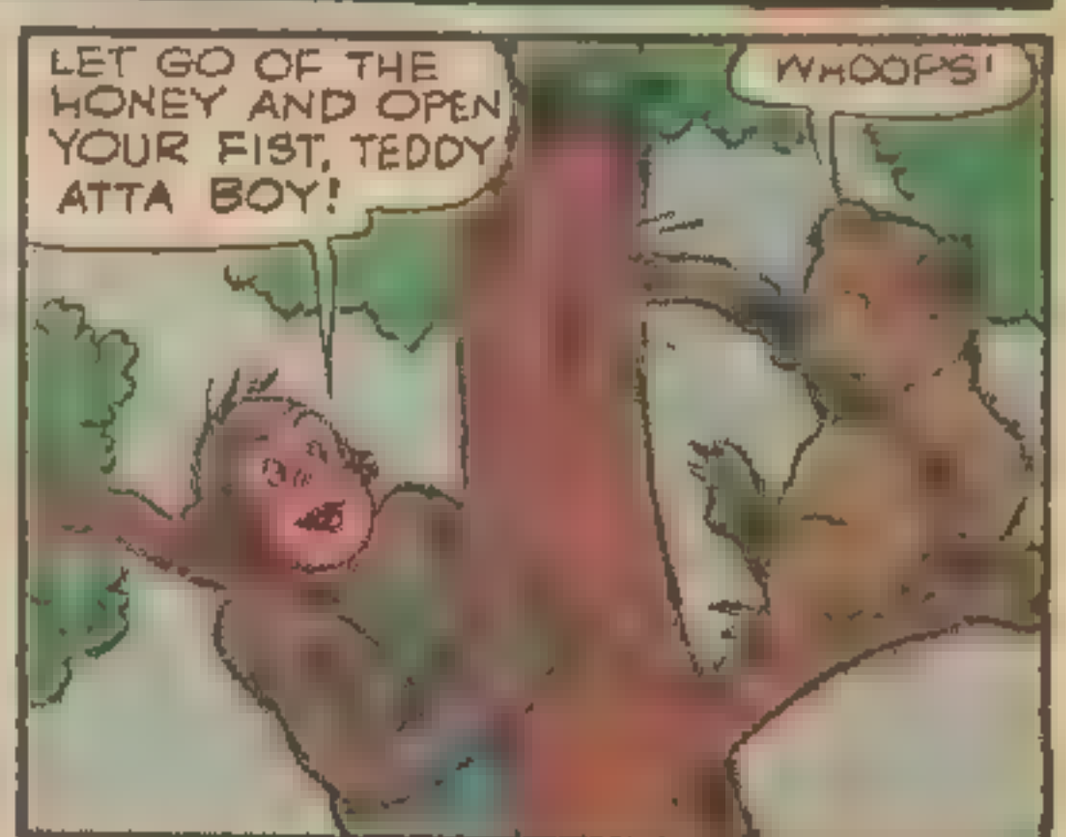
I'D BETTER TAKE MY CHANCES WITH THE UNKNOWN!

HELP!
THANK GOODNESS, GRIZZLIES CAN'T CLIMB TREES—


I MAY AS WELL BE EATEN AT THE TOP AS HERE—

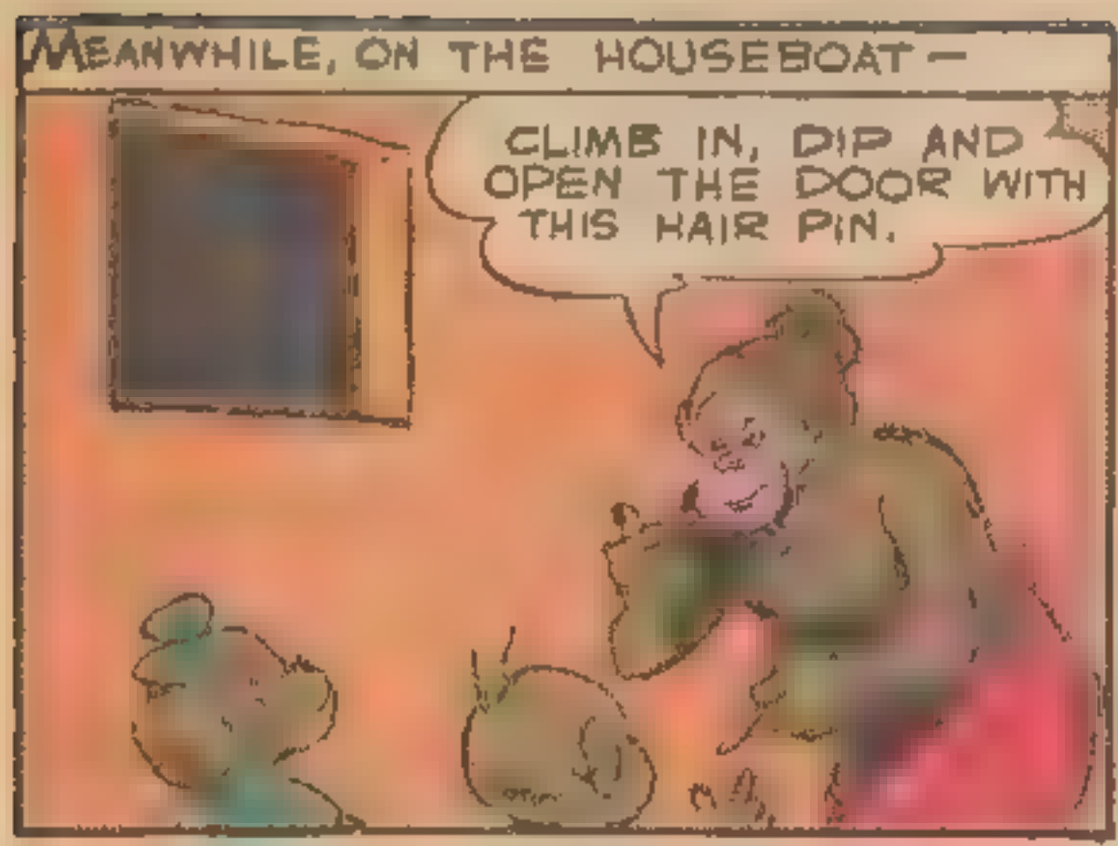
HELP!
I'LL PRETEND I'M A LION AND CLIMB ON UP— GR-R-R-R-O-OUF!


WELL, FOR GOODNESS SAKE! A LITTLE BEAR CUB WITH HIS HAND STUCK IN A BEE-TREE!

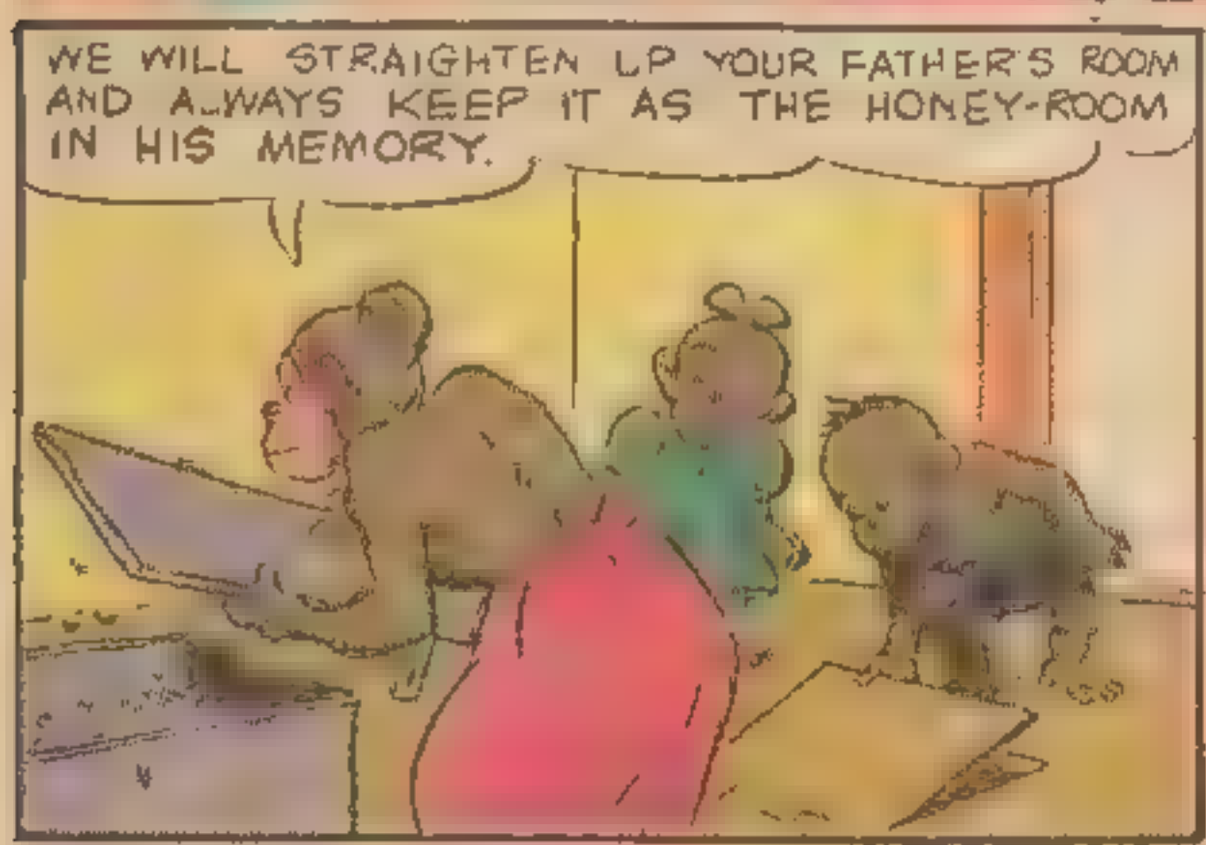

LET GO OF THE HONEY AND OPEN YOUR FIST, TEDDY ATTA BOY!
WHOOPS!

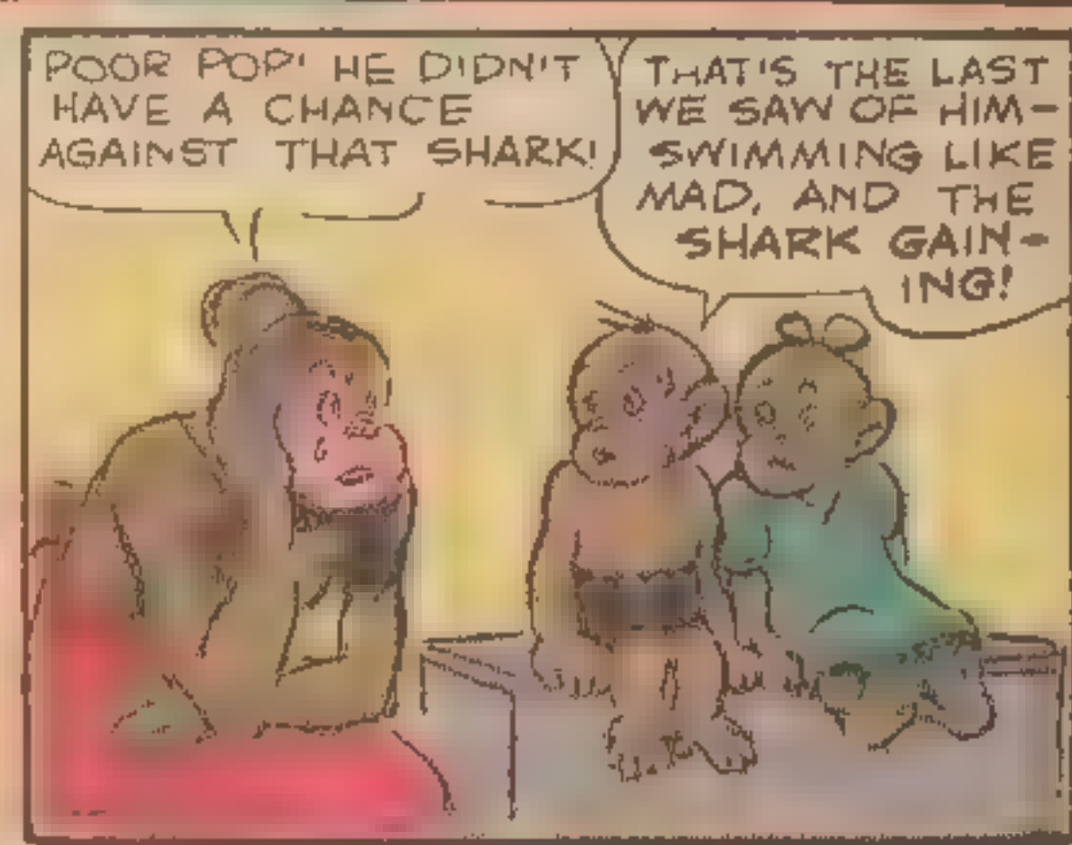
LET'S TAKE A TWIG AND LIFT OUT THE COMB.

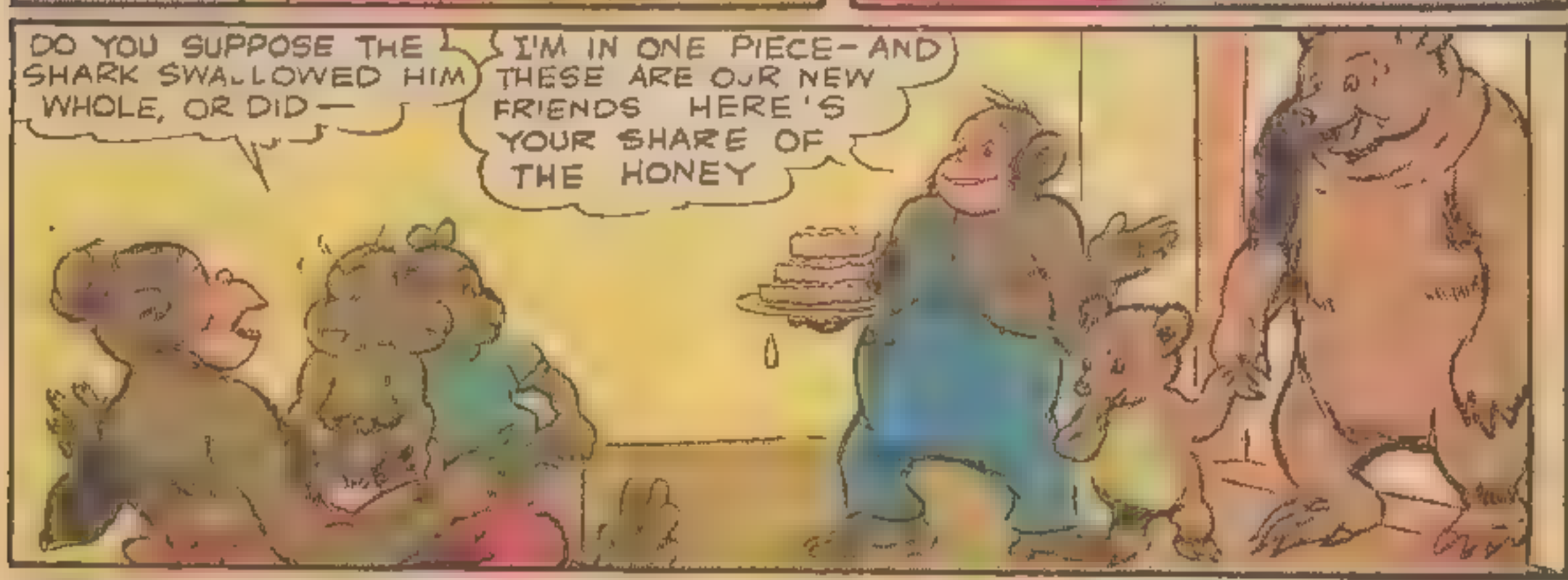
SO' ONE FOR YOU, AND ONE FOR ME.
—AND ONE FOR MAMMA?
—AND ONE FOR MAMMA!

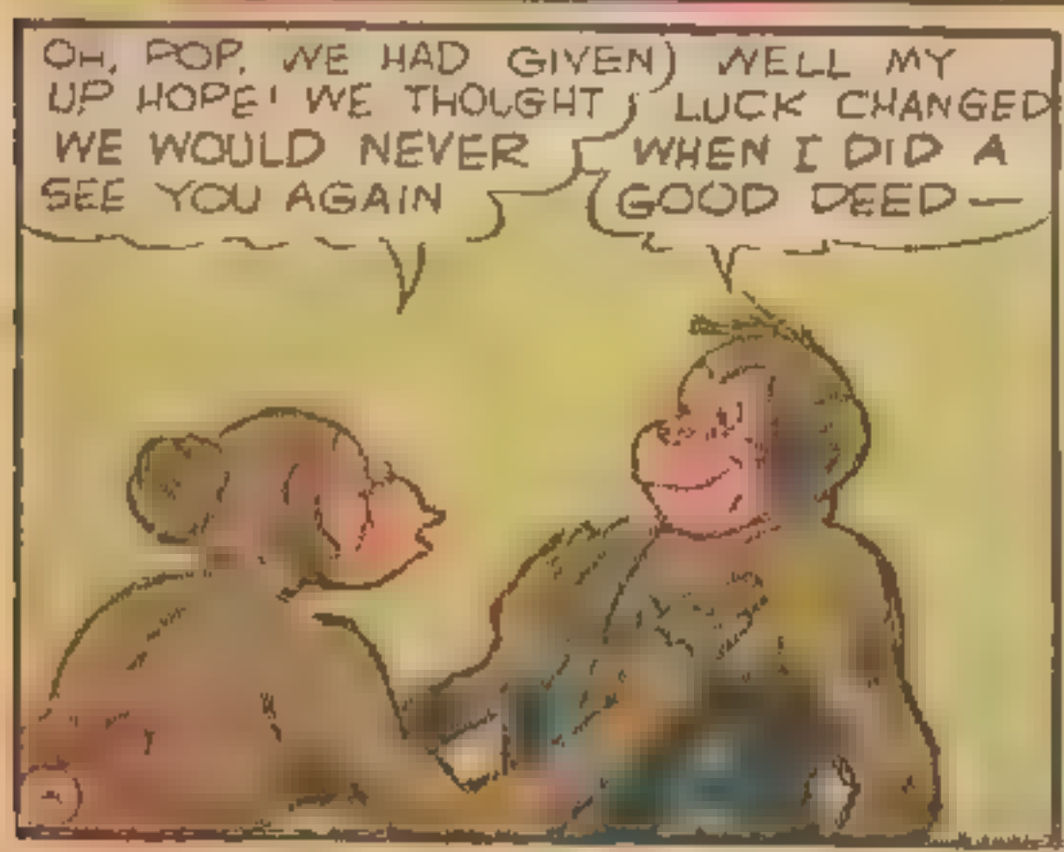

MEANWHILE, ON THE HOUSEBOAT—
CLIMB IN, DIP AND OPEN THE DOOR WITH THIS HAIR PIN.

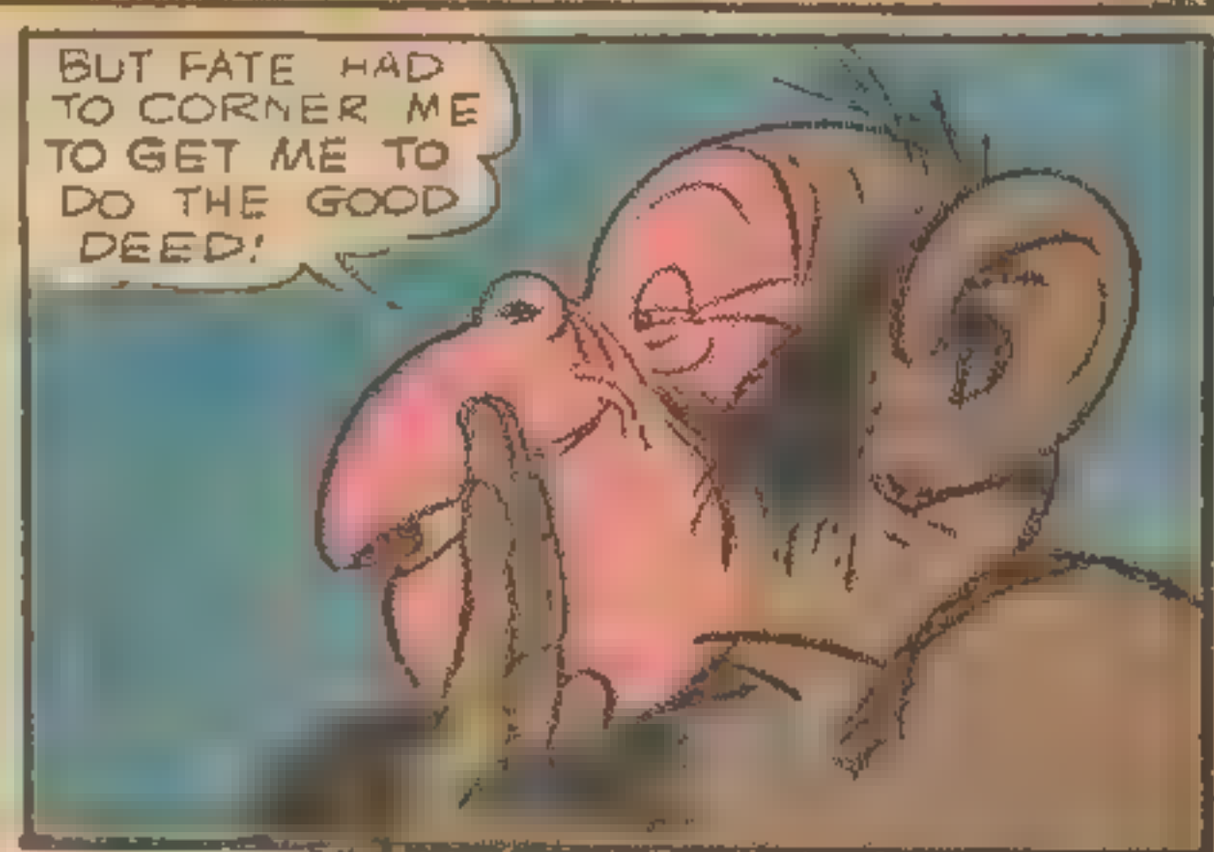
THE BEES ARE ALL IN THE CHEST, AND THE RATTLER HAS SLIPPED OUT THROUGH THE TRAP DOOR!


WE WILL STRAIGHTEN UP YOUR FATHER'S ROOM AND ALWAYS KEEP IT AS THE HONEY-ROOM IN HIS MEMORY.


POOR POP! HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE AGAINST THAT SHARK!
THAT'S THE LAST WE SAW OF HIM— SWIMMING LIKE MAD, AND THE SHARK GAIN-ING!


DO YOU SUPPOSE THE SHARK SWALLOWED HIM WHOLE, OR DID—
I'M IN ONE PIECE—AND THESE ARE OUR NEW FRIENDS HERE'S YOUR SHARE OF THE HONEY


OH, POP, WE HAD GIVEN UP HOPE! WE THOUGHT WE WOULD NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN
WELL MY LUCK CHANGED WHEN I DID A GOOD DEED—


BUT FATE HAD TO CORNER ME TO GET ME TO DO THE GOOD DEED!

CINDERS SURPRISES THE ZOO

Copr 1946 by R. S. CALLENDER

Cinders was a fat, roly-poly, fluffy little kitten. His fur coat was just as soft as silk and as black as coal. His little eyes sparkled like two hot cinders. In fact, that was why he was called Cinders.

One day Cinders was sitting on the edge of the lawn when the fish peddler's cart stopped near by.

"Mmmmm, what a very nice smell," thought Cinders. "I think I will go over just a little tiny bit closer." And then, even though his mother had told him not to leave the lawn, Cinders went over a little closer and sniffed; and then he moved a little closer until he was right beside the fish cart.

"Well," said Cinders, "as long as I'm here, I may as well hop up into the cart. It wouldn't hurt any."

"My," said Cinders, "what a lot of fish! And there's a big crack in this box, too. I think I'll just take a fish out and look at it. It wouldn't hurt any!"

So he put his paw through the crack and took hold of a fish, and he tugged and tugged and he pulled and pulled He was so busy pulling and tugging that he didn't notice the cart was driving away. He was so busy, he didn't even notice that he had loosened the lid on the box until, "plop," he was down in the middle of all of the fish

Now that was the nicest thing that could ever have happened to a little kitten like Cinders, because he loved fish better than anything else in the world. So right away he started nibbling. And he nibbled and nibbled. He was so busy nibbling that he didn't notice the cart had stopped until he found himself being dumped out together with the fish.

"Hey!" said a strange voice "What are you doing in my dinner? You're no fish!"

"What a big pollywog you are!" exclaimed Cinders.

"A pollywog! I'll have you know I'm the largest seal in the zoo!" stammered the seal. "And what are you?"

"A cat, of course," replied Cinders.

"If you're a cat you should eat with the cats and leave my fish alone," said the seal irritably; and with that he put his nose under Cinders little stomach and flipped him right up into the air and down into the lion's cage.

Well! Little Cinders was so surprised that he forgot to be frightened when he looked up and saw the big lion standing there. Cinders said, "I'm to eat with the cats! Are you a cat? You don't look like a cat!"

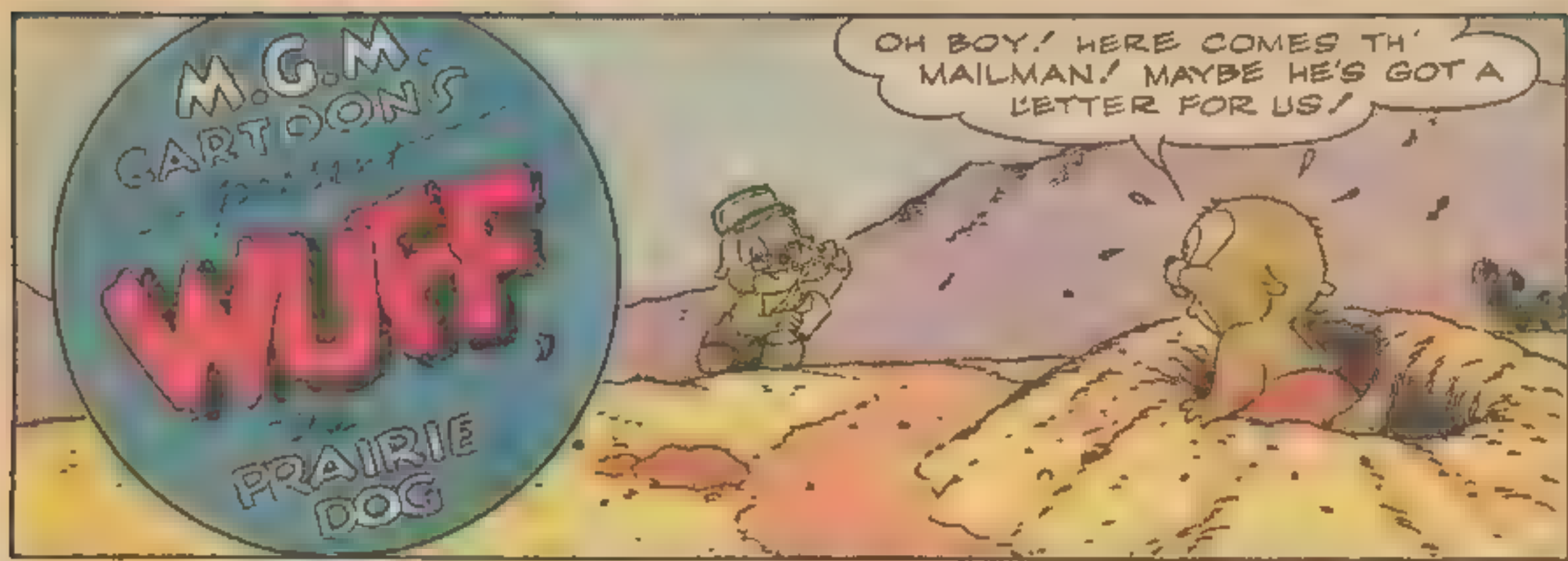
"Ho ho ho!" laughed the lion. "Am I a cat? I'm the biggest cat in the whole world!"

"I'm a cat, too," said Cinders. "I'm supposed to eat with you Where are the fish?"

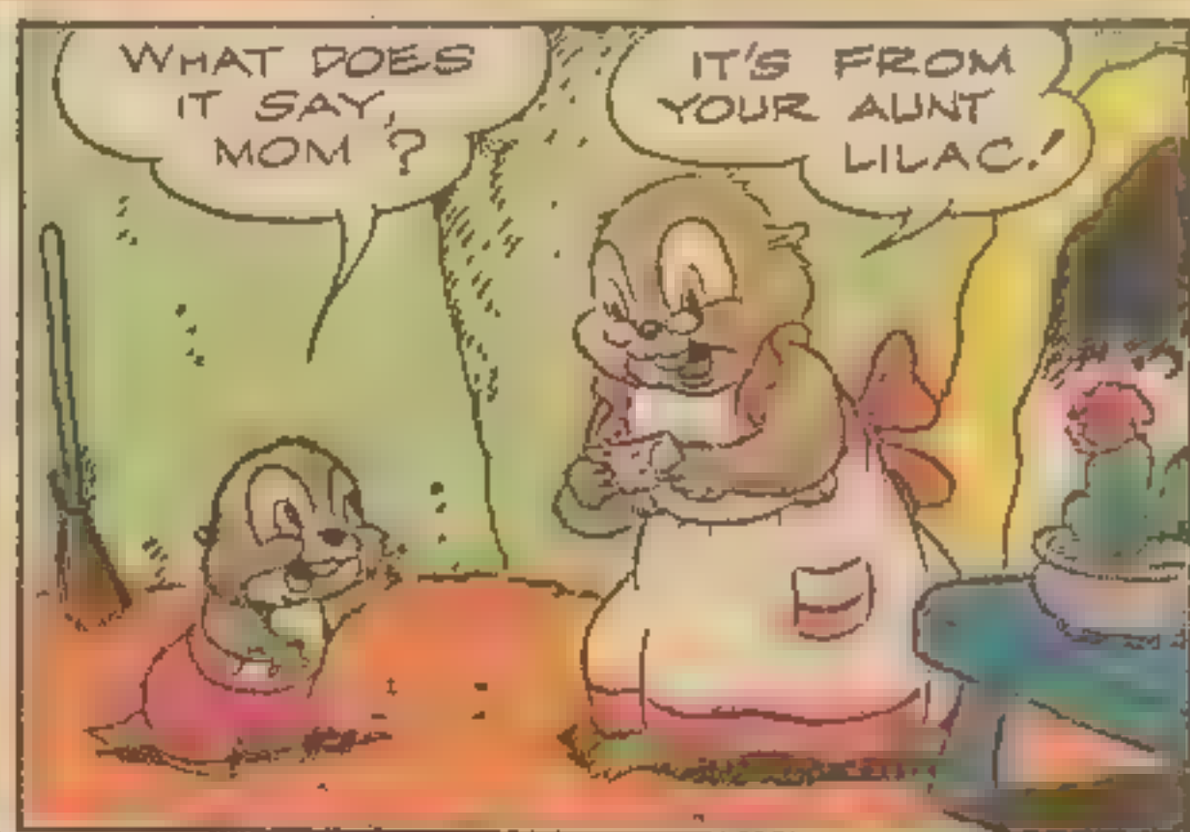
"Fish?" asked the lion "Ho ho. I don't eat fish I eat little cats like you." And then he let out a tremendous roar.

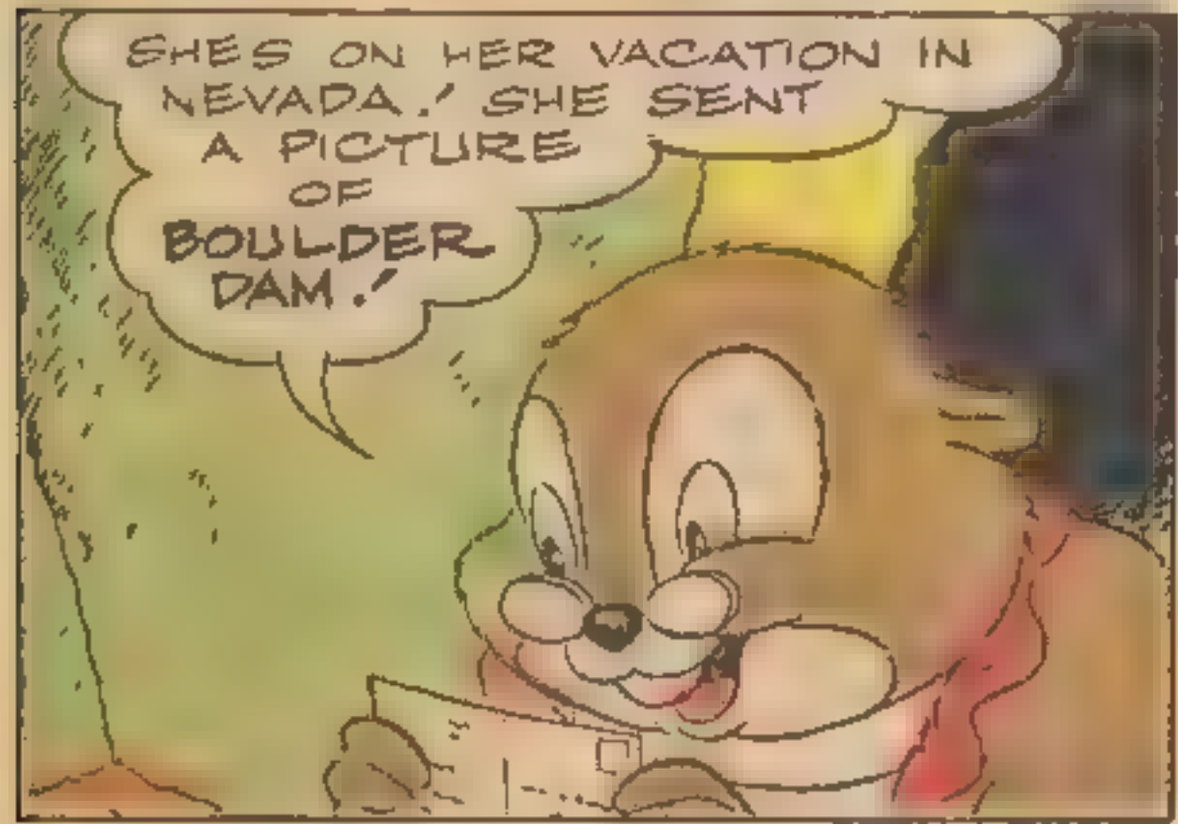
My, but Cinders was frightened! He had never heard such a noise He ran out of the lion's cage, and by the leopard's cage, and by the tiger's cage, and by where the monkeys were playing, and all the way home.

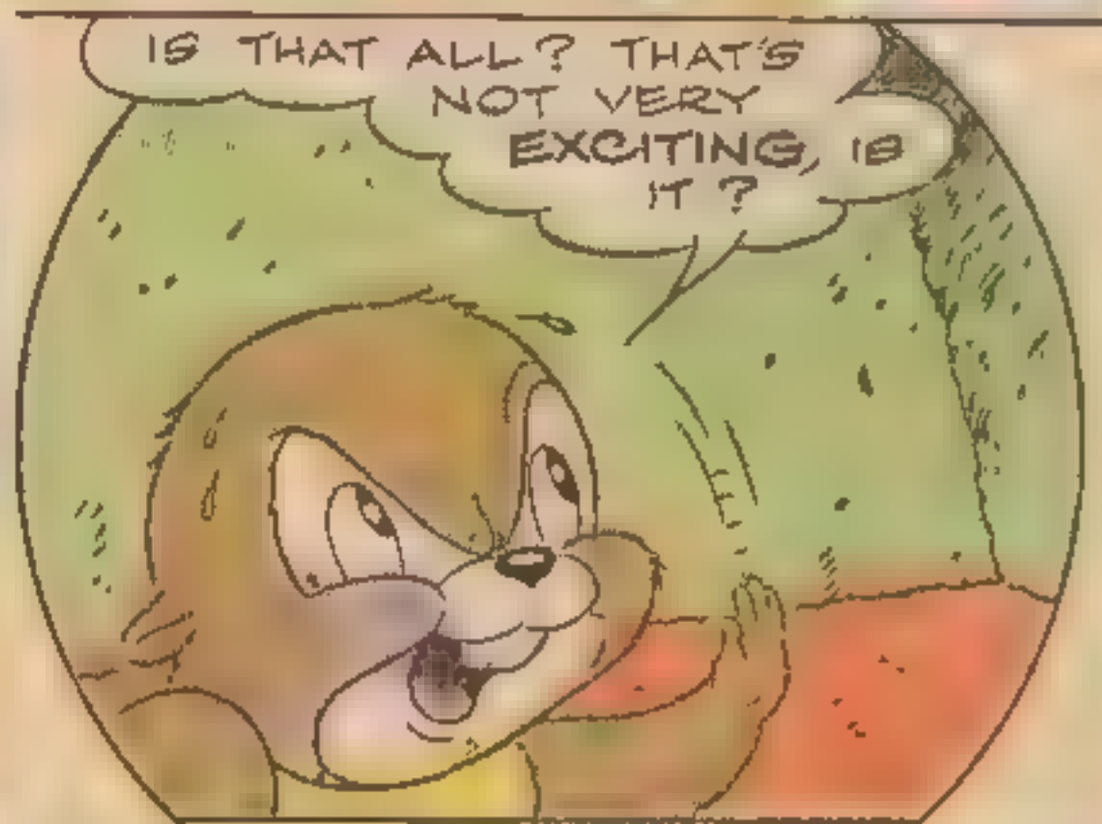
Poor Cinders! He didn't know the lion was just making fun of him. But the leopard and the tiger and the monkeys knew, and they just laughed and laughed until their sides ached, because it was really a good joke the lion had played on Cinders. The lion really wouldn't have eaten him, because he was a very kind old lion. Besides he had no teeth and had to live on ground meat and mush.

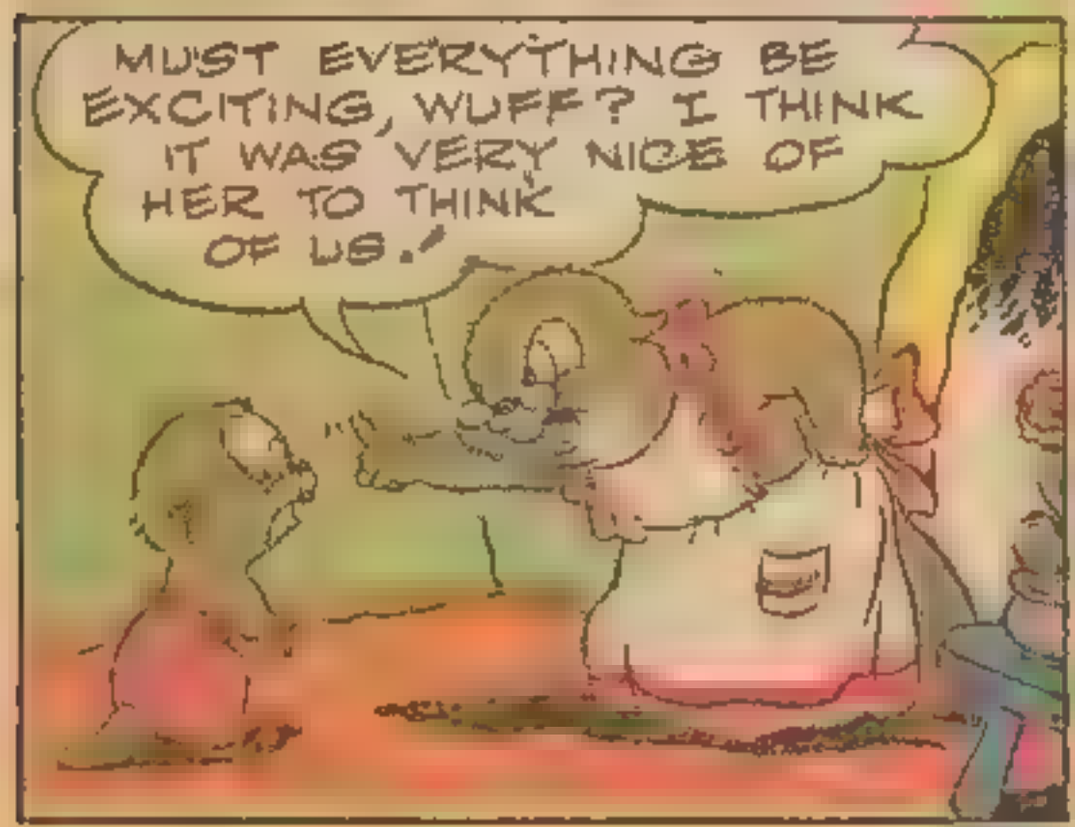

M.G.M. CARTOONS
WUFF
PRAIRIE DOG
OH BOY! HERE COMES TH' MAILMAN! MAYBE HE'S GOT A LETTER FOR US!

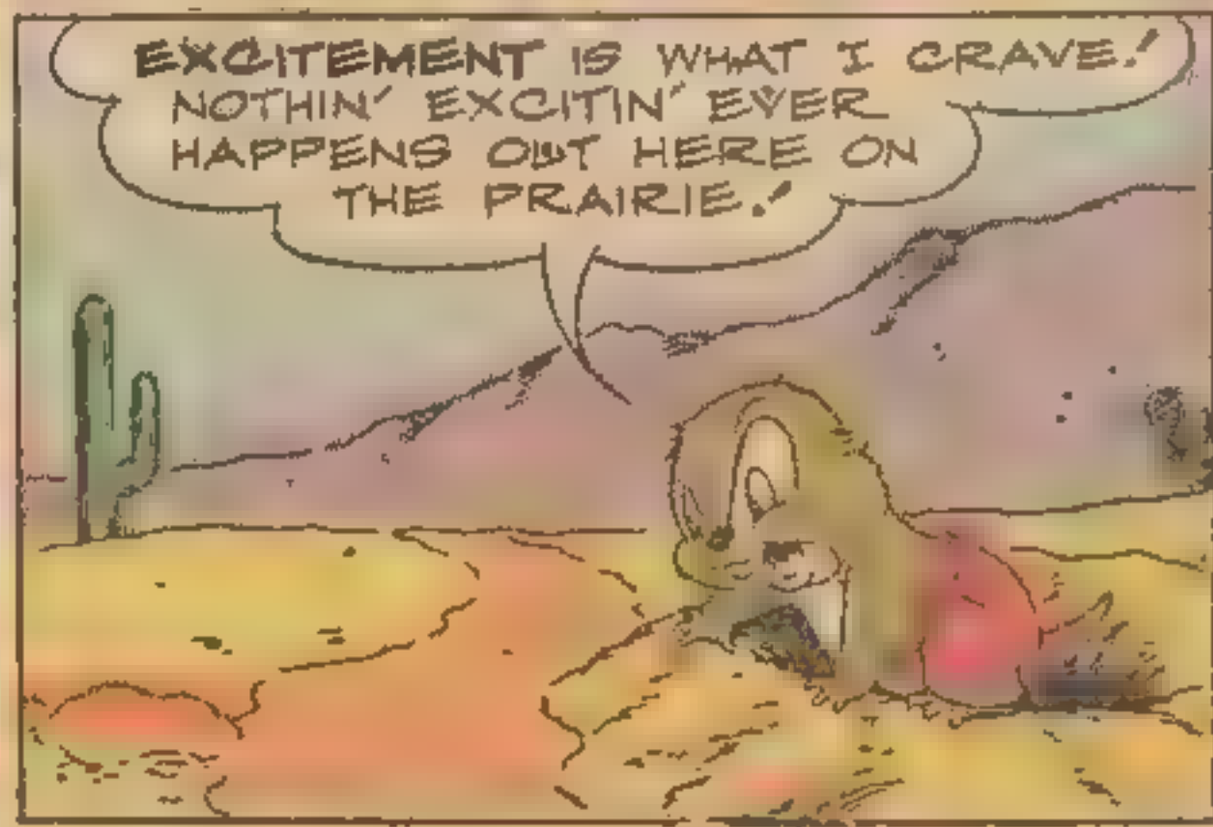
A LETTER ---- FOR US?
NOPE! JUST A PICTURE POSTCARD FOR YOUR MOTHER, WUFF!

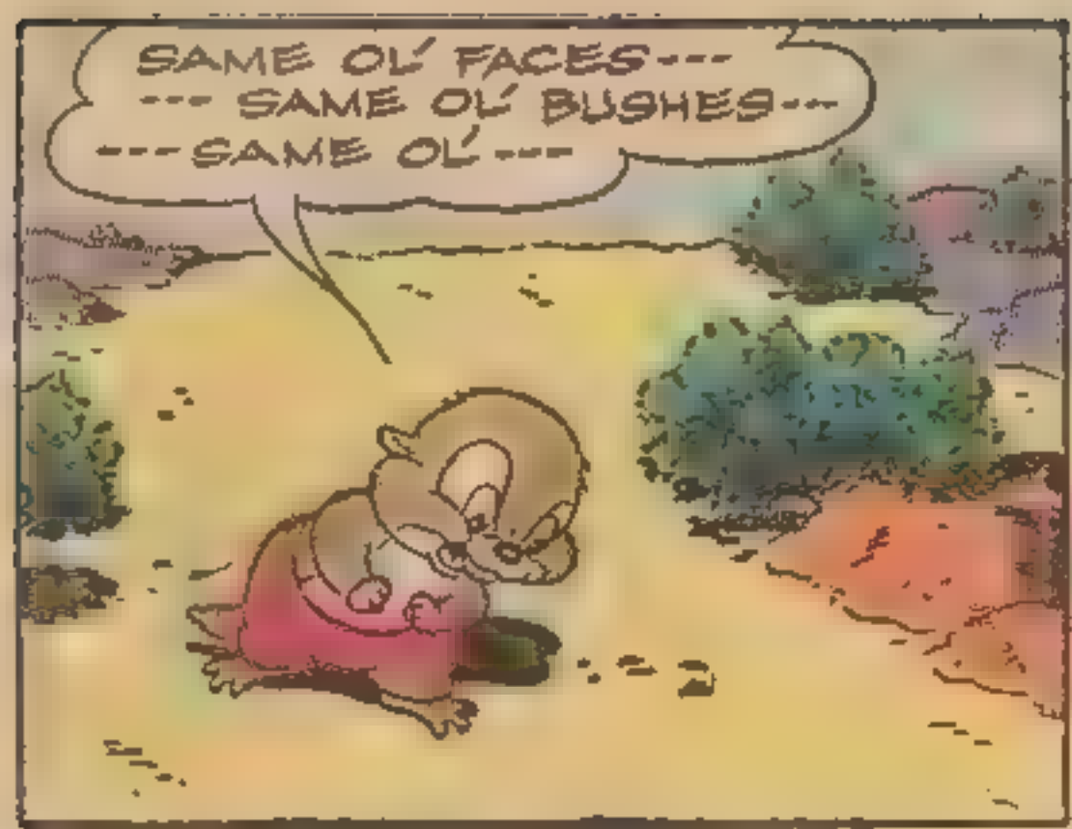

WHAT DOES IT SAY, MOM?
IT'S FROM YOUR AUNT LILAC!

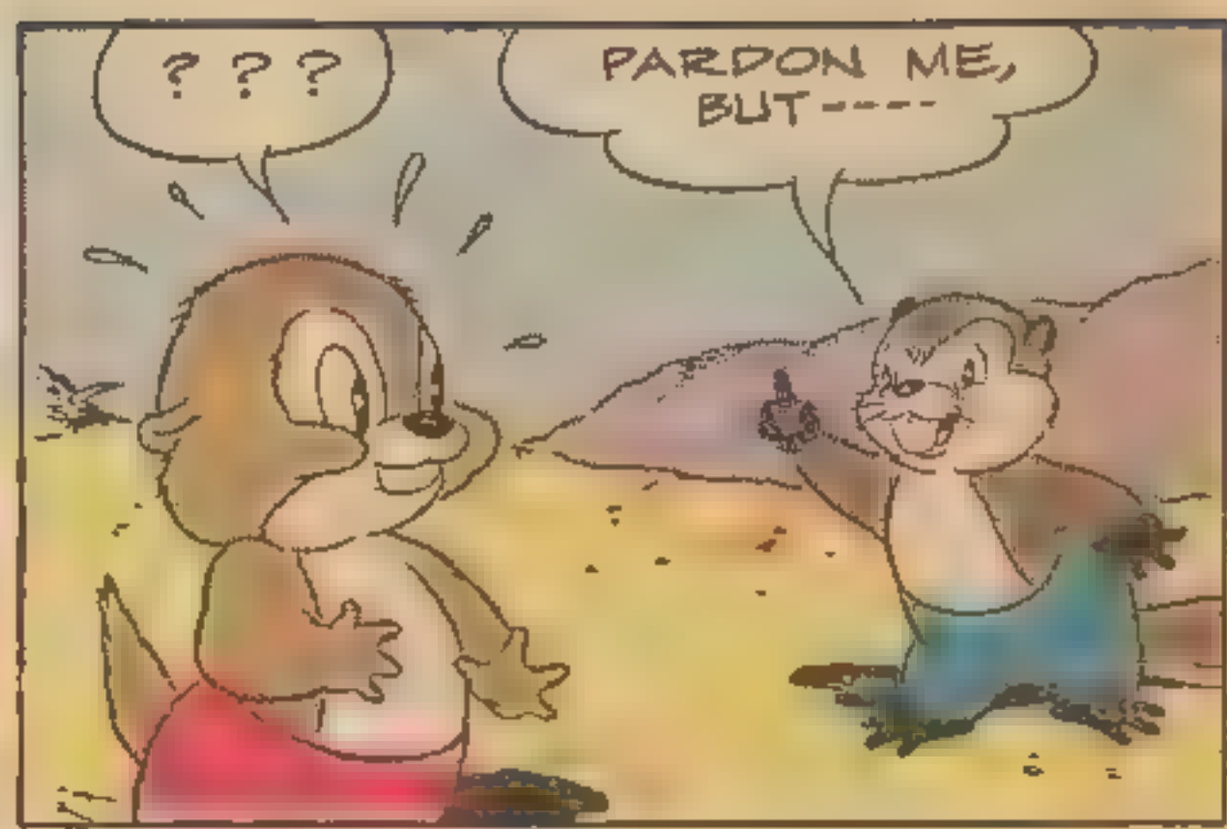

SHES ON HER VACATION IN NEVADA! SHE SENT A PICTURE OF BOULDER DAM!

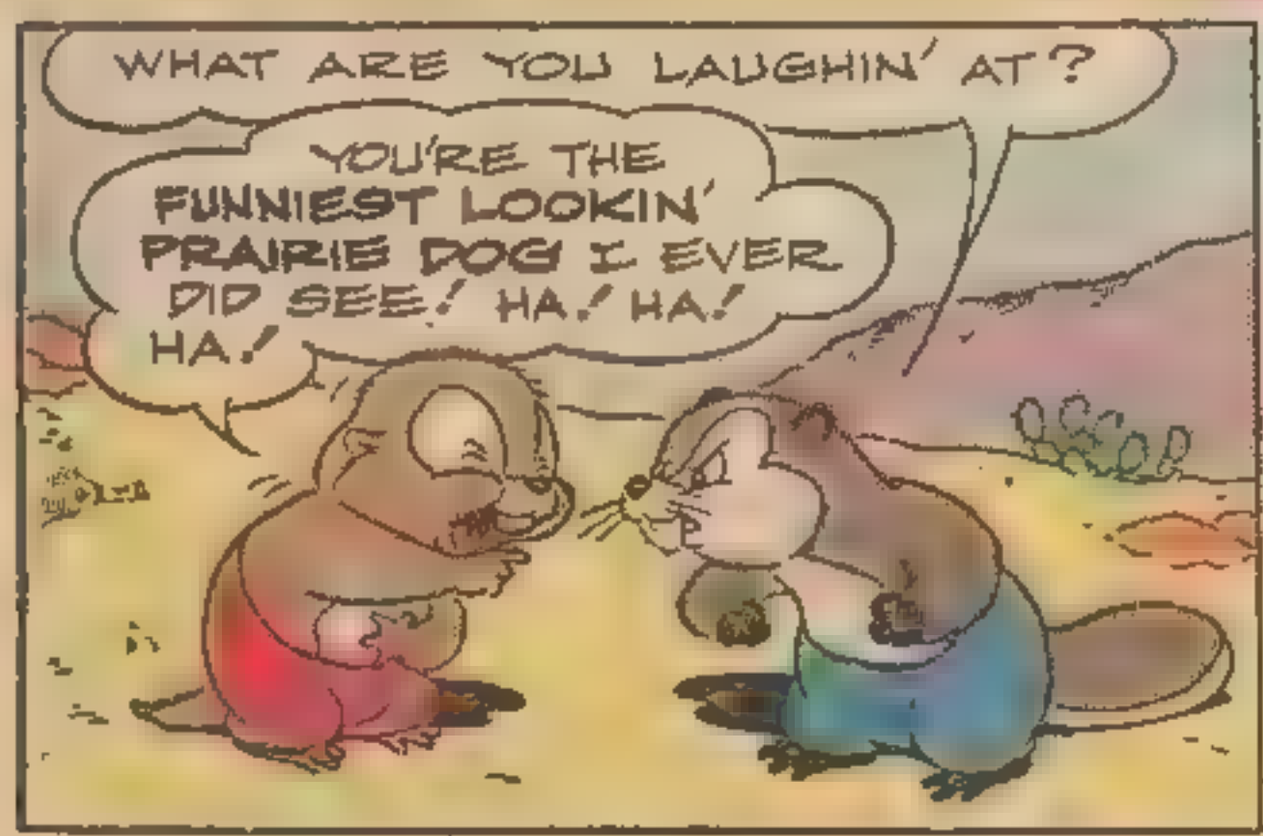

IS THAT ALL? THAT'S NOT VERY EXCITING, IS IT?


MUST EVERYTHING BE EXCITING, WUFF? I THINK IT WAS VERY NICE OF HER TO THINK OF US!

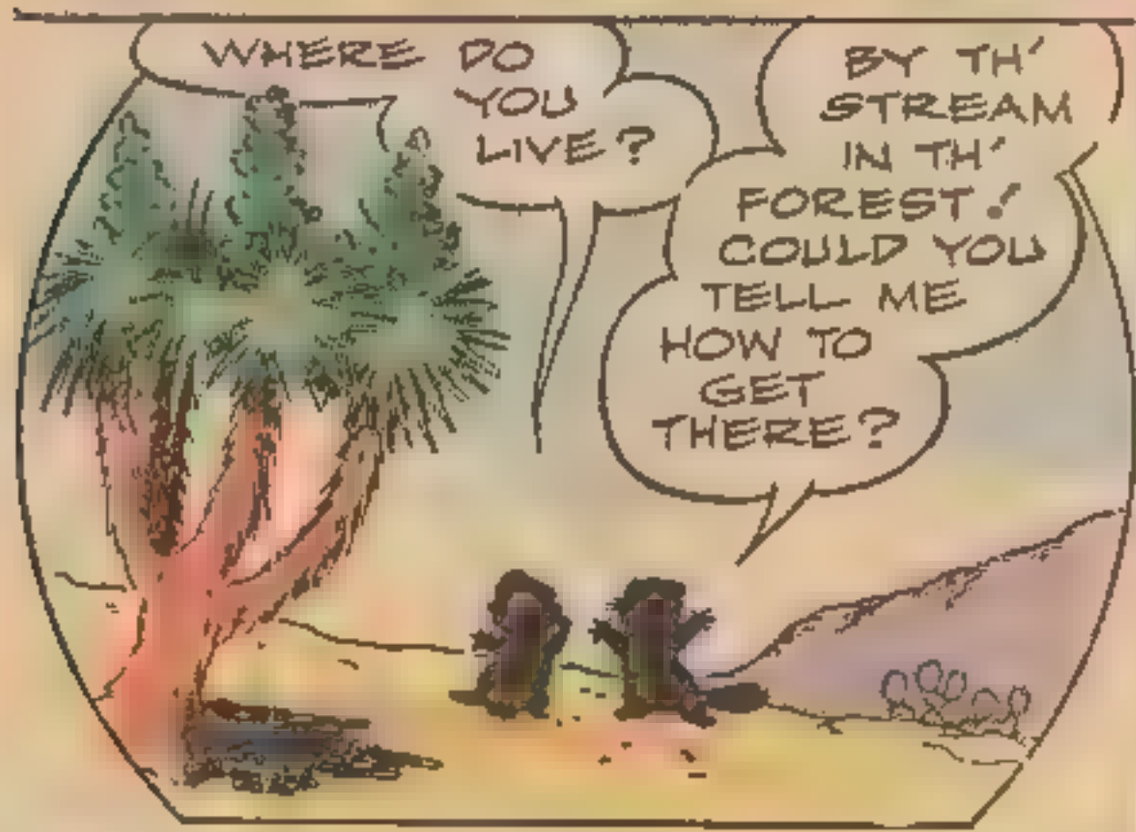

EXCITEMENT IS WHAT I CRAVE! NOTHIN' EXCITIN' EVER HAPPENS OUT HERE ON THE PRAIRIE!

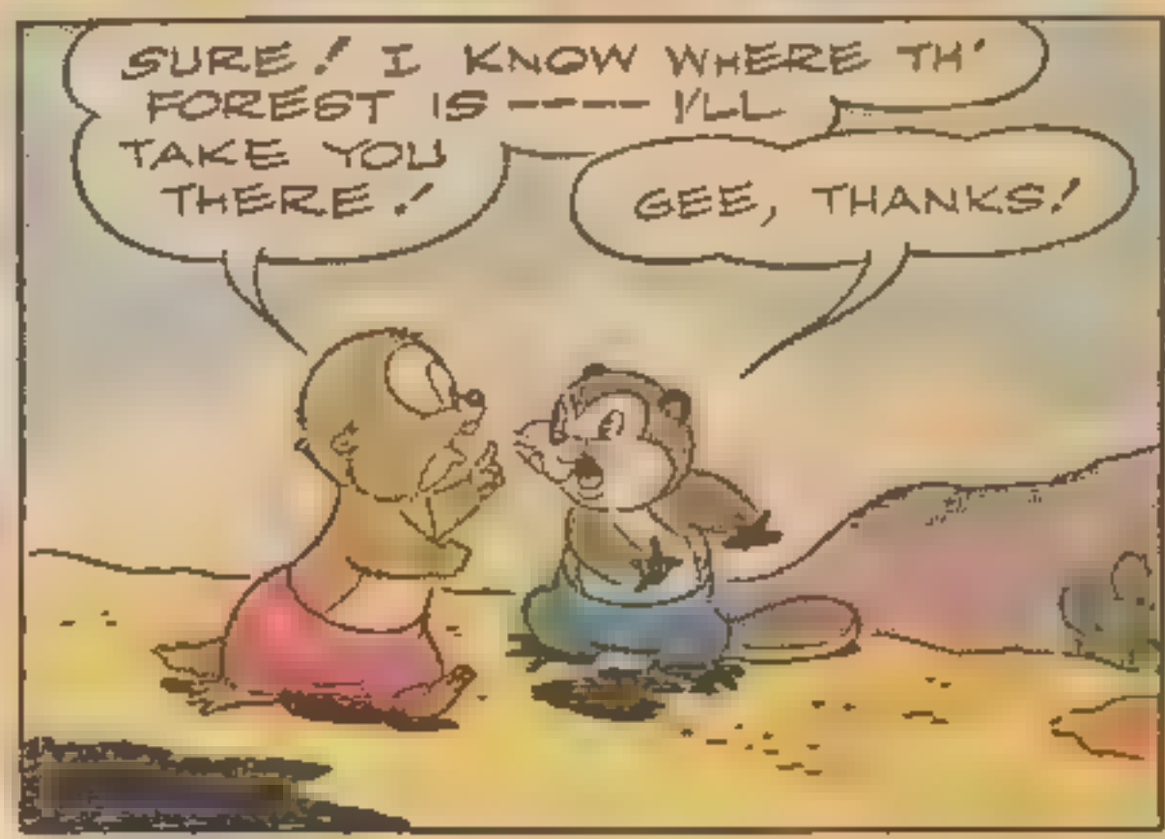

SAME OL' FACES---
--- SAME OL' BUSHES---
---SAME OL'---

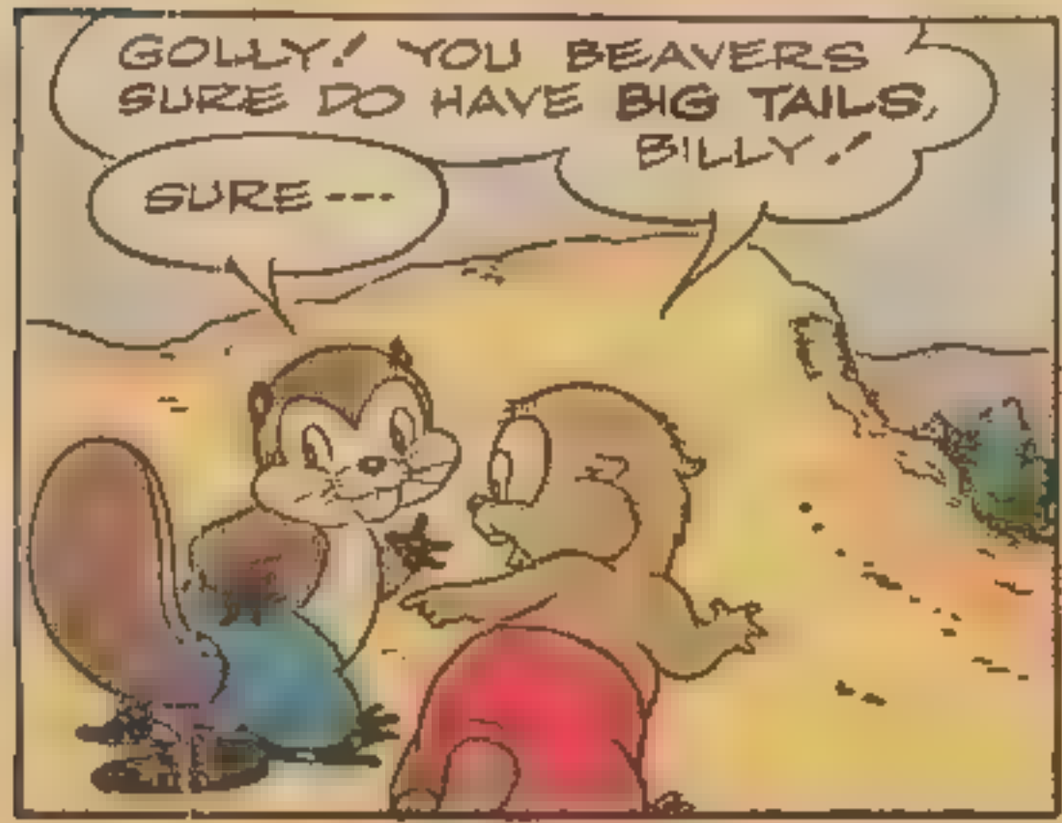

? ? ?
PARDON ME, BUT----

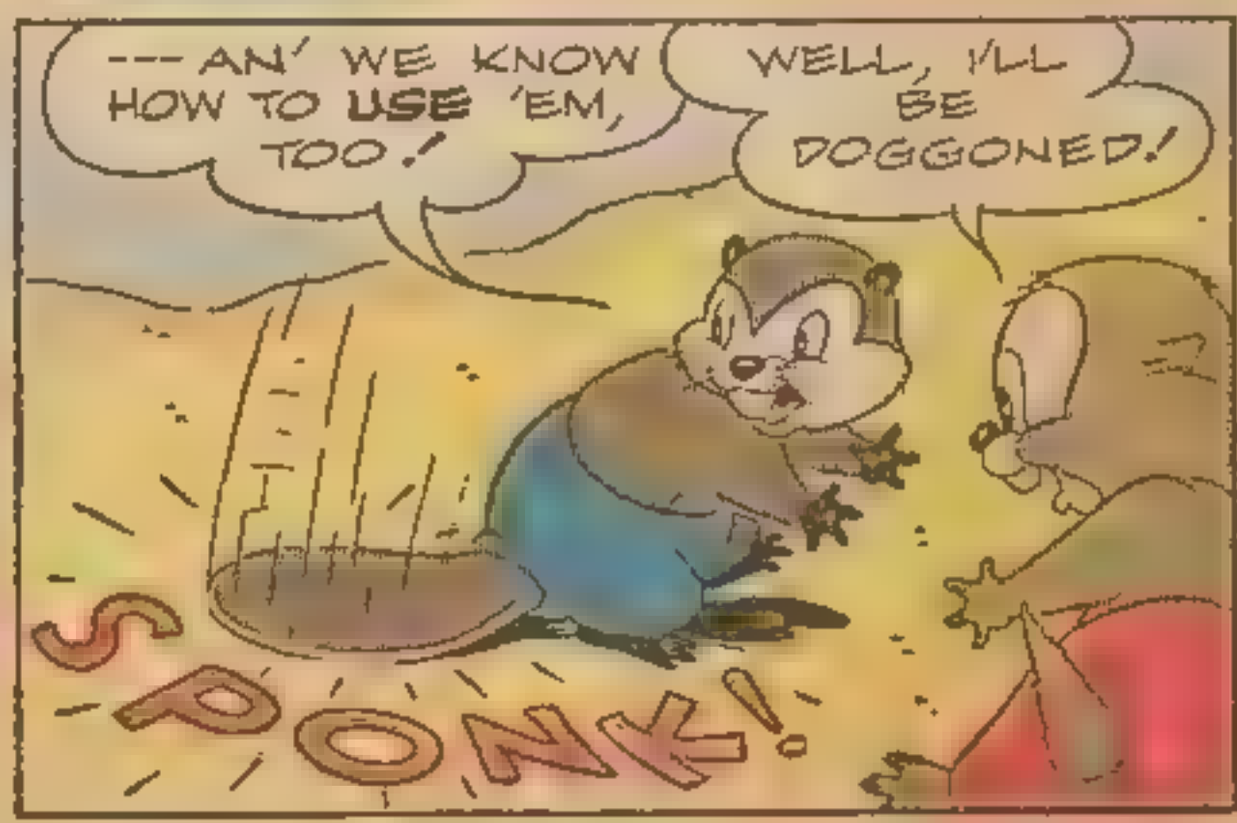

WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHIN' AT?
YOU'RE THE FUNNIEST LOOKIN' PRAIRIE DOG I EVER DID SEE! HA! HA! HA!

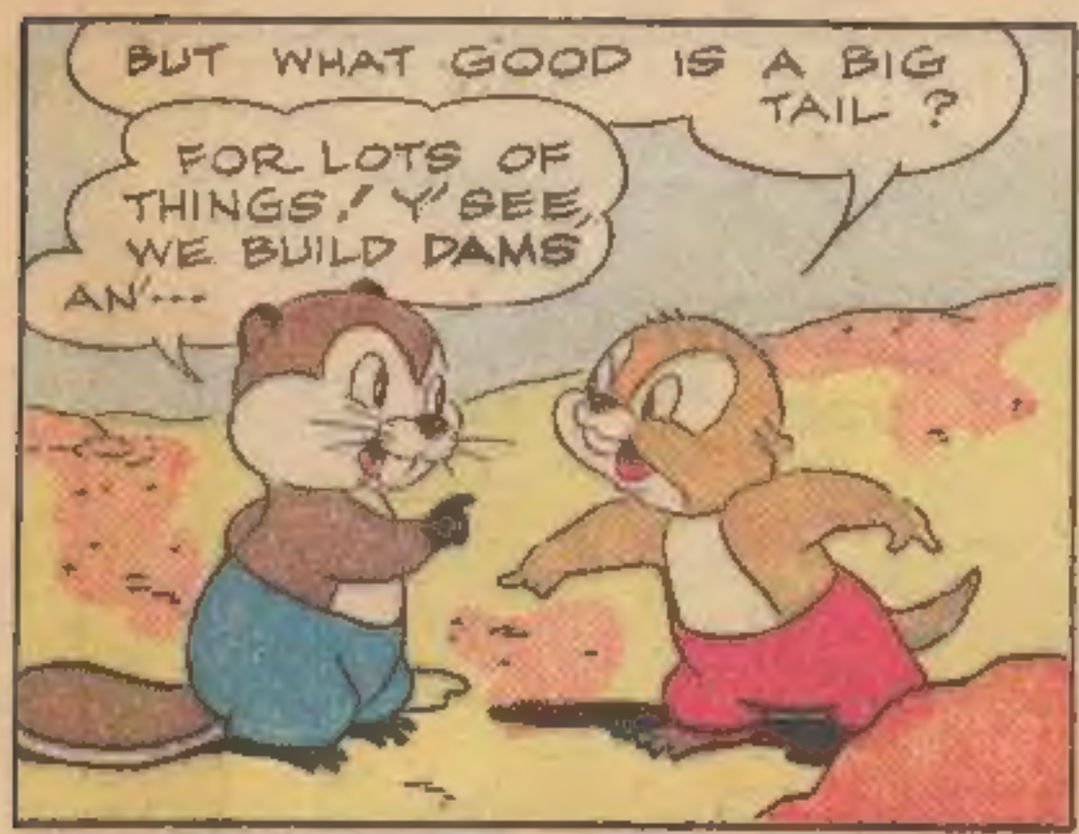
I'M NO PRAIRIE DOG! I'M A BEAVER! --- BILLY BEAVER IS MY NAME--- --- AND I'M LOST!

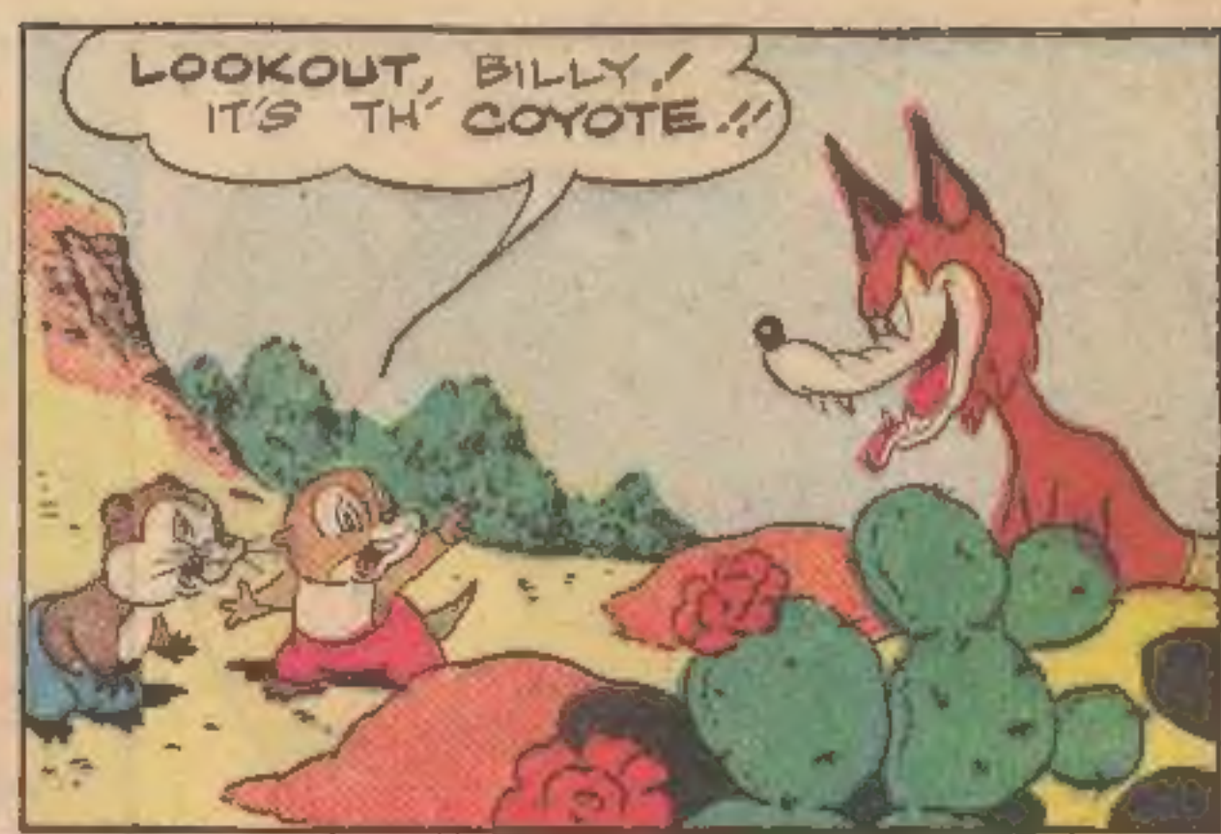

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?
BY TH' STREAM IN TH' FOREST! COULD YOU TELL ME HOW TO GET THERE?


SURE! I KNOW WHERE TH' FOREST IS ---- I'LL TAKE YOU THERE!
GEE, THANKS!


GOLLY! YOU BEAVERS SURE DO HAVE BIG TAILS, BILLY!
SURE---


---AN' WE KNOW HOW TO USE 'EM, TOO!
WELL, I'LL BE DOGGONED!
SPONK!


BUT WHAT GOOD IS A BIG TAIL ?
FOR LOTS OF THINGS ! Y' SEE, WE BUILD DAMS AN'---


LOOKOUT, BILLY ! IT'S TH' COYOTE !!

QUICK, BILLY ! FOLLOW ME !

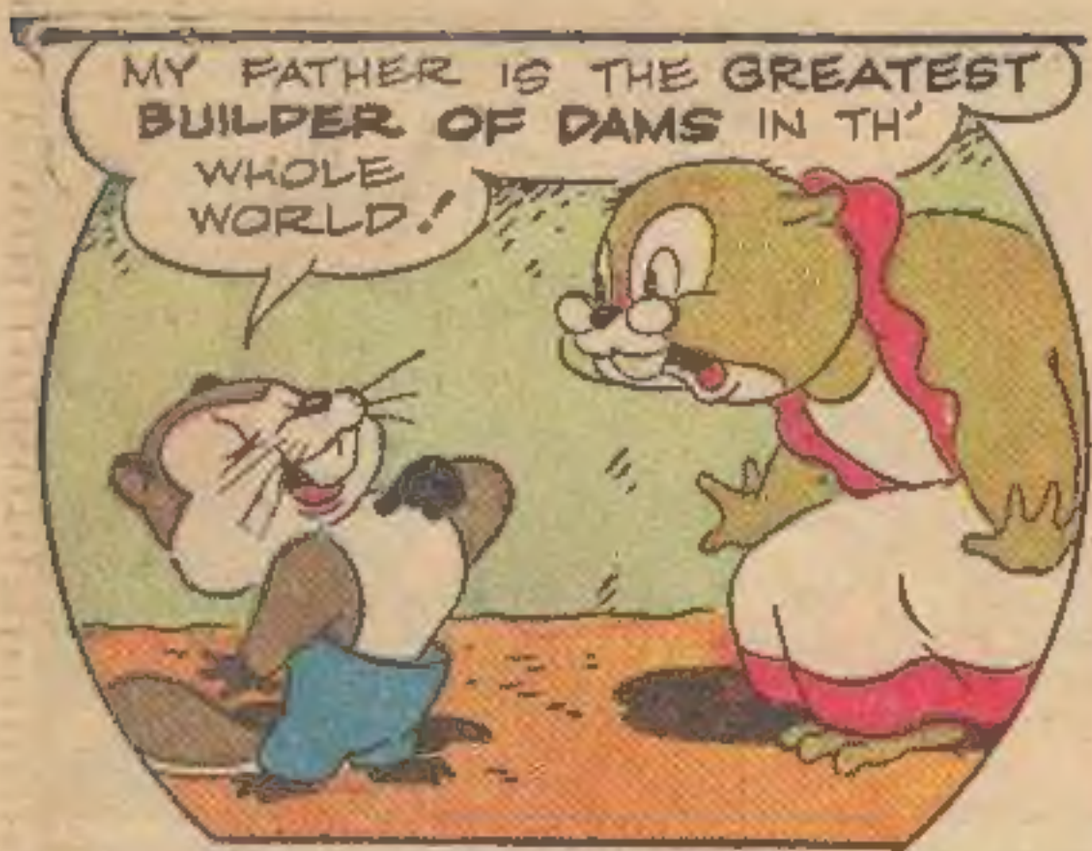
HURRY ! DIVE IN BEHIND ME !

WHEW ! WHO WAS TH-THAT ?
THAT'S WICKED CHARLIE COYOTE...HE'D LIKE TO CATCH US ! BUT YOU'RE SAFE NOW ! YOU'RE IN MY HOME !

WELL, WUFF ---- WHO'S YOUR LITTLE FRIEND ?
THIS IS BILLY BEAVER ! CHARLIE WAS AFTER US, SO I BROUGHT HIM HOME WITH ME !

YOU'RE NEW AROUND HERE, AREN'T YOU ? WHERE DO YOU LIVE, BILLY ?

I LIVE OVER BY TH' STREAM IN TH' FOREST !
AND YOUR FATHER---- WHAT DOES HE DO ?


MY FATHER IS THE GREATEST BUILDER OF DAMS IN TH' WHOLE WORLD!

IS THAT SO? HMMM! YOU'D BETTER GO HOME, YOUNG MAN!
YES, MA'AM!
? ?

'BYE, BILLY! JUST KEEP GOIN' IN TH' DIRECTION WE STARTED OUT, AN' YOU'LL FIND TH' FOREST!
THANKS, WUFF!

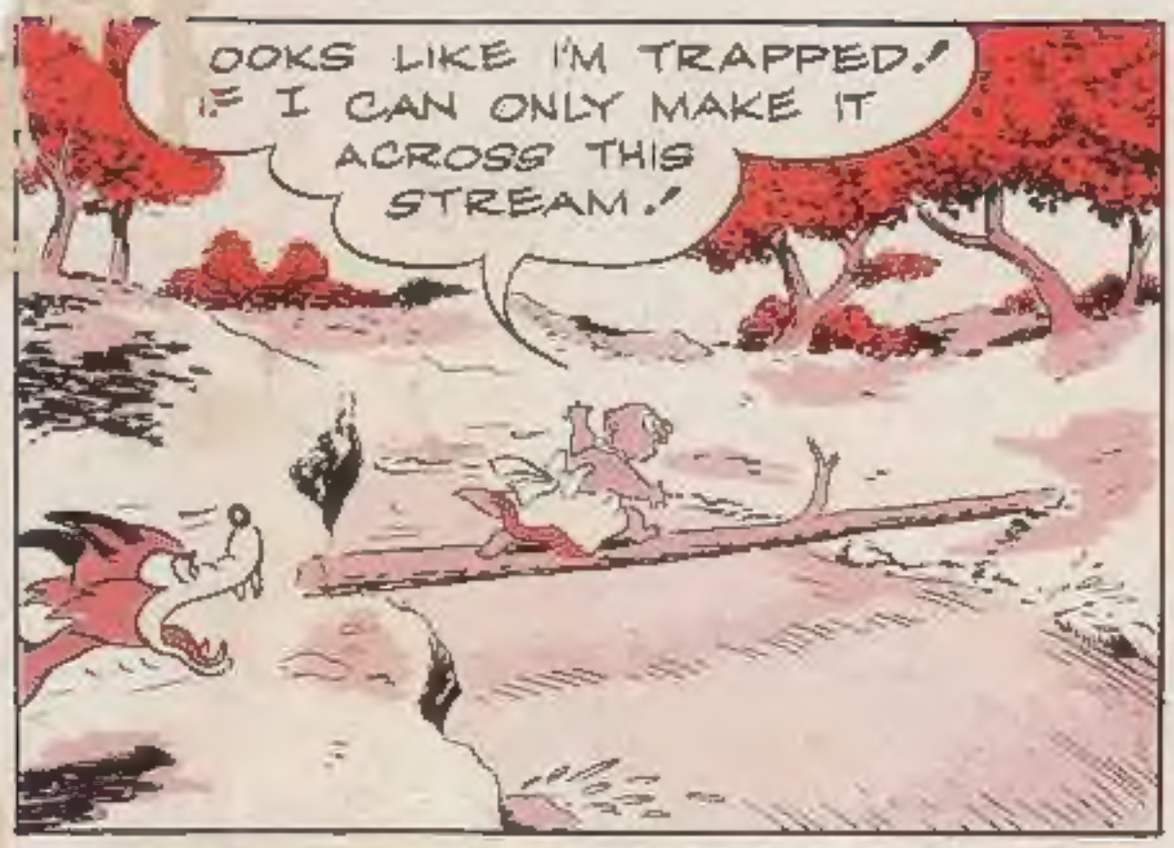
WHY DID YOU SEND HIM HOME, MOM?
BECAUSE HE'S NOT A GOOD PLAYMATE FOR YOU!

WHY?
NEVER MIND WHY! I FORBID YOU TO PLAY WITH HIM!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER
MY! WHAT DELICIOUS LOOKING BERRIES! I'LL MAKE A PIE FOR WUFF!
HEH! HEH!

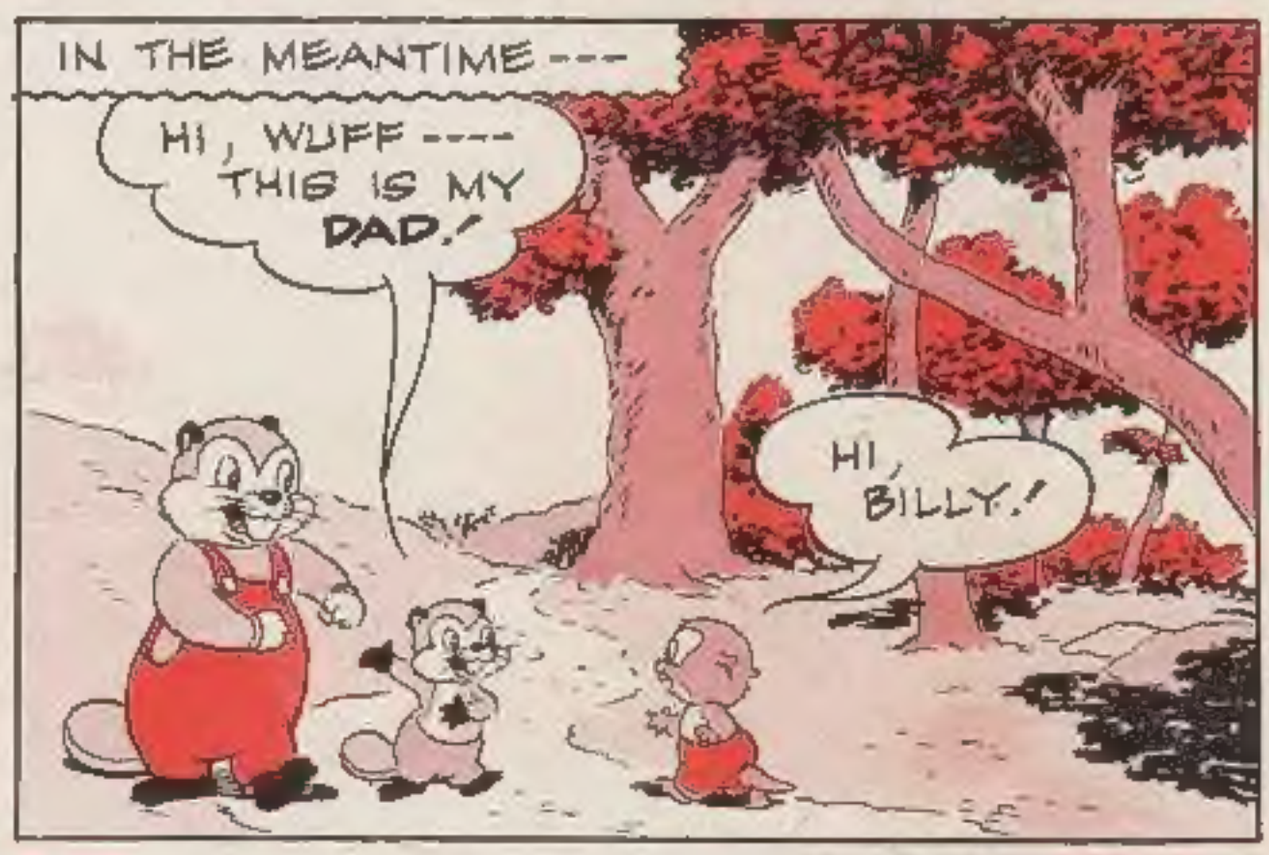
AH HA! I GOTCHA THIS TIME!
EEEEEEK!

I CAN'T RUN HOME! I'LL HAVE TO HIDE IN THE FOREST!

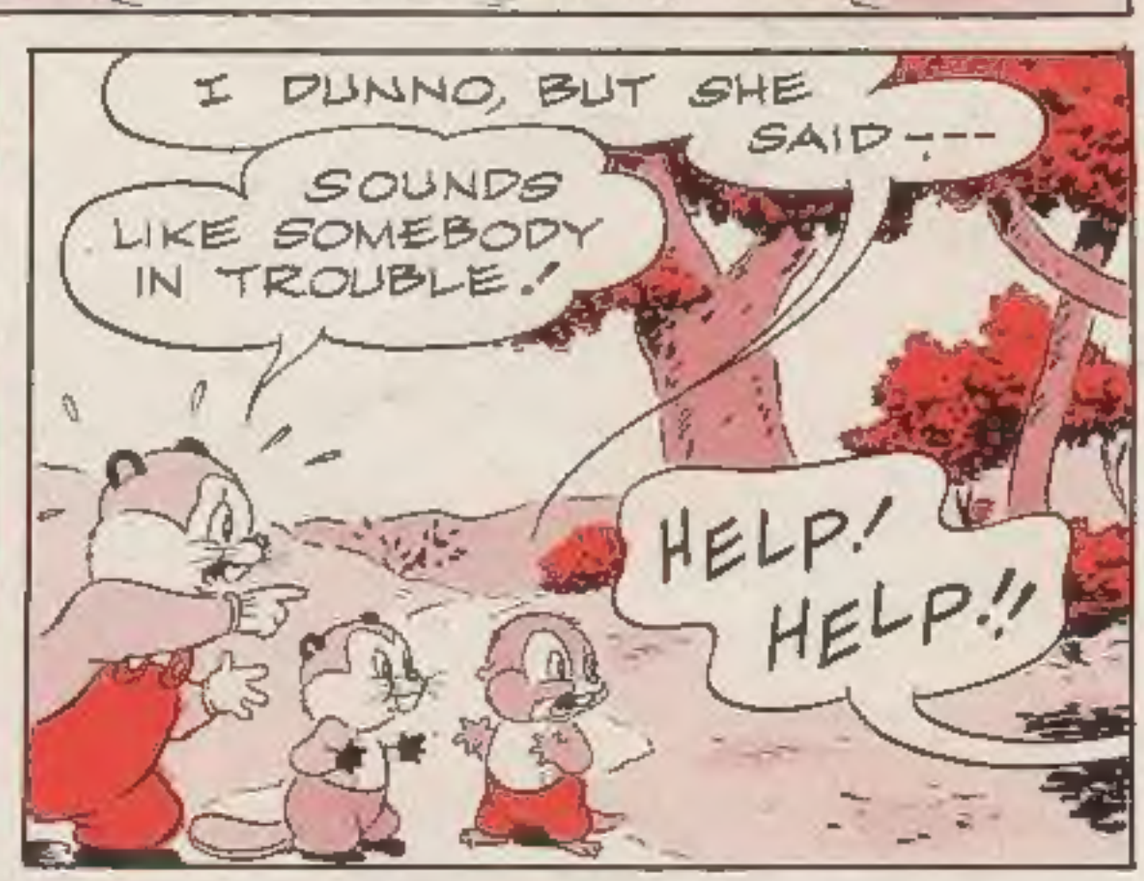

OOKS LIKE I'M TRAPPED! IF I CAN ONLY MAKE IT ACROSS THIS STREAM!

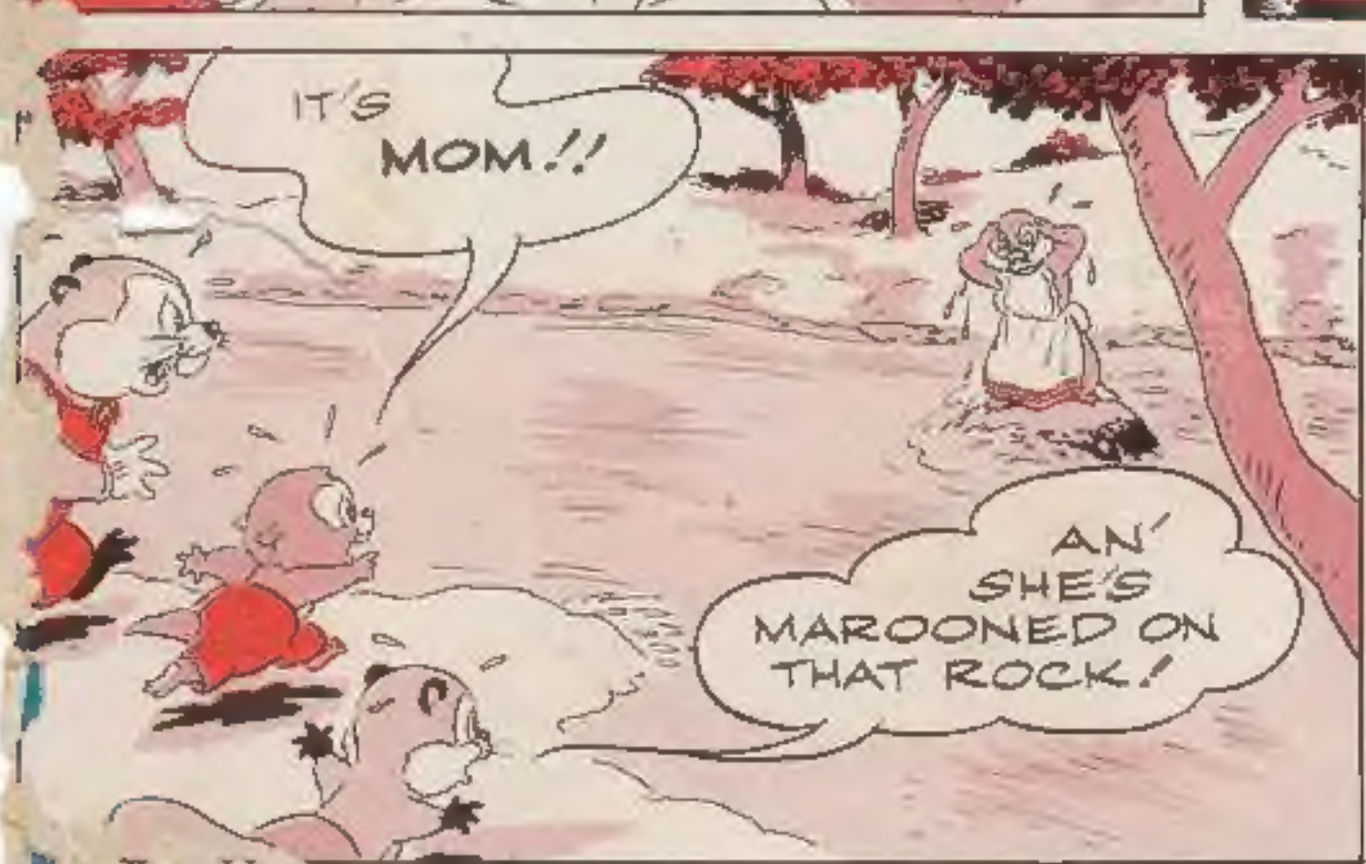
OH, DEAR!
SPLASH!

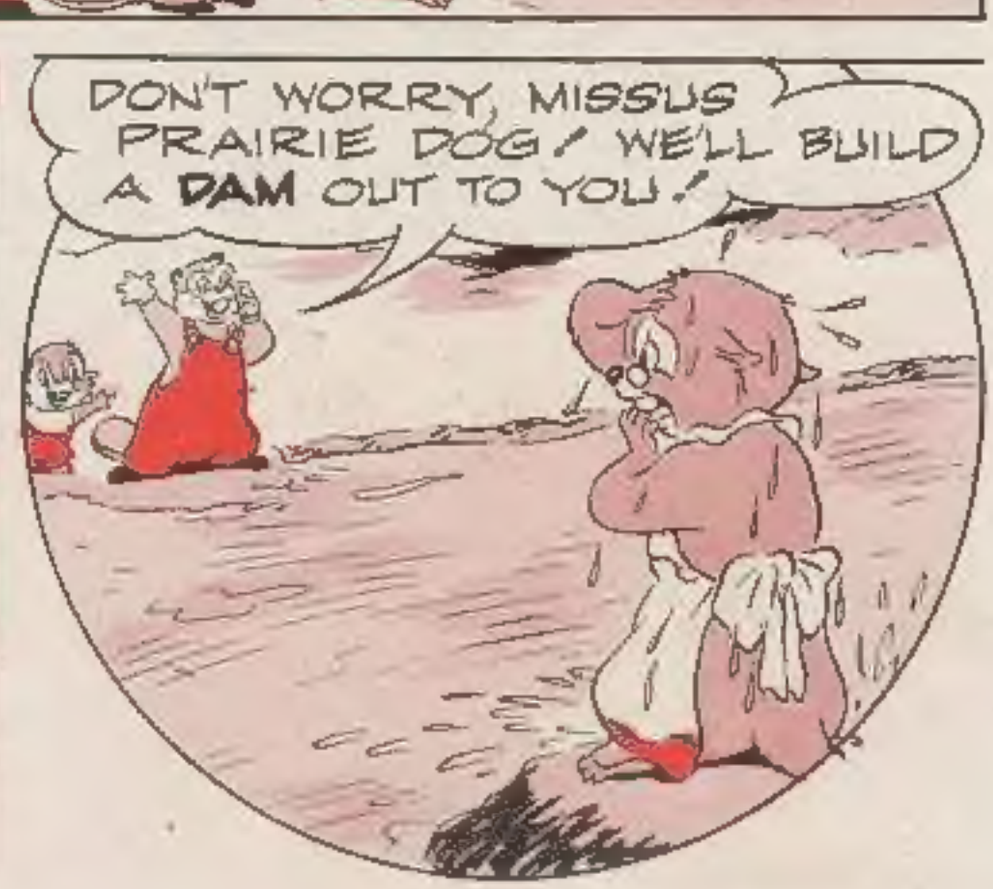
HELP! I CAN'T SWIM! HELP!
HEH! HEH!

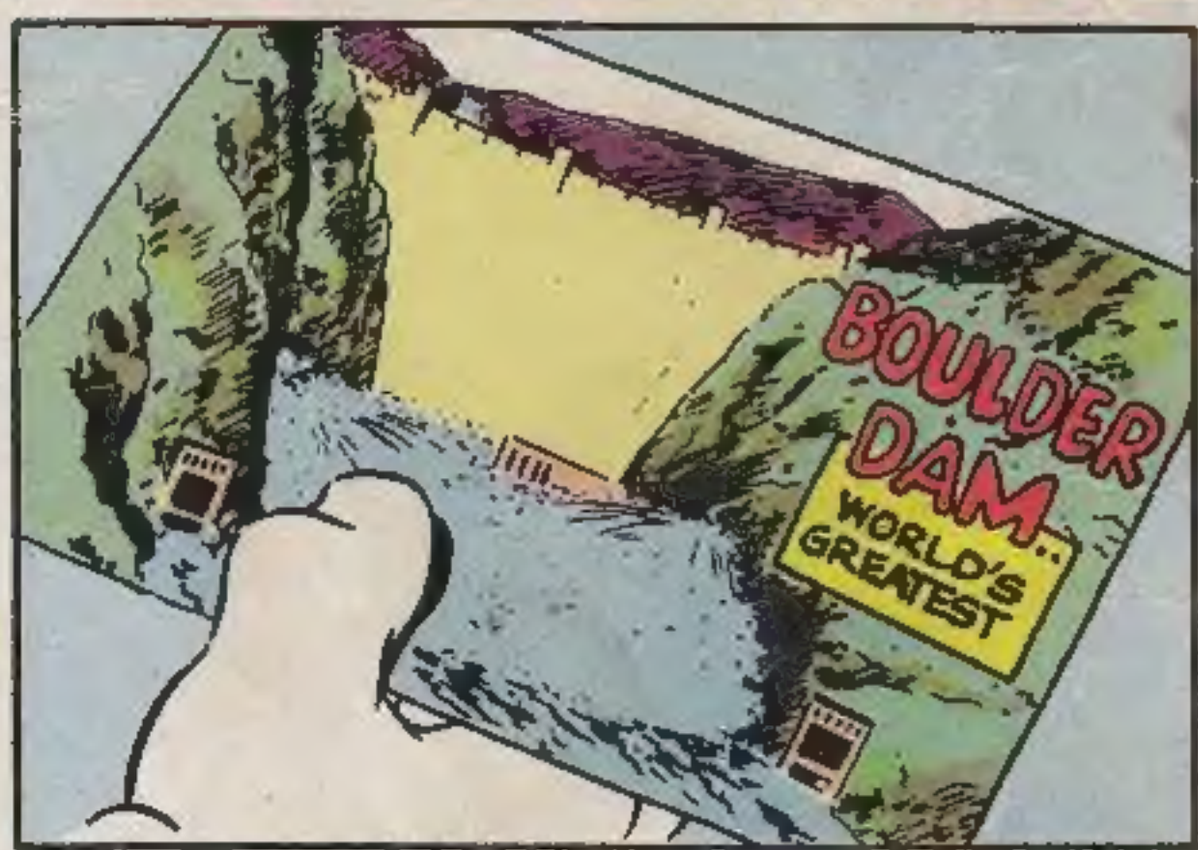

IN THE MEANTIME---
HI, WUFF---- THIS IS MY DAD!
HI, BILLY!

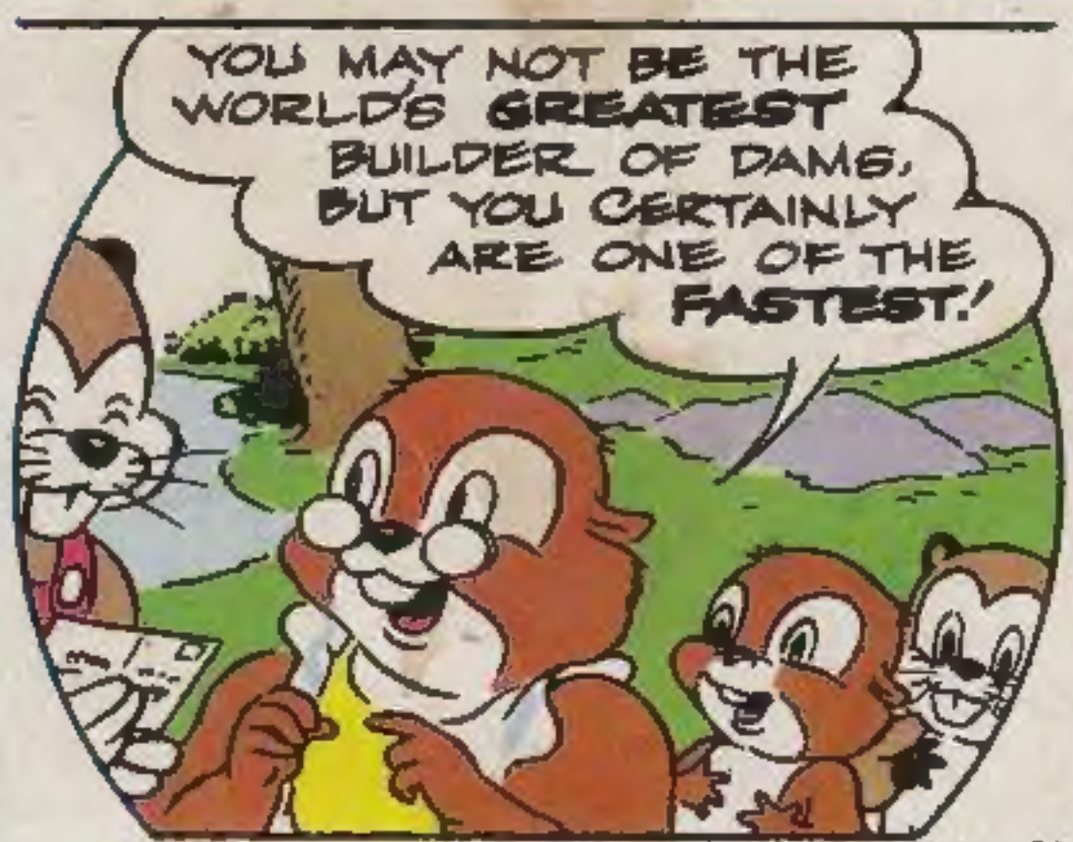
MOM SAYS I CAN'T PLAY WITH YOU ANY MORE!
AND WHY NOT?

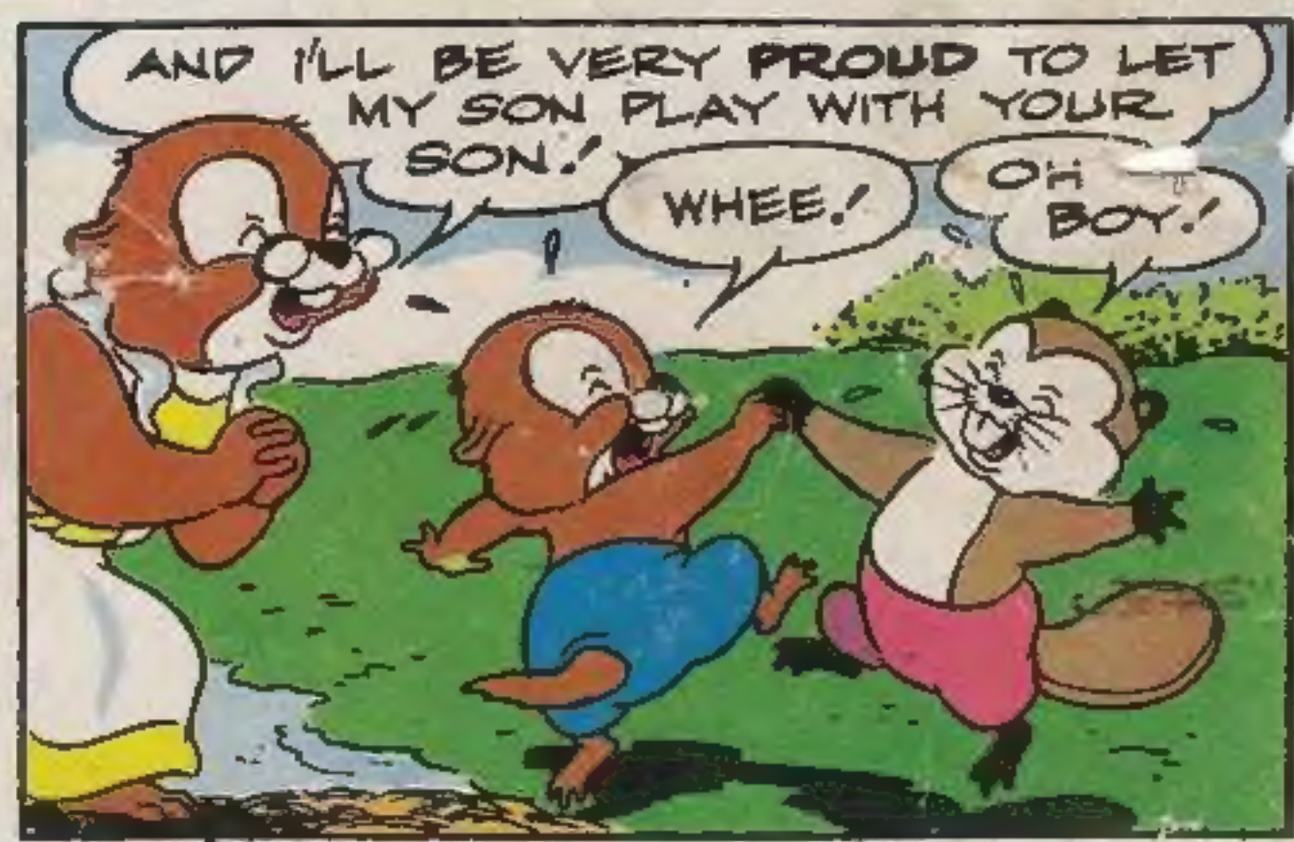

I DUNNO, BUT SHE SAID---
SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY IN TROUBLE!
HELP! HELP!!


IT'S MOM!!
AN' SHE'S MAROONED ON THAT ROCK!


DON'T WORRY, MISSUS PRAIRIE DOG! WE'LL BUILD A DAM OUT TO YOU!







M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated